

# PHOTOPLAY

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MRS C GLOSBERG  
7 CLEVELAND RD  
BROOKLINE MASS

*combined with*

## MOVIE MIRROR

FEBRUARY

15¢



ER GARSON  
AUL HESSE

ALAN LADD COMES HOME—*Exclusive Story!*



# A Beauty Revelation

What gives a woman's face magnetic charm? Something more than a nice skin and dramatic red lips. Arresting faces . . . *memorable* faces sparkle with life and expression! Here lovely eyes are the star performers, which means that pale-tipped lashes and skimpy eyebrows are definitely passé. The most expressive eyes are accented with subtlety and taste—a blessing made possible by soft Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Lashes look *naturally* long and lavish, darkened with Maybelline Mascara. Brows are gracefully tapered with the pointed, smooth-marking eyebrow pencil. There's luminous magic in a deft touch of exquisite eye shadow. If you have never tried world-famous Maybelline eye make-up, the difference will enchant you.

*Maybelline*  
EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Maybelline Sol  
Form Mascara.  
Black, Brown, Blu



Maybelline Cream  
Form Mascara.  
Black, Brown.



Maybelline smooth  
marking Eyebro  
Pencil . . . Black  
Brown.



Maybelline Ey  
Shadow . . . Blu  
Brown, Blue-gra  
Green, Violet, Gra



# Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

all eyes admire  
a radiant smile!



**Give your smile appealing charm  
with the help of Ipana and Massage!**

**S**ET YOUR HOPES HIGH, Plain Girl! What if you aren't tops in beauty? The most popular girls aren't always the prettiest. Look at your own little clique—at the girls who hold men's eyes and steal their hearts *with a smile!*

*So smile, plain girl, smile.* Not a shy and self-effacing smile—but a radiant smile that reaches out and draws the

whole world to you in admiration. Remember, though, for such a smile you need sparkling teeth—sound teeth that depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

**Don't ignore "pink tooth brush"!**

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist!* He may say your gums have become tender—robbed of natural exercise by modern, soft foods. And like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to new firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage to help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more sparkling.



Product of  
Bristol-Myers

*Start today with*

## IPANA and MASSAGE



**A Winner**—fun and romance follow the girl with a radiant smile. Help brighten your smile with Ipana and massage!



# METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S **LION'S ROAR**

Published in  
this space  
every month



The greatest  
star of the  
screen!

We're talking about "Madame Curie", one of the finer efforts in the annals of motion picture progress.

This adventurous romance of the woman whose love and devotion endowed us with the magic of radium is in for a run at the famed Radio City Music Hall.

Our office wag wishes to edit this copy to read "Radium" City Music Hall.

As a matter of fact Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—your favorite film company we take it—has a few pictures in the bag which are really going to cause ohs and ahs, pull in the awards, and all that sort of thing.

"A Guy Named Joe", "The White Cliffs", "Madame Curie". Three worthy



successors to "Mrs. Miniver" and "Random Harvest".

As a matter of course, Greer Garson is "Madame Curie". Greer and Walter Pidgeon are the stars.

Directed by Mervyn LeRoy and produced by Sidney Franklin, the "Random Harvest" duo, "Madame Curie" can be described in a word of one syllable—great.

Its cast, typical of M-G-M, includes ten names additional to Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon—names that could grace any theatre marquee and mean something.

They are Henry Travers, Albert Basserman, Robert Walker, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty, Victor Francen, Elsa Basserman, Reginald Owen, Van Johnson and Margaret O'Brien.

Incidentally the mention of Margaret O'Brien makes us think of another fine M-G-M film "The Lost Angel" which you must not miss.



But first comes "Madame Curie" with our favorite screen couple in a screen play by Paul Osborn and Paul H. Rameau based on the book by Eve Curie.

Produced with love and attention to detail, with settings that are superbly artistic, a camera that understands, and a story that will keep you enthralled, "Madame Curie" is a real event in the theatre.

It is an event that you must usher in.—*Lea*



# **PHOTOPLAY**

combined with  
**MOVIE MIRROR**

*Presents for February*

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COVER: Joan Fontaine, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

Fred R. Sammis, Editorial Director  
 Marian H. Quinn, Associate Editor  
 Adele Whitely Fletcher, Contributing Editor  
 Edmund Davenport, Art Director

Helen Gilmore, Editor  
 Sara Hamilton, Associate Editor  
 Elaine Osterman, Western Manager  
 Hymie Fink, Staff Photographer

FEBRUARY, 1944

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR is published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. General business, advertising and editorial offices: 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Carroll Rheinstrom, Executive Vice-President; Harold A. Wise, Vice-President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Walter Hanlon, Advertising Manager. Chicago office: 221 North LaSalle St., E. F. Lethen, Jr., Mgr. Pacific Coast office: San Francisco, 420 Market St., Lee Andrews, Mgr. Entered as second-class matter September 21, 1931, at the post office in Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Price in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland, \$1.50 a year; price per copy, United States and Canada, 15c. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, \$2.50 a year; in other countries \$3.50 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any loss of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk.

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Mr. and Mrs. Miniver  
together again

**GREER GARSON**

and

**WALTER PIDGEON**

give their best performance

in their best picture

**MADAME CURIE**

Directed by MERVYN LeROY

Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

Presented by M-G-M

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRODUCTION  
with HENRY TRAVERS, ROBERT WALKER, DAME  
MAY WHITTY, ELSA BASSERMAN, VAN JOHNSON,  
ALBERT BASSERMAN, C. AUBREY SMITH, VICTOR  
FRANCEN, REGINALD OWEN, MARGARET O'BRIEN  
Screen Play by PAUL OSBORN and PAUL H. RAMEAU  
Based on the book "MADAME CURIE" by EVE CURIE





# Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S  
GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK



Profile of a surprise "perfect pair":  
Lana Turner and Steve Crane, who make Hollywood  
happy by being very happy together



Close-up of two people still in love:  
Phil Harris and his wife Alice Faye on a "doing  
the town" stint at Slapsie Maxie's

Face to face with a jaunty couple on  
a jaunt at Marcel Lamaze: Peggy Ryan and her  
fiance Sergeant Ray Hirsch



**O**ur pin-up boy: He went about the set of "Gaslight" very humbly for a great star and matinee idol, talking to electricians, carpenters, actors, writers and hairdressers. But, you see, Charles Boyer had something very personal to ask.

"Would you," he began with all that charm women love, "do me a favor? I should be so grateful if you would save me all the safety pins you can. The ones made before the war which don't rust are so hard to get. You see, our baby will be born soon and I thought—that is—well, Mrs. Boyer and I would be so grateful for the safety pins."

He got them. Twenty-six, all told, before the picture was finished.

**Purely Personal:** Maureen O'Hara and Lieutenant Will Price have already chosen a name for their offspring to be born next spring. If it's a girl it will bear its mother's name, Maureen. If it's a boy, Liam. The Irish win all the way round in that deal. . . .

Lana Turner and Betty Grable have become great friends since Betty's (Mrs. Harry James) announced coming event, lunching together at least once a week, their blonde heads together in deep conversation over layettes and formulas. Incidentally, Lana and Steve apparently have found themselves since the coming of the baby. All the misunderstandings and quarrels that have punctuated their marriage seem

to have vanished with their advent into parenthood.

Cal ran into Steve at the Beverly Derby the other day. "Have you seen Lana?" he asked, almost breathlessly, we thought. And his pleasure when she did arrive was something to see.

Lana's year-and-a-half absence from the screen hasn't hurt her popularity, either. A letter from First Lieutenant Jack Mahon, deep in the heart of Alaska, reports via mail that Lana's picture "Slightly Dangerous" was just shown there and according to the reception given Lana by the men, if the star were reported to be on an enemy-held island the boys would take it in nothing flat. (Continued on page 6)



"Give us that  
Big Smile



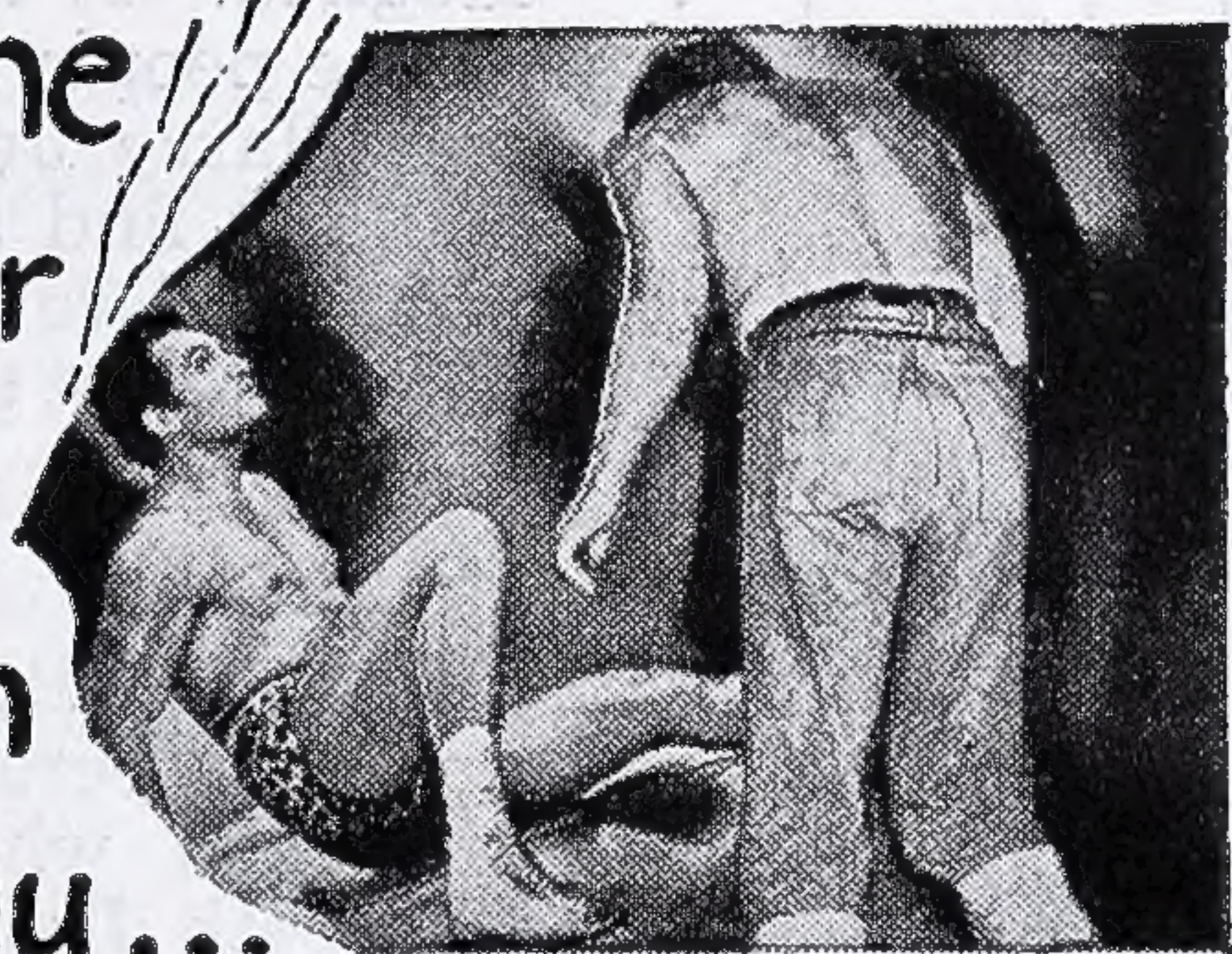
You'll grin out loud when  
Claudette spills the secrets of  
a candid camera career girl!



She says she's too  
busy for romance  
that's dizzy... but

When this immovable force  
meets this irresistible body

And she  
flashes her  
bulbs at  
Whataman  
Mac Murray...



Claudette Colbert  
Fred MacMurray in

**"NO**

**TIME FOR LOVE"**

it's pash in a flash. So she  
makes him an assistant  
Who really loves  
his assignments



And the things  
that develop in  
her darkroom



And under the bed of the  
East River—make this the  
first hilarious roar of 1944

—Melisse

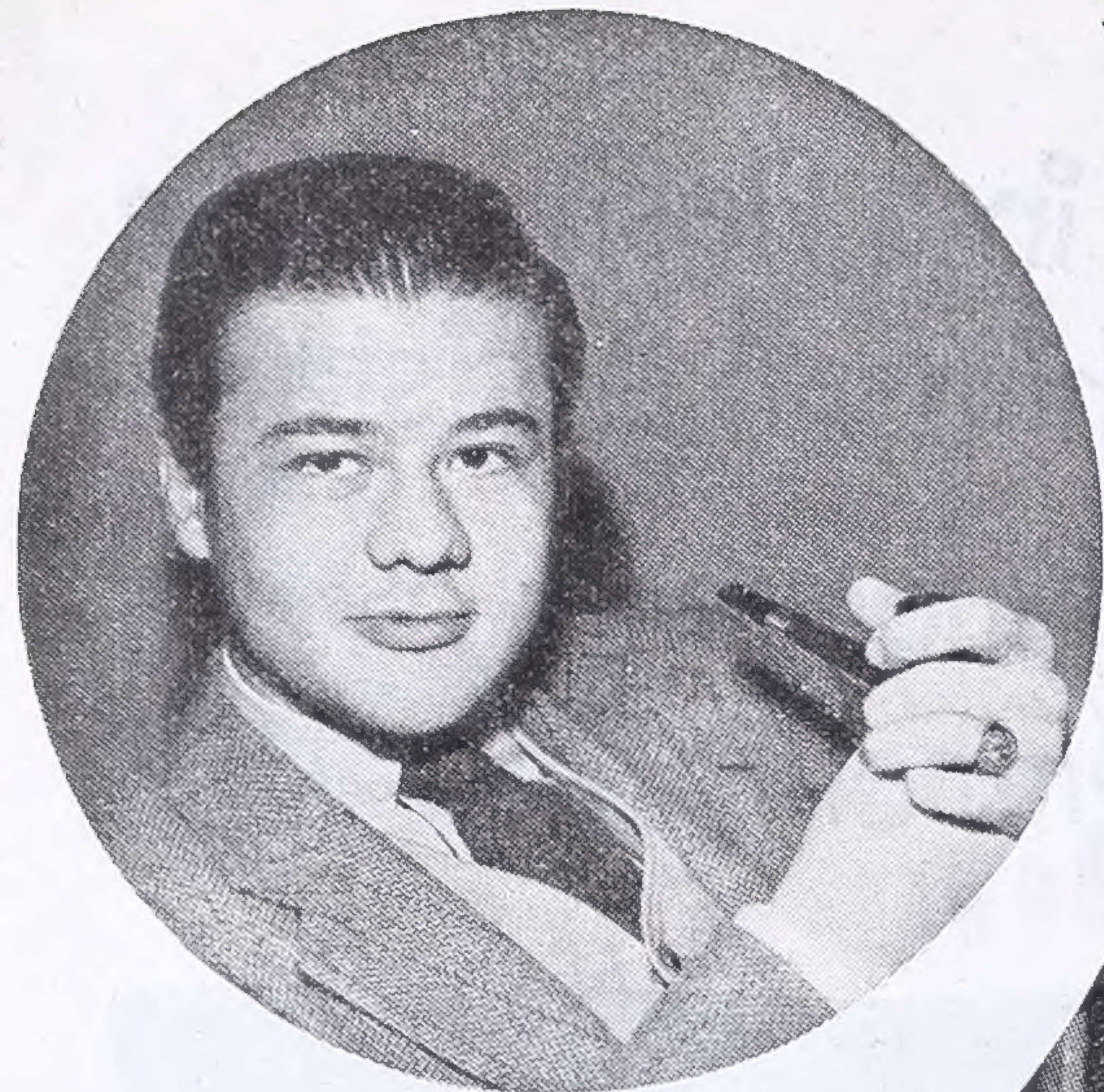
It's  
Paramount  
Again!

with  
Ilka Chase Richard Haydn  
A MITCHELL  
**LEISEN**  
PRODUCTION

Directed by  
MITCHELL LEISEN  
Screen Play by Claude Binyon  
Adaptation by Warren Duff

"And a Big P.S. —Have you seen 'Riding High'? And watch for 'Lady In The Dark' and 'The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek'!"





Male with a female following:  
Universal's Turhan Bey



A favorite  
shows up at her favorite  
spot: Bette Davis at the  
Hollywood Canteen



Sailor dater: Jack  
Beutel of "The Outlaw"

(Continued from page 4)

An idea—but would Lana play, Cal wonders . . .

Speaking of the Harry Jameses, know how they spend most of their evenings? The pair, seldom seen in nightspots, now entertain with small parties at home. Harry and the boys from his band gather round one big card table and their wives, along with Betty's hairdresser and stand-in, occupy another. Quite a far cry from the nightclub days, or nights rather, of Betty and George Raft. Bonita Granville has taken Betty's place on that gay whirl. Bonita and Raft, despite the difference in ages, seem to be quite compatible.

**Round the Town:** What say we lay a forefinger on Hollywood's pulse and see how the old burg's doing this month?

To begin our swing round the circuit Cal reports Judy Garland seems like a very trim craft without the old rudder to give it balance. Judy needs a good, steady beau, by gum, and a real man at that who can't be intimidated by glamour or Hollywood nonsense. Occasionally Judy has been glimpsed about with director Mervyn Leroy who appears to be separated from his wife, Dolores Warner Leroy, despite denials. But Cal feels it's only friendship and loneliness that bring the two together and our assertion still sticks—Judy should have one real heart interest.

★ ★

Judy's friend, Mickey Rooney, seems to be doing all right with pretty Gloria de Haven, the favorite of the moment. We do wish, however, Mickey would reserve his talent for the screen and stop trying to play to the press section of the theater premiere audiences. To quote Queen Vic, "We are not amused." Mickey's attempts to start a horse-laugh rolling, his loud ejaculations after certain scenes, his talkative exits, are embarrassing solely because they are so thoroughly ignored by one and all. Mickey is much too talented a lad to attempt to amuse the press who are there to do a job and not to be distracted by dialogue from the side lines.

Seems certain Victory and actors' committees are scowling even more ferociously in the direction of that male star (and close friend of Clark Gable's) for his lack of co-operation. We report only what we've been told from headquarters, but it seems the star insisted the reason he didn't tour the camps was because he wanted overseas duty. So they gave it to him. First he held out for a 1A priority plane reservation. He wasn't going to be put off for any officer, soldier or even general. So they got it for him. He was headed for Alaska. He got as far as Seattle and for three weeks there he stayed. Nothing happened until one day he was back in Hollywood. There was no tour and no comments . . .

Maybe by this time, however, things have been brought to a climax and the actor's troubles have been ironed out satisfactorily. But do you think Hollywood will ever forget?

★ ★

Joan Fontaine, after planting seventy-eight trees on her ranch (of course, husband Brian Aherne helped), set off for the East hoping to wangle a camp tour overseas.

★ ★

The housing shortage continues to upset the homeless. Sonny Tufts and his wife arrived in town from a New York vacation to find their apartment rented. The only available space in the whole community (and brother, this is a vast one) was a room and bath in a motel in an outlying district. They grabbed it, but imagine the Tufts' amazement to find on the motel entrance one morning a sign reading "Sonny Tufts in residence here." A

house in Coldwater Canyon was forthcoming from sympathizing friends.

Helene Reynolds, petite Twentieth Century-Fox starlet, returned from New York to discover the gentleman (?) to whom she had sublet her flat had read every letter, personal and private, that had arrived and, what's more, had gone into boxes and drawers and read especially treasured fan mail, too. Helene had such a funny, puzzled expression on her face when she told Cal about it that, gosh, we're afraid we laughed. It was so incredible . . .

The people from whom Betty Grable and Harry James bought their house couldn't find a place to go by the expiration date and ended up paying the Jameses rent until they could get out . . .

★ ★

Some Hollywood wives are taking up the careers left behind by their actor husbands who marched off to war. Elizabeth Dailey, wife of Dan Dailey Jr., has gone into a role in "Meet Me In St. Louis" for M-G-M. Mrs. Dailey was a model when she married Dan who is now a lieutenant. Frances Neal, wife of Lieutenant Van Heflin, and Laura La Plante, wife of Major Irving Asher, have also joined the M-G-M's ranks and Robert Preston's wife, Catherine Craig, has gone into the Paramount fold.

**One-Sentence Truths:** Actor Eddie Albert is stationed in New Zealand.

Walter Pidgeon gets his final citizenship papers this month, Walter having been born in Canada.

Dennis Morgan, father of three children  
(Continued on page 8)





*What many doctors think about that cold of yours*

**VIRUS** frequently starts it

**FATIGUE** often helps it along

**GERMS** can make it troublesome

*Research showed that antiseptic gargle used early, often and regularly, may help head off a cold or lessen its severity*

The time to get after a cold is when it is just getting started. Intelligent precautionary measures may avert a great deal of trouble.

Outstanding medical opinion now holds that a virus initiates many colds. Then a potentially troublesome family of germs, called the Secondary Invaders, may stage a "mass invasion" of throat tissues when body resistance is lowered by fatigue, drafts, wet or cold feet, or sudden changes of temperature.

#### *Attack Germs Before They Attack You*

There is considerable evidence to show that if this "mass invasion" can be averted the course of a cold itself may be checked.

That is why it is important, at the very first symptom, to start gargling

with Listerine Antiseptic. This delightful amber germicide reaches way back on throat surfaces, to kill millions of these Secondary Invaders.

That is why, we believe, tests made over a period of twelve years showed such remarkable results.

#### *Fewer Colds & Sore Throats, Tests Showed*

Think of it! Those test subjects who gargled Listerine Antiseptic regularly twice a day had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers. When colds did develop they were generally milder in character.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, it's just plain common sense to start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic. Its test record makes it a distinctly worthwhile precaution.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

#### **Listerine Antiseptic reduced surface germs as much as 96.7% in tests**

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

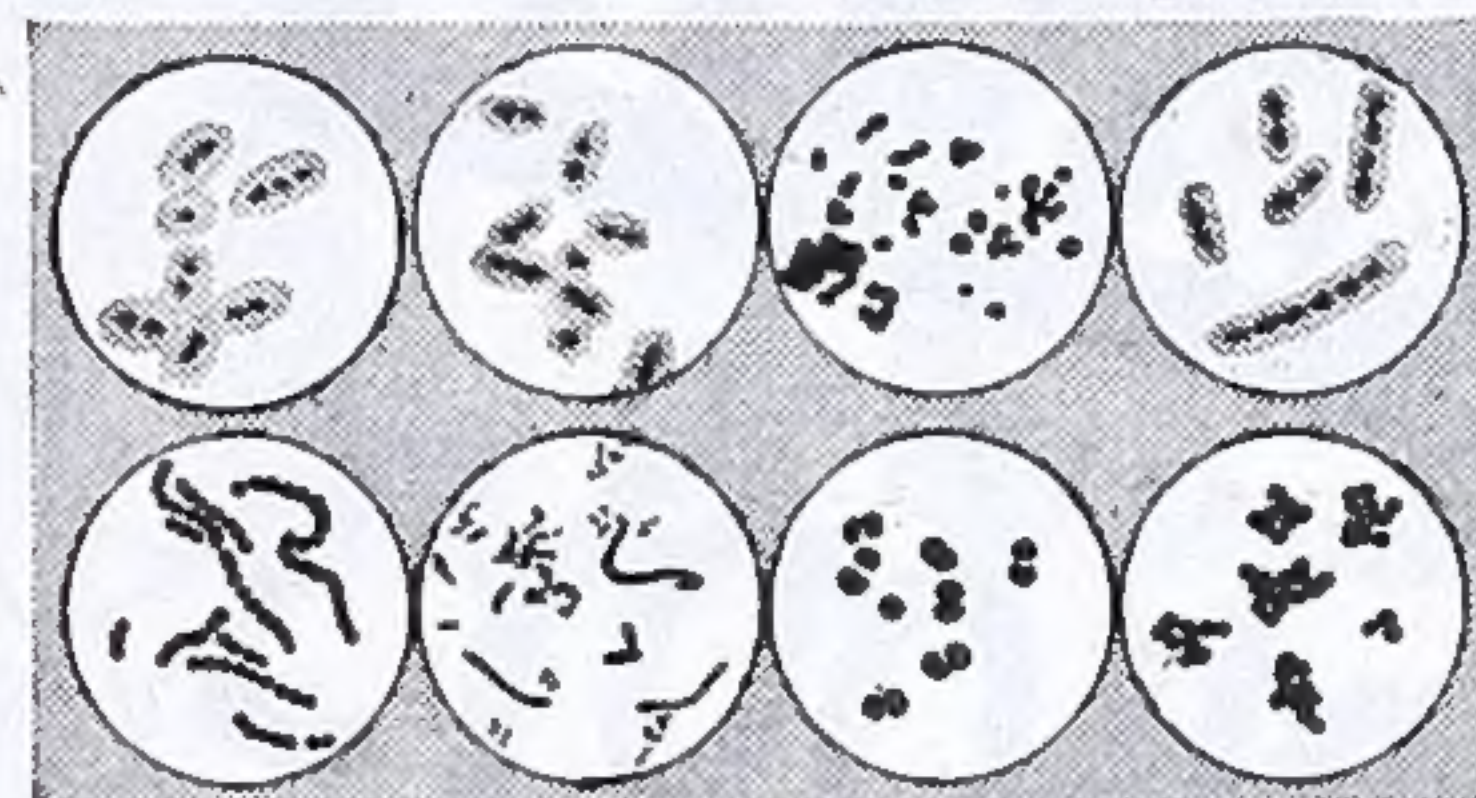


Before



After

#### **The threatening "Secondary Invaders" which Listerine Antiseptic attacks**



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

You can see by their names that they're nothing to fool with. Millions of them can live on mouth and throat surfaces, waiting until body resistance is lowered to strike. You can realize the importance of the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic to try to keep their numbers reduced.

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

TRUSTWORTHY, RELIABLE, SAFE FOR MORE THAN 60 YEARS

**BECAUSE OF WARTIME** restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in *some* size.



# She's the Darling of the Critics

in a sweetheart of a picture. You'll be raving with the reviewers who are saying "light and frothy...happy entertainment." (Film & Radio Discussion Guide) "Suspense, heart-throbs and laughs. Mary Lee is climbing the ladder to stardom." (Charm)



**MARY LEE**

America's Little Sister in

**NOBODY'S DARLING**

with **LOUIS CALHERN**  
**GLADYS GEORGE**

**HEAR MARY SING!**

Blow, Gabriel, Blow!  
I'm Always Chasing Rainbows—It Had To Be You—and more!

Jackie Moran • Lee Patrick • Bennie Bartlett • Marcia Mae Jones

a republic picture

## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Roommates: Paulette Goddard and Jinx Falkenburg, who share an apartment, go halves for an evening with Mocambo escort Count Von Dehn

(Continued from page 6) dren (two born before Pearl Harbor) is now classified as 1-A.

Sergeant Lew Ayres, with the medical unit at Desert Center near Indio, dates Carol Thurston (*Three Martini* of "Dr. Wassell") when he comes to Hollywood, which isn't often.

And when Ensign Vaughn Paul comes to Hollywood from his base in San Diego, he dates Faye Emerson of Warner Brothers every time.

When Lenore Aubert, French star, soundly slapped George Sanders' face on the set of "International Zone" for

a derogatory remark, he congratulated her on her spirit.

One of the nicest people in all Hollywood, according to the professional and unprofessional population of Hollywood, is Cheryl Walker, the "Stage Door Canteen" heroine.

Lieutenant William Holden helped celebrate the seventh birthday of his stepdaughter Virginia Gaines on the very day his own son Peter Whitefield Holden was born to his lovely wife, Brenda Marshall.

Jack Benny, the man who, aided by Fred Allen, has given himself the reputation for stinginess, is one of the most generous stars in Hollywood.

William Eythe knows very well he's playing second fiddle to Richard Derr (who is in the Army) as far as Anne Baxter is concerned, but he just can't help himself.

Flight Cadet John Payne, studying instrument flying at Yakima, Washington, has been elected Flight Captain by his squadron, which is quite an honor.

That famous Hollywood restaurant rendezvous for the foreign contingent had better not have a repeat of that "Heil Hitler" episode if it wants to stay in business.

**Cal's Heart Department:** The brass buttons on the blue uniforms of the naval officers gleamed and glistened at the wedding of Betty Jane Greer and Lieutenant Rudy Vallee of the Coast Guard. Lieutenant Vallee saw his bride's picture in a newspaper and was so impressed he had her and her family come on to Hollywood. After a spat or two the pair decided it was love after all and now Miss Greer is Mrs. Rudy Vallee.

★ ★ ★



Dancemates: Judy Garland does a Mocambo jig with Mervyn LeRoy

Jane Withers announces she has no intention of wedding Private A. C. Lyles now or (Continued on page 10)



# "Chin-Up" Girl!

none braver . . . none truer . . . her  
story is America's heart-story  
. . . your story!



Here is a memorable drama of  
today's unbeatable brand of  
courage and love! The brave  
and human and truly great  
story of America's FURLOUGH  
WIVES and sweethearts who  
wait, wish and work for the  
men who live in their hearts!



## GINGER ROGERS

More loved, more lovable, more lovely than ever, in

## "Tender Comrade"

with

ROBERT RYAN · RUTH HUSSEY

Patricia COLLINGE · Mady CHRISTIANS · Kim HUNTER · Jane DARWELL · Richard MARTIN

Produced by David Hempstead · Directed by Edward Dmytryk

Story and Screenplay by Dalton Trumbo

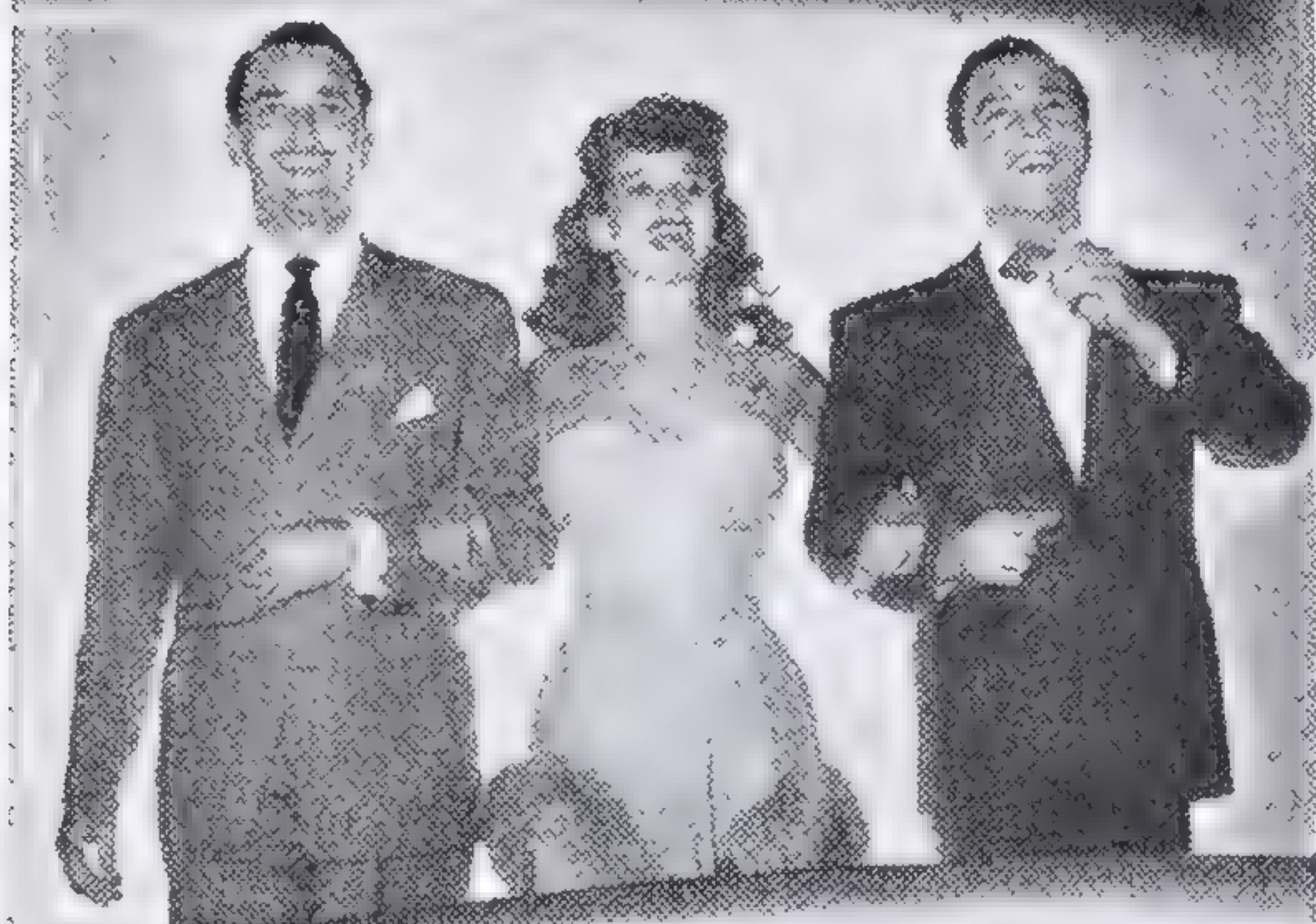


P  
M  
M



A few eye-catching scenes  
from the most exciting musical  
of 1944!

Rita  
Hayworth  
at her  
loveliest



Rita Hayworth  
Gene Kelly  
in  
**COVER GIRL**  
in Technicolor

Music by JEROME KERN  
Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

with  
LEE BOWMAN · PHIL SILVERS · JIM FALKENBURG  
and

**THE COVER GIRLS**  
15 OF AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp - Produced by Arthur Schwartz  
Directed by CHARLES Vidor  
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Two live-wire romances:  
Ann Sheridan and Warners'  
Steve Hannagan having them-  
selves a time at Mocambo...



... Mickey Rooney  
and Gloria de Haven;  
same mood, same place

(Continued from page 8) at any time. What's more, seventeen-year-old Janie has just signed an agreement with her agent, Max Shagrin, that if she should marry within the next four years, she'll have to pay said agent the sum of \$10,000. And being the little business woman she is, we believe Janie will stay Miss Withers for four more years, at least.

★ ★ ★

The separation of Jennifer Jones and Robert Walker proved a shock to all Hollywood, although the report now is that the pair had known for several months they would soon terminate their marriage. Twentieth Century-Fox was left high and dry with a deeply religious picture on their hands, "The Song Of Bernadette," in which Miss Jones plays Bernadette. Mr. Walker, who has made "Bataan" and "See Here, Private Hargrove," is, of course, in the "new star" list at M-G-M. It's a costly, tragic situation and who can tell who or what is to blame? Right at this point Jennifer and Bob are busy playing sweethearts before the camera in "Since You Went Away."

★ ★ ★

Jess Barker, who seeks publicity by way of the daily columns, is reaping plenty of it. His latest is Olivia de

Havilland, who is willing to aid Mr. Barker's campaign, it seems, while waiting for her own heart, Captain John Huston, to return.

★ ★ ★

Jack Oakie, who has been more or less out of the limelight lately, is happy again. He and his wife, Venita Varden, have reconciled and Oakie couldn't be happier.

★ ★ ★

It looks as if Ann Sheridan has really found l-o-v-e at last. The man? Handsome Steve Hannagan, New York press agent. They met while Ann was in the big city on a vacation. When Ann left for the Coast Steve followed. When Steve left for the East Ann followed. So what do you think, Mister? They just couldn't be traveling for the train rides, now could they?

**Military Information:** Robert Taylor, a Navy lieutenant, is completing his training at the (Continued on page 12)



Beautiful...

Bewitching...



She risked a kingdom for this one kiss!



Once—and comes a

only once—in a lifetime  
"PERICHOLE"... singer in the  
streets, power behind the throne, all  
woman, all wonderful . . . From Thornton Wilder's  
Pulitzer Prize-winning novel . . . this immortal  
screen thrill. Don't miss it!



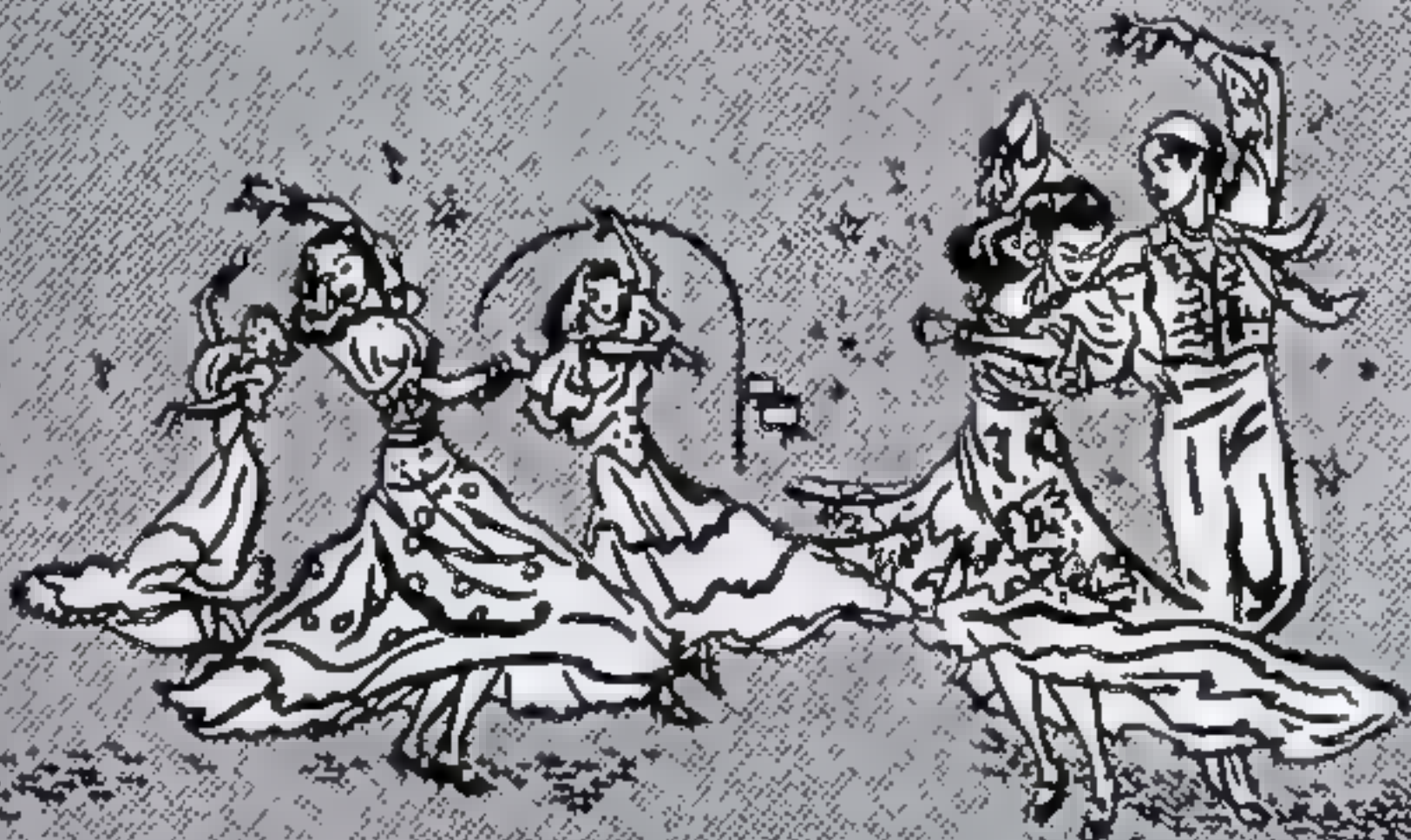
He taught her everything — and she hated him for it!



He ruled a kingdom and she ruled him!



The Marquesa understood and loathed her—because she, too, was a woman!



Benedict Bogeaus Presents

# "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"

Starring

Lynn Bari • Francis Lederer • Akim Tamiroff

with Nazimova • Louis Calhern • Blanche Yurka • Donald Woods

Directed by ROWLAND V. LEE • Screenplay by HOWARD ESTABROOK

From THORNTON WILDER'S Pulitzer Prize-winning Novel  
A ROWLAND V. LEE Production • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS





Kid sister to the  
Marines: Shirley Temple,  
by adoption

(Continued from page 10) New Orleans  
Naval Air Transport Command in  
Louisiana.

★ ★ ★

Old reporter Cal is stationed on the  
dunce stool right now for pulling a  
boner in the December issue. Cal put  
Richard Denning of the USNR right in  
the Coast Guard—and Cal herewith  
hangs his head in shame and gives  
Dick's right address: Richard Denning,  
Y-2C, V-6, USNR D.N.O.P., 411 West  
Fifth St., Los Angeles, Cal. In case  
you're wondering about all those  
initials—well, Dick sent us the informa-  
tion himself so we can't be wrong this  
time!

★ ★ ★

Jackie Cooper, whose military status  
confused everyone in Hollywood for so  
long, became an apprentice seaman at  
the Naval V-12 School at Notre Dame.

★ ★ ★

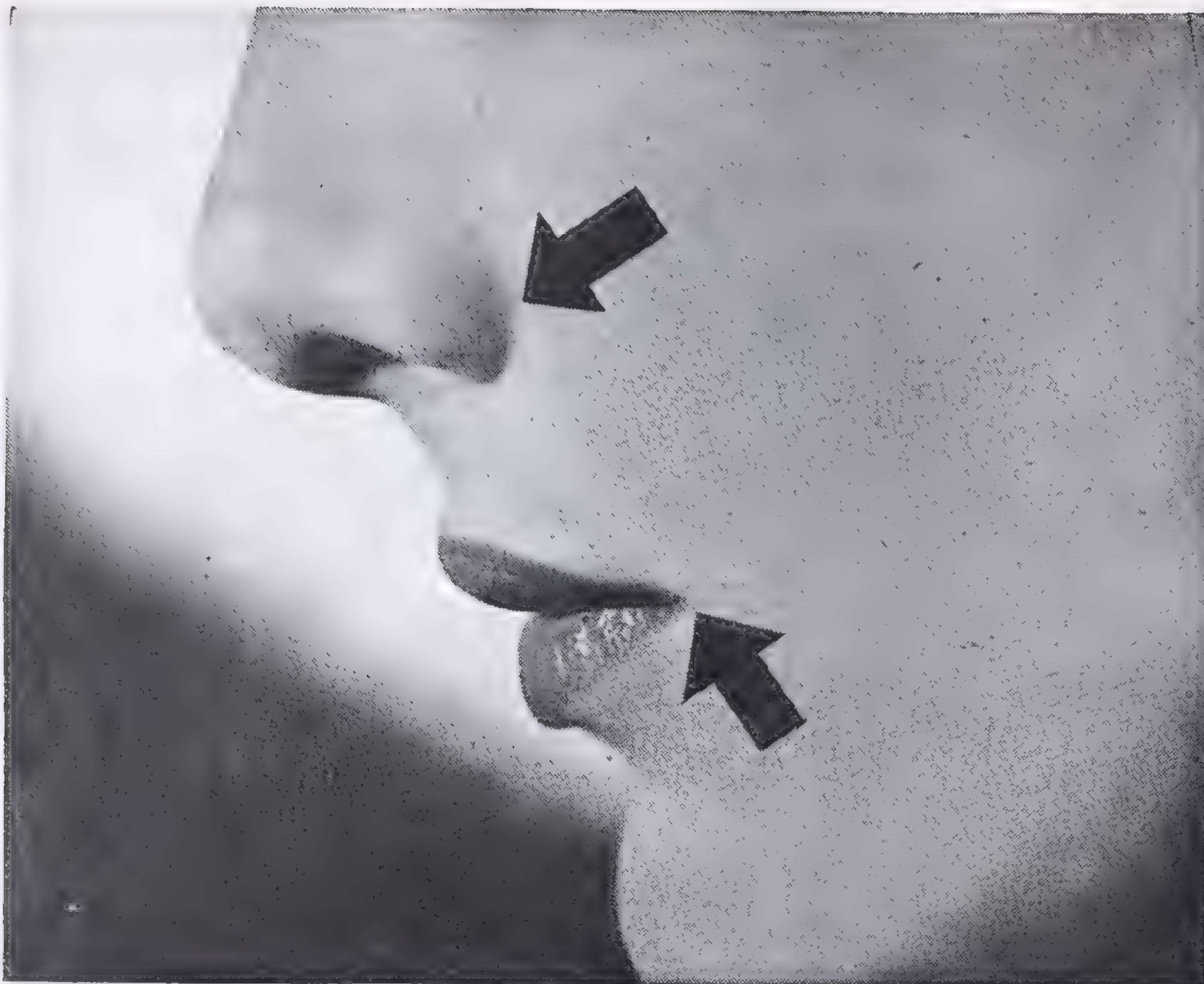
Two personalities in the news, *The  
Great Gildersleeve* (Hal Peary), and  
Danny Kaye, faced their prospective  
physical examiners and met defeat.  
One is too lean and one too plump. Mr.  
Kaye has asked for an overseas tour.

★ ★ ★

Robert Ryan, Ginger Rogers' leading  
man in "Tender Comrade," is officially  
in the Army, we are informed, but has  
been dispatched to Hollywood to play  
the lead in "Marine Raiders." And be-  
cause he is now officially the property  
of Uncle Sam, RKO cannot give out  
publicity information about the star.

★ ★ ★

Ensign John Howard, who has been  
on almost constant duty on a mine  
sweeper off the coast of Africa, writes  
faithfully to the girl he left behind,



## BLACKHEADS, BIG PORES show up quickly in these "Danger Zones" of your skin!

**Read how my 4-Purpose Face  
Cream keeps your skin crystal-  
clean and fresh—and guards  
against these skin troubles.**

**N**O one needs to tell you that there are  
"danger zones" of the skin. *You  
know!* For your own mirror has warned  
you about them, many times.

You know, for example, that the curve  
next to your nose—the tiny valleys of your  
chin—are two zones that must be watched.  
For there's where skin troubles get their  
start, and make swift headway.

In the curve beside your nose, pores  
often become bigger and bigger—until  
they look conspicuous and coarse. Around  
your mouth and chin, dirt and grease  
tend to accumulate and harden into black-  
heads.

But *you* can be sure you won't have any  
of these skin troubles, if you use Lady  
Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream! For it

guards these two danger zones, guards  
*all* the danger zones of your skin!

Each time you apply Lady Esther Face  
Cream it does these 4 vital things: (1) It  
thoroughly *cleans* your skin. (2) It *softens*  
your skin, loosens and absorbs the dry,  
clinging flakes. (3) It helps nature refine  
the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth perfect  
base for powder.

### **Living Proof—In Your Own Mirror!**

Why choose a face cream because it's ex-  
pensive, or because of a clever package?  
Judge it only by what it does for your skin!

That's why I say—try Lady Esther  
4-Purpose Face Cream! Get the smallest  
size jar if you like—but *try it!* When you  
see how radiantly clean and fresh your  
skin looks after the very first application—  
when you see how much smoother and  
more youthful it appears—it's time enough  
to get the largest and *most economical*  
size. But for living proof this is the most  
beautifying cream you have ever used,  
get the small-size jar *today!*





Sally Yarnell of Twentieth Century-Fox. Incidentally, Ensign Howard reports that when his ship is laid up for repairs he hopes to get home for his first leave.

★ ★ ★

One of the unhappiest lads in town is Vic McLaglen's stalwart son Andrew. Andy, strong and healthy, was turned down by the Army because he stood six feet seven inches in height. And yet, when RKO was seeking a big lad to play a serviceman in "Since You Went Away," they chose Andy for the role. But what's good enough for Hollywood isn't good enough for the Army as a lot of Hollywoodites have found out.

★ ★ ★

Few people realize the steadfastness of Lieutenant Robert Cummings' devotion to duty as a Flight Instructor in the Army Air Force Reserve, stationed at the Mira-Loma Flight Academy in Oxnard, California. Lieutenant Cummings, who teaches combat maneuvers, has graduated two classes of cadets and is beginning on his third class.

★ ★ ★

Three M-G-M boys, Bill Lundigan, Richard Carlson and Dan Dailey Jr., are keeping the old flag waving for Leo the Lion. Lundigan is a Private First Class in the Marines, stationed at San Diego; Dailey is a lieutenant in the Army at Camp Crowder, Missouri; and Carlson, the father of two children, is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy, waiting for placement.

**A Good One On Goddard:** Paulette Goddard couldn't be more set back by a recent "incident." And how her friends

Good pal to Hollywood:  
Ingrid Bergman, just  
by nature



...again it's **WARNER BROS!**

**CARY GRANT**

His assignment is the answer to  
a submariner's prayer!

**JOHN GARFIELD**

He knows how to tell  
a Jap-with torpedoes  
and TNT!



Here's the  
story-behind-the-  
story of the bombers  
that plastered and  
blasted Tojo's  
home town!



**DESTINATION Tokyo**

*They've got sweethearts in every port -  
and girls, you'll be among 'em!*



DANE

**CLARK**



ROBERT

**HUTTON**



WARNER

**ANDERSON**

ALAN HALE · JOHN RIDGELY · WILLIAM PRINCE

Directed by  
**DELMER DAVES**  
Produced by  
**JERRY WALD**

Screen Play by Delmer Daves and Albert Maltz • From an Original Story by Steve Fisher • Music by Franz Waxman

P  
M  
M



**SOFT  
but  
HUSKY!**



When a cold goes  
to your nose,  
Sitroux Tissues  
come to your rescue.

They're swell for "blowouts"  
—because they treat your  
nose tenderly—never irritate.

Sitroux Tissues are so  
soft, there's not a  
scratch in a car-



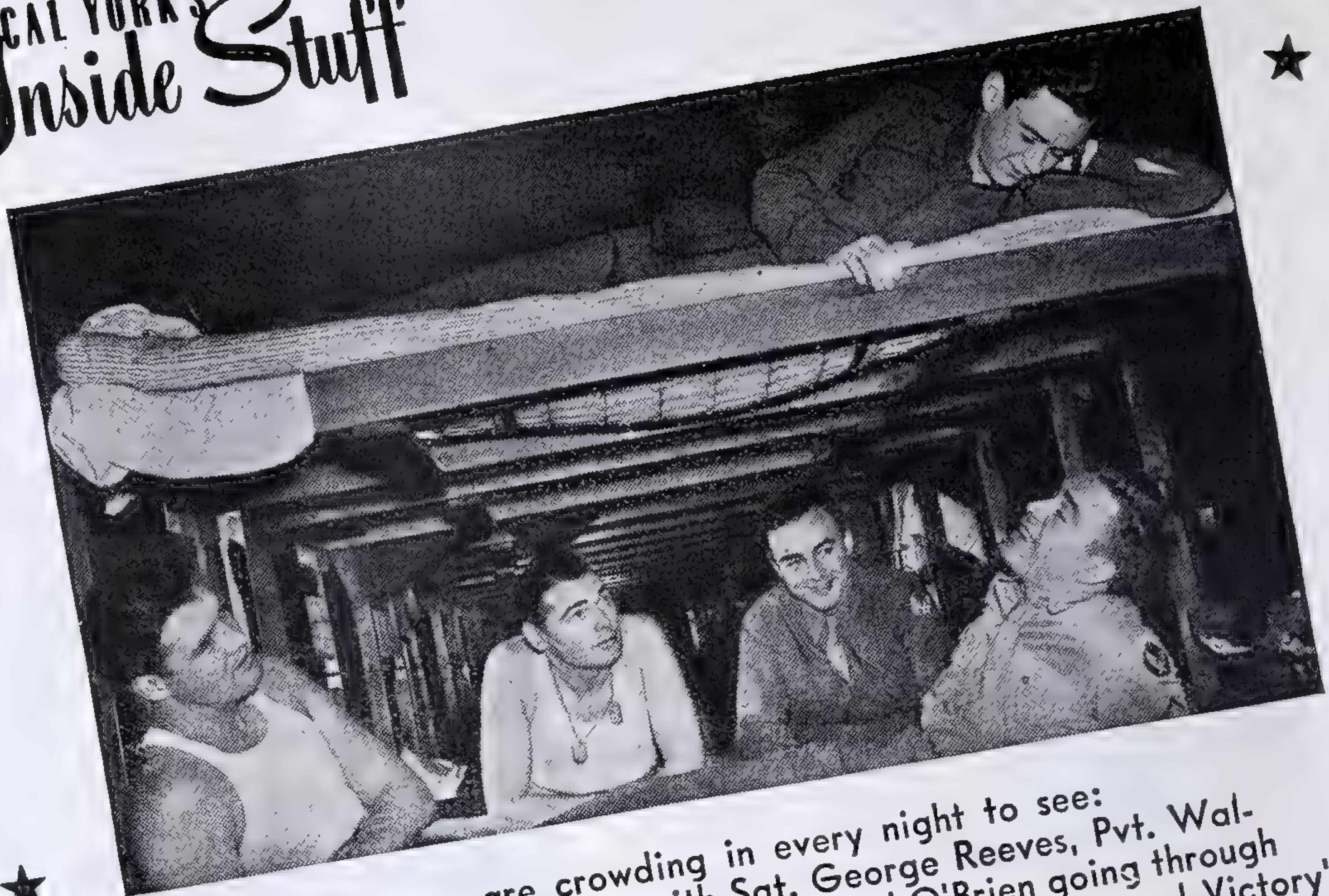
load. Yet they're  
strong enough for the biggest  
blow-hards. Economical, too  
—because they're more absor-  
bent. Better get Sitroux Tissues



now—and be pre-  
pared for the  
next "cold wave."

**SITROUX**  
SAY  
SIT-TRUE  
**TISSUES**

**NEW YORK'S  
Inside Stuff**



★ Five faces N. Y. audiences are crowding in every night to see:  
Pvt. Ray McDonald (upper layer) with Sgt. George Reeves, Pvt. Wal-  
ter Reed, Pvt. Michael Duane and Pfc. Edmond O'Brien going through  
their lively paces in the big Moss Hart stage hit, "Winged Victory" ★

love to tell it on Miss Goddard, the gal  
no one beats to the punch!

It seems that when Paulette was cast  
as a welder opposite Sonny Tufts in "I  
Love A Soldier" someone at the studio  
suggested she trot out and talk to a  
couple of girls who were working as  
welders in defense plants. "Find out  
what they wear on dates, etc.," Paulette  
was instructed, "and then duplicate  
their little frocks and suits."

So out trotted Paulette, who wears  
the plainest of street frocks; and the  
girls couldn't have been more co-oper-  
ative.

First she was shown a little sports  
number. Paulette did a take, a quick  
double-take and even a triple one. The  
outfit was obviously an expensive and  
beautiful one. "This one came from I.  
Magnin's," the girl welder explained.  
"I bought it for its lines. And here's a  
date dress I picked up at Saks. I like  
the draped effect and the new nude  
souffle yoke."

Goddard looked every which way  
and then down at her own \$14.95 sport  
dress, a price Paulette seldom exceeds  
for her everyday outfits. When the  
fashion show, as put on by the several  
defense workers, was concluded, Pau-  
lette thanked them and, rising in all  
her \$14.95 self-consciousness, departed.

"Call in Edith Head, the designer,"  
she reported next day. "I've got to get  
myself a wardrobe if I hope to compete  
with those girls."

The studio regretted the suggestion  
of Paulette's visit. Now it's really cost-  
ing them defense-wages dough!

**Detached Duty:** The lights grow dim,  
the curtain rises and the show begins  
at the 44th Street Theater. It is Moss  
Hart's new play, "Winged Victory," in  
which a goodly portion of the AAF  
performs nightly to an enthusiastic

audience. And there on the stage you  
will see many faces familiar to the  
faithful followers of motion pictures.  
For the cast, carefully selected for this  
special duty, includes some of Holly-  
wood's finest young actors—Sgt. George  
Reeves, Cpl. Mark Daniels, Pfc. Ed-  
mond O'Brien, and Pvts. Walter Reed,  
Richard Travis, Michael Duane, Barry  
Nelson, Ray McDonald, William Mar-  
shall, Harry Lewis and Don Taylor.

Sgt. George Reeves (hero of "So  
Proudly We Hail") is assistant supply  
sergeant for the troupe of three hun-  
dred men who drill in Central Park  
and function as a regular military com-  
pany when not at the theater. Eager  
to be G. I. in every respect, George's  
record has but one slight blemish to  
date. Married soldiers can live with  
their wives and George and his pretty  
brunette Ellanora live a subway jump  
across the city. The earnest sarge says  
it's understandable he'd get lost and  
be late to his busy supply room just  
once, this being his first time in the  
big town. He transferred onto the  
wrong subway and came up for air  
away out on Long Island that mem-  
orable morning!

It's also Richard Travis's first trip  
East and he's as wide-eyed as his wife,  
who makes her acting debut in a small  
part. Mr. Hart, with typical consid-  
eration, allotted roles in the show to  
thirty-one wives of the soldier-actors.

Biggest surprise is discovering Ed-  
mond O'Brien, the comedy hit. A lot  
heavier, his hair cut extremely short,  
he characterizes the guy from Brooklyn  
in marvelous style.

Walter Reed, Michael Duane and  
William Marshall have their wives with  
them. Mrs. Marshall is not in "Winged  
Victory," but she's apt to be waiting  
at the stage door for Bill. It's strange  
to see Michele (Continued on page 16)



The MERRIEST Man-Hunt in **KISSTORY!**



*They're Head  
over Heels*



The Comedy Sensations  
of "My Sister Eileen"  
together again

and funnier  
than ever!

*Rosalind*  
**RUSSELL**

*Brian*  
**AHERNE**

**IRVING CUMMINGS'**

*What a Picture!*  
**What a Woman!**

with **WILLARD PARKER**  
*What a "Find"!...Sensation of the Year!*

SCREEN PLAY BY THERESE LEWIS AND BARRY TRIVERS...A COLUMBIA PICTURE



(Continued from page 14) Morgan modestly standing in a corner till her man exits. She's Bill's wife, you know, and she's taking a vacation from pictures to be with him as long as he's in the play. Which proves a Hollywood star can make her marriage come first if she wants to . . .

Mark Daniels and Don Taylor, the romantic lead and the bravado boy who washes out in a heart-throb scene, are two post-war stars for sure. Both were under contract to M-G-M when they joined the AAF and had everyone on the lot enthused about their possibilities. But it took Moss Hart to give them this wonderful chance. Greer Garson went backstage to congratulate them as soon as she saw the show, being the first of Metro's glamour gals to applaud them.

**The Hoax of the Month:** Vic Mature has gone back to his Coast Guard duties and there are several among his friends who almost wish Vic had spent his leave at home with his mother in Louisville rather than at the night spots of Hollywood.

It's Cal's opinion—and remember we're fond of Vic, too—that the whole unpleasant Anne Shirley romance episode was due to Mr. Mature's pride, left dragging in the dust when his girl friend, Rita Hayworth, turned to Orson Welles. Vic is the kind of man who prefers to do the turning down

A Miss goes Mocamboing—with a nice Mr.: Livvie de Havilland, Jess Barker



"He Proposed last night!"

—how lucky that

I wore my lovely

**Evening in Paris Face Powder"**

TO CREATE a dreamy, tender beauty in the sweet face of a girl . . . that is the prime purpose of Evening in Paris face powder. That is why it is made with such a sheer velvet texture . . . why the shades of Evening in Paris seem to lie on the skin in such a soft bloom of color.

Choose smooth, colorful Evening in Paris face powder, so enchantingly yours for Romance.

See in HIS eyes why it is said,

"to make a lovely lady even lovelier . . . Evening in Paris face powder!"

Tune in "Here's to Romance," starring Dick Haymes, with Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch's Orchestra—Thursday evenings, Columbia Network.



Face Powder \$1.00  
Perfume \$1.25 to \$10.00  
(All prices plus tax)

Evening in Paris

face powder

**BOURJOIS**

NEW YORK





# CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



A Mrs. goes to the theater with her husband: Annabella and Tyrone Power on a leave-holiday

and not be on the receiving end of a lady's cold shoulder. And maybe it was partly due to a slightly broken, or at least dented, heart. Vic was fond of Rita, that we know. But at any rate he was obviously seeking a way to mend his feelings.

After dating Betty Hutton (whose heart was elsewhere) for several evenings and taking out K. T. Stevens with no resultant Maturish hullabaloo, his black eyes lit on Anne Shirley, dancing about the Mocambo one evening and boom! Vic decided this was it. Here was the girl he'd been waiting for. He went into feverish raptures over Anne whom, for heavens sake, he'd known for years, since he was one of John Payne's staunchest friends before and after his separation from Anne. Nevertheless, Anne was it. He was in love. He'd ask her to marry him and he announced that fact to no less a place than the whole world.

Anne, bowled over by the suddenness of the courtship and the vibrant Rhett Butlerish personality that fairly leaps from the attractive Mature in waves, was swept into an assent. She was very happy. And, yes, they would be married before Vic left next week for his ship.

Only something happened. Time grew shorter and still there was no license or ring or preacher.

Finally, meeting the girls she liked best at a friend's home, Anne stated simply that she was afraid there had been a mistake. There was nothing to do then but announce it to the press and proceed to save a bad situation by appearing with Vic "as friends" once or twice before his departure.

The whole (Continued on page 94)

## Are You in the Know?



### Are these Lindy Hoppers doing—

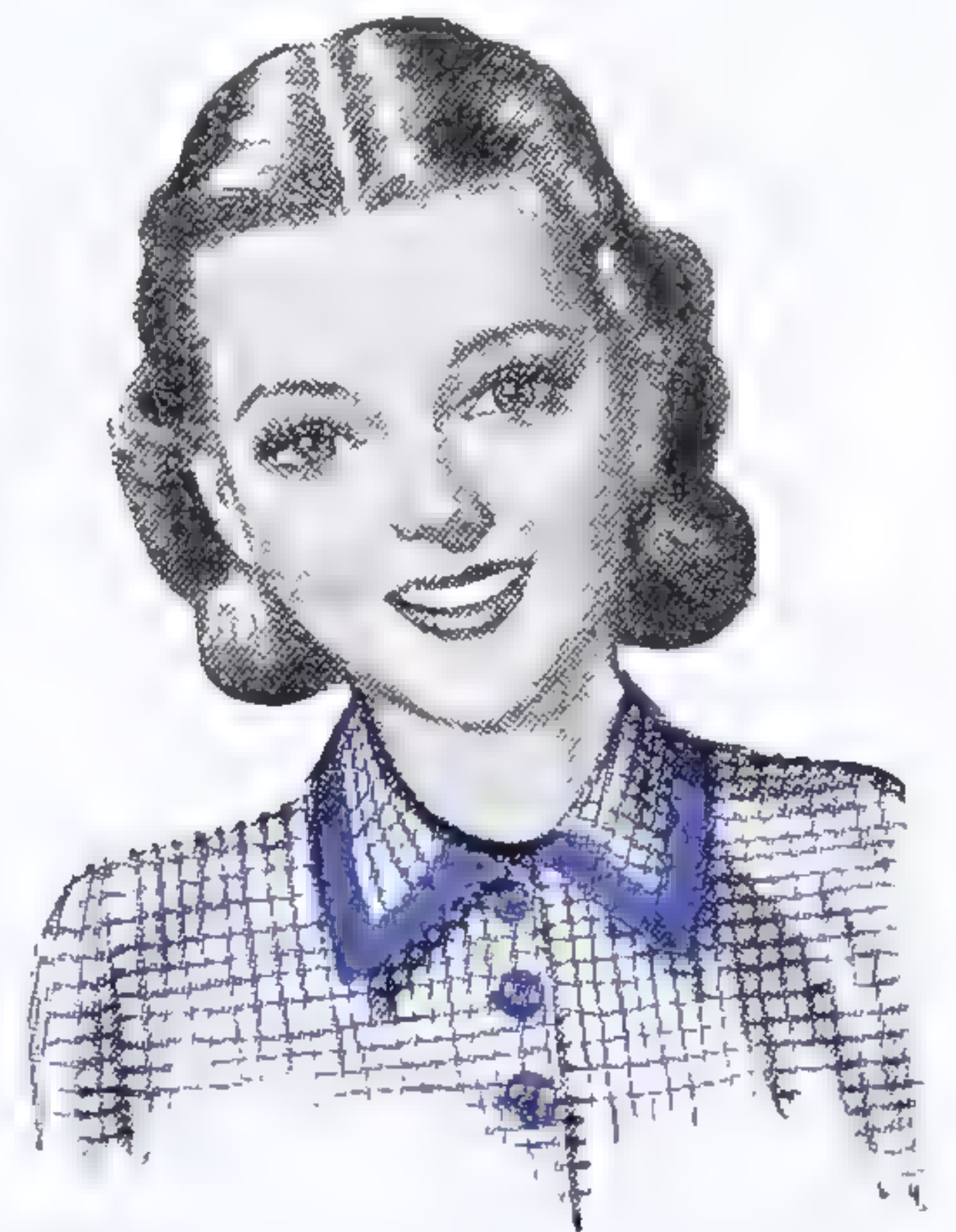
- ☐ A Boogie
- ☐ A Shorty George
- ☐ A Tip

"Know how" is what makes the difference between a smooth rug-cutter and a dud! So lady, be hep to this "shine" step. It's a *Tip*—and here's another: Know how to *stay in the fun* regardless of what time of the month it is! It's simple, for Kotex sanitary napkins are more *comfortable*—and that special safety center keeps you protected—poise-perfect. So save your "jitters" for a jive session.

### This Hair-do's for you—if

- ☐ Your face is long
- ☐ Heart-shaped
- ☐ Round

Down with pompadours—up with sweeping manes! Newest locks have a flat-topped look. They're shorter, sleek, often center-parted. Vary this hair style to suit your face-type, but *if your face is long*, take the short hair-do shown here—flat crowned, and fluffed a bit at the sides. The "flat" look is a grooming *commandment* when "certain" outlines threaten a sleek costume. That's when you thank Kotex for those flat pressed ends. Because they're not stubby, no one will guess your secret.



### How would you introduce them?

- ☐ "Capt. Smith, this is Lieut. Brown"
- ☐ "Miss Brown, may I present Capt. Smith"
- ☐ "Lieut. Brown, Capt. Smith"

Learn your military P's and Q's! When introducing army officers, mention the one with higher rank *first*—even if the other is a woman. "Captain Smith, this is Lieutenant Brown" is correct (and don't address the Wac as "Miss"! ). Knowing your army etiquette is a social must, these wartime days. On difficult days, too, you can preserve your "social security." Just depend on the comfort Kotex gives, for Kotex stays soft while wearing. You'll learn—comfort, confidence and Kotex go together!



\*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## Girls in the know choose KOTEX\*

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX than all other brands of pads put together.

**For Trying Days,** try KURB tablets...if you suffer from cramps. It's a Kotex product, expressly compounded for relief of periodic discomfort. Take only as directed on the package and see how KURBS can help you!



☐ Check here if you're teen age and want *free* the newly-edited booklet "As One Girl To Another." You'll learn do's and don'ts for difficult days . . . the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts.

☐ Check here if you're a war worker and want *free* the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Full of facts on diet, cramps, exercise, lifting. It tells how to stay on the job, even on "problem" days.

Send name and address to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. MW-2, Chicago 54, Ill.



**Which  
Deodorant  
wins  
your vote?**

☐ CREAM? ☐ POWDER? ☐ LIQUID?

For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for one purpose—important to you and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

### Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a powder is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

### There is ONE Powder

... created especially for this purpose—QUEST\* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex\* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your sure way to avoid offending. Many months' supply, only 35c.



**QUEST  
POWDER**

The Kotex Deodorant

\*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY  
Guaranteed by  
Good Housekeeping  
IF DEFECTIVE OR  
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

**CRAMPS?**

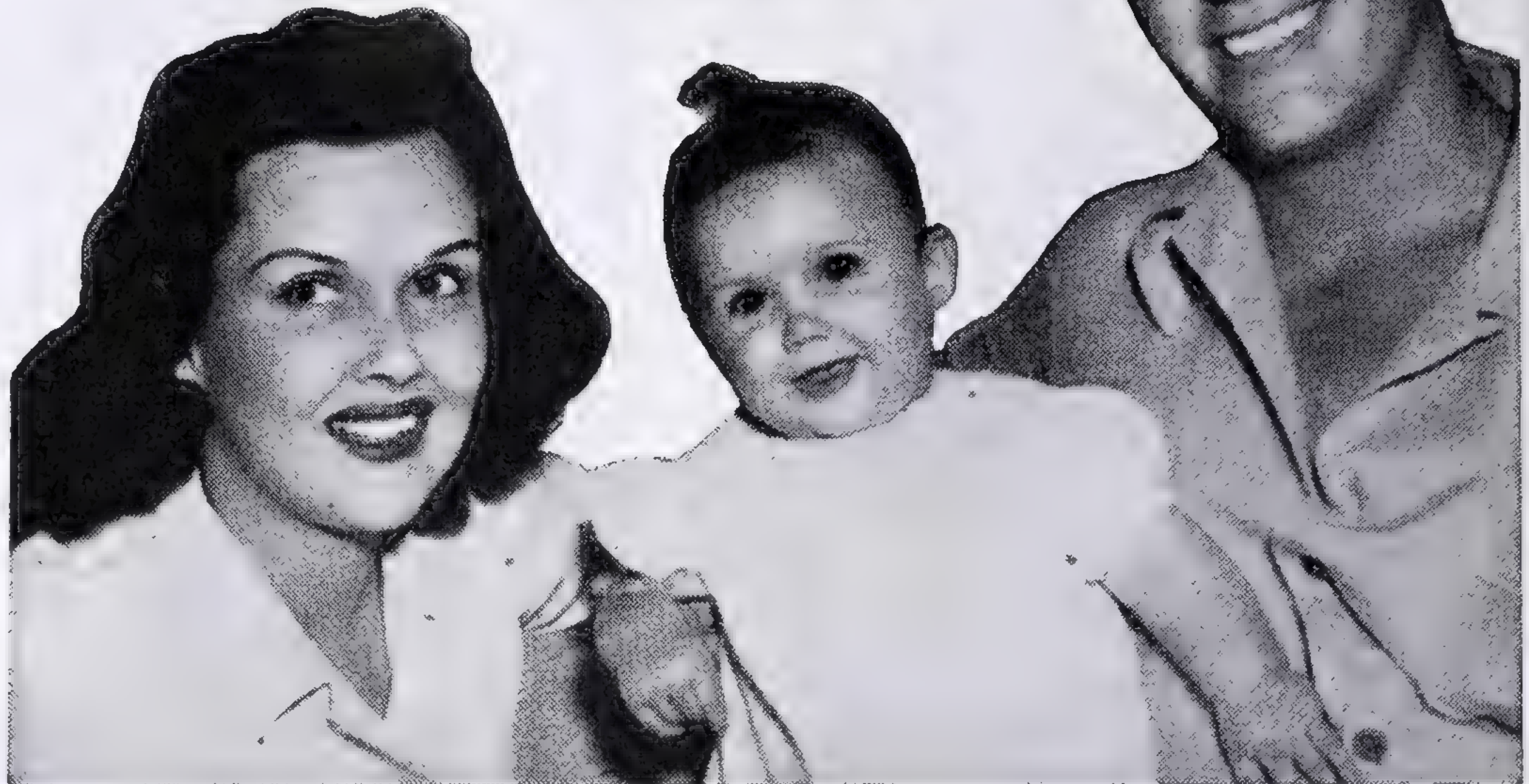
Curb them each  
month with ...



COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE!  
Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!

*Speak*

**FOR YOURSELF**



Man who gets handclaps from everyone with the two handclappers who mean the most to him: Jim Brown, his wife Verna and their daughter Beverly Jean

### \$10.00 PRIZE The World Grows Smaller

AS an ex-newspaperman I am interested in anything under the label "News" and to me the theater in all its aspects is news—especially the movie. For a long time, or since our film industry got its first long pants and a voice, I have waited to see if it had imagination enough and the courage that goes with such perception and vision, to make a series of pictures revealing the story of (1) Buddha, (2) Confucius, (3) Mohammed, (4) Moses, and by no means least, (5) Ghengis Khan. Or, for the matter of all that, pictures about the lives and times of any of the great figures in the progress of Asia.

Now, with a war of such magnitude as to dwarf all comparable disasters, and with the white man's alleged burden so heavy as to warrant belief he may well crack under the load, I am still waiting for pictures of the kind indicated here. When one considers that all religions worth serious thought came from Asia or Asia's near relatives, that our alphabet, our multiplication table and indeed all we prize so highly in the cultural realm were derived from either the Middle East or the Far East, does it not seem a little incredulous that we give so little credit to that major fraction of humanity to whom we are so heavily in debt? The puffery we have been getting—about the super-this and colossal-that—regarding achievements of the non-Asiatics, stands as paltry and very thin bragging beside the eternal gifts we have received from the non-Europeans.

With so much being said about goodwill and good neighborliness now and to come, why can't we do at least a little in practical kindness and understanding by way of our picture industry, which claims to be our most efficient civilizer? The fact that we can make an adding machine should not obscure the fact that Asia's adding machines have been the abaci, as good as ours but without handles or gears, and just as good for everyday mathematical use. Or that gunpowder, writing paper, silk, magnetic compasses, etc., all originated in Asia.

Along with our exports of lend-lease goods, let us send that most effective of commodities, spiritual good-will to our Asiatic allies. It will pay us big dividends someday.

I. H. Schwartz,  
Cincinnati, O.

### \$5.00 PRIZE Ring in the New

FOR whom the chime clangs:

For Van Johnson, his freckles and ingratiating smile.

For Gene Kelly and a new and refreshing personality. (Mr. K. being adept in three fields—dancing, singing, acting—and oh! those velvet eyes!)

For Frank Sinatra, for looking boyish and enthusiastic in a world of overly mature and too-too bored males.

For Jim Brown, Robert Walker and Dana Andrews—for just being!

WATCH on the Hollywood vine:

Shirley Temple who has grown up so beautifully and puts the super females to shame.

Dorothy McGuire who looks like a daisy in a field of orchids.

Marsha Hunt—that gorgeous American Rose—she should be up there with Turner!

Norma H. Dupuis,  
Detroit, Mich.

### \$1.00 PRIZE Nothing to Hide

FOR the first time I have seen a film that calls a 4-F a human being.

For almost two years I have gone to the movies and heard some boy who couldn't get in the Army called everything from a coward to a dog. No one stops to think that this boy is heartbroken because he can't be in there fighting with his friends. Songs like "Short, Fat And 4-F" make me plenty mad.

I saw "Good Luck, Mr. Yates" about a week ago. Jess Baker did a grand job showing that being in 4-F isn't anything to hide, as long as you do your part on the home front. I think the motion-picture industry is doing a swell job of keeping the (Continued on page 20)

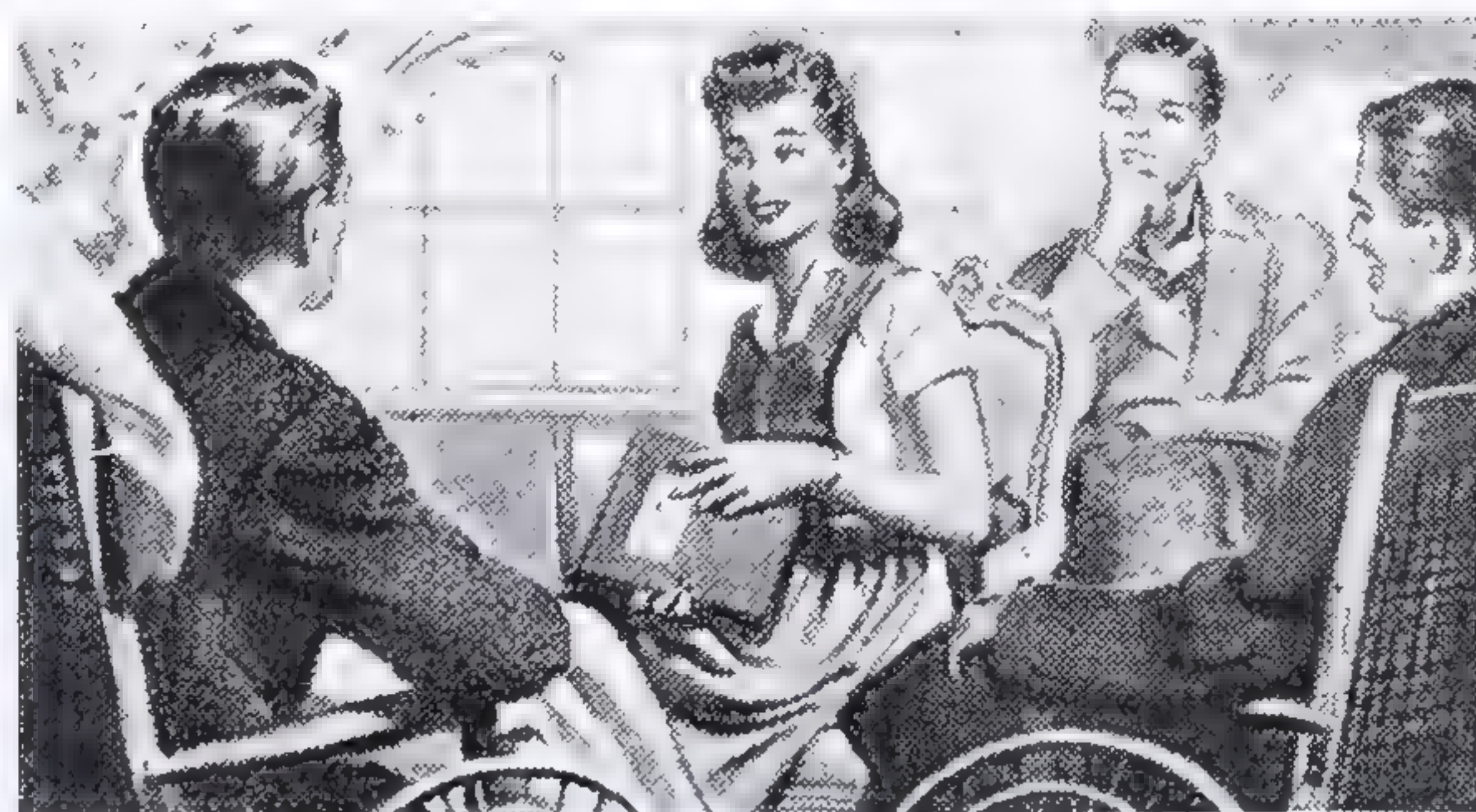




## Pride-and-joy hands needn't fear wartime jobs!



**Before you wash undies—before you do dishes—**guard your soft, white hands with Toushay! It's a new idea in lotions—and busy, beautiful women love it! You see, you smooth on Toushay *before* every soap-and-water task. It *guards against* roughness and dryness—helps keep your hands smooth and pretty!



**When homework's done,** lend a lovely hand to Uncle Sam! (Women are needed in all sorts of war-winning jobs.) But be sure Toushay's on guard. Always use this rich, fragrant lotion *beforehand*. Toushay helps *prevent* soap-and-water damage to smooth, white hands.



**And when that "special man" is home on leave,** let Toushay help! As a plus to its "beforehand" use, Toushay's a wonder as a powder base—or for sweet-scented, all-over body rubs. Inexpensive—so creamy a few drops are enough. Get Toushay at your druggist's!



PRODUCT OF  
BRISTOL-MYERS

# TOUSHAY

**THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION** that guards hands even in hot, soapy water



(Continued from page 18) morale high on the fighting and home fronts.

Betty Lou Burgess,  
Marion, Ill.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
**Hats Off to Ann**

FROM her many pictures which I have always enjoyed immensely, I had gained the impression that Ann Sothern, off screen, was a good-natured, easy-to-talk-to young lady, unspoiled by her success and popularity.

Something happened a few days ago to give reality to that impression. Miss Sothern is here visiting her husband who is stationed at the Marfa Army Air Field. I sent her a telegram telling her how much I enjoyed her pictures and that I would like very much to see her in person. I was never so surprised in my life as I was when she walked into my place of business and made my wish come true.

I was overwhelmed by her down-to-earth naturalness and friendliness—not to mention her charming good looks. With that same voice and smile she has used so effectively on the screen, she made me feel as if I were an old friend.

But what really "took the cake" was her warm, self-introduction: "I'm Mrs. Sterling." (Wife of A/C Robert Sterling, former actor.) And her response to my inquiry as to whether or not she had seen the latest issue of Time magazine (with her picture in it) which was, simply, "You mean the one with Franco on the cover?" Of all things! It was quite obvious that she was not in the least self-centered.

All I can say is: I have missed a few of Ann Sothern's pictures in the past, but I will make it a point not to miss any in the future.

Dan W. Weidman,  
Marfa, Texas.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
**Behind the Glamour**

WE average young girls of the nation find great consolation in your candid pictures, articles and biographies of the glamorous stars. You see, we are only human, and finding out that exquisite Betty Grable or adorable Sonja Henie or exotic Ann Sheridan are just human too, with diet troubles, secret desires, a line or two on their faces, all encourages us to improve our own defects and makes us love the stars more.

One can be a little hurt and jealous of anything as infallibly beautiful as Betty Grable on the screen . . . especially if one has a handsome husband or fiance who also admires Miss Grable. However, seeing candid pictures of Betty, knowing she fears a double chin, and sometimes her hair isn't in perfect ringlets, makes one feel that we have something in common, and that the average pretty American girl, be she housewife, stenographer or WAVE, has a chance after all in this game called "Winning and Holding Your Man" . . . so give us more real, true pictures and stories of the gorgeous screen stars . . . who after all are really our sisters under the skin.

Shirley Lange,  
Toledo, Ohio.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
**To Lieutenant Tyrone Power**

IT seems strange to address you as lieutenant after saying "Mr." in all the fan letters I used to write to you; but it shouldn't seem odd. Sensing the kind of man you were as I watched you on the screen, heard you on the air or read the comments of movie magazines and columnists, I shouldn't be surprised that you

did leave your well-established career to become a Marine. Now you are no longer a movie star but just another leatherneck looking for a fight. Well, whether or not it seems presumptuous to say so, I'm proud of you because you are doing such a grand job.

When I had seen you for the first time in a film called "In Old Chicago," I developed such a crush on you that I considered you the only "good" actor in Hollywood. I made it a habit to see all your pictures three or four times. "Alexander's Ragtime Band" was no exception and that's where my story really begins. I had seen it for the third time, was promptly shoved into a romantic daze, and by the time I arrived home, I decided to let off my steam into a silly story with you as the main character. I haven't stopped writing since. That must have been about five years ago. My crush for you dwindled into admiration, but I will never forget that you were the inspiration and the beginning of a career which is now well on its way.

Margaret Pasch,  
Woonsocket, R. I.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
**Good Americans**

SAY, I have a lot of praise for a couple of Hollywood's favorite stars, and believe me this time it comes right from the heart.

My fiance has just been sent overseas, so naturally when I went to the movies last night, it was more to go someplace where I could think and sob quietly and, I'll admit, feel sorry for myself. But, if that's what I wanted to do, I made a big mistake, for I blindly walked into "Let's Face It" with Bob Hope and Betty Hutton. With those two energetic typical American

*For Finer Flavor*

**FLEER'S**

FRANK H. FLEER CORP. ESTABLISHED 1885



bombshells hopping in and out of hot water, I didn't get a chance to feel melancholy.

Naturally, the picture just didn't make me happy about the whole thing, but sitting there and being able to forget my worries for an hour or two did me more good than anything else could have.

Taking into consideration that Bob Hope has been doing a mighty swell job of cheering up our boys Over There, and that the Hutton gal has been doing more than her share in backing up those vital Bond sales, I think America is pretty darn lucky to have two such swell, fun-loving people on her side.

Eleanor Sanders,  
Miami, Florida.

#### HONORABLE MENTION

WELL, the girls can have their Clark Gables, Charles Boyers and Frank Swoonstras, but if they have no objections I'll take some of Donald "Mr. Big" O'Connor. What a lover, what a dancer, what a voice and, furthermore, what a pair of eyes!

Yes, siree, this boy's solid, on the beam and a "little bit of all right." If Donald O'Connor doesn't rise to top billing pretty soon, I'll eat my ration books!

Juliet Doyle,  
New York, N. Y.

JUST about the time when we think there can't be a different personality on the screen, up pops the greatest of them all in the form of that lovable, tantalizing *Claudia*—known in private life as Dorothy McGuire.

She completely captivated the audience yesterday where I saw the picture. And when my husband said he could see it all over, there could be no greater praise because he just isn't a movie fan. All the important roles in the picture are handled expertly, and I particularly liked Robert Young as *David*, the husband.

Mrs. Betty Toles,  
Colorado Springs, Colo.

I'VE been reading the "Claudia" stories in Redbook magazine and I was so anxious to see the picture! Well, Dorothy McGuire certainly didn't look or act like the person I had pictured for Claudia. I wonder if anyone else was as "let-down" as I was.

Mrs. Frank Adamo,  
Hattiesburg, Miss.

REMEMBER Jean Arthur when she was a plain, brown-haired girl playing the leading lady in comedy shorts. It is, therefore, somewhat startling to see a new and lovely Jean Arthur as one of today's finest romantic screen comedienettes.

She can make a simple tale like "A Lady Takes A Chance" into a grand and amusing picture—so she must be good!

S. Grill,  
New York, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards \$10 first prize, \$5 second prize and \$1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

## It's always August underneath your arms!



**Warm clothes make you more likely to offend! Prevent underarm odor with MUM every day!**

Sure is cold outdoors!

You're all bundled up in warm woolen clothes. You scurry indoors quick as you can—for still more warmth. *And your chances of offending with underarm odor are even greater than in the summertime!*

Because even if you don't see or feel any moisture, odor can form. And it will c-l-i-n-g to your warm winter clothes. And it may turn you into the girl you swore

you'd never be—the girl who offends!

So don't take chances! Your daily bath washes away *past* perspiration. Follow it up—quickly—with Mum, to prevent risk of underarm odor *to come*. And then you're sure. Safe. Fresh and dainty.

Try Mum. Depend on Mum. One quick minute after your bath . . . before your evening dates . . . and you're safe for hours to come.

**FOR SANITARY NAPKINS**—*Gentle, safe Mum is so dependable for this important purpose. Try Mum this way, too—avoid embarrassment.*



**Start the day right.** First your morning bath to wash away *past* perspiration. Then MUM . . . to prevent *future* underarm odor. Takes only 30 seconds to smooth it on!



**Woolens are wonderful . . . but they trap odor!** So don't take chances with *your* job! Stay dainty with Mum. Use Mum any time . . . even after you're dressed!



Product of Bristol-Myers

**MUM** TAKES THE ODOR  
OUT OF PERSPIRATION



**In his arms . . . you'll be safe and serene.** Even after hours of dancing, Mum prevents underarm odor. So give yourself some real peace of mind. Try Mum. You'll like it.



# The Shadow Stage

BY SARA HAMILTON

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

## ✓✓ Madame Curie (Metro Goldwyn Mayer)



Film of beauty: Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in "Madame Curie"

**It's About:** *The true life story of two famous scientists.*

A PICTURE with heart, soul, beauty and emotional depth; a picture of exceptional spiritual beauty. No finer choice than Walter Pidgeon and Greer Garson to play the distinguished scientists, Pierre and Madame Curie, could have been made. Garson, intelligent, beautiful, sincere, brings great authority to her role of the Polish girl who comes to the Sorbonne University in Paris to major in Mathematics and Physics and who remains to marry the

renowned scientist, Pierre Curie.

After years of physical and mental labor, heartaches and disappointments, the pair discover the secret of radium only to have one of them meet death on the very day of their triumph.

Pidgeon, to our notion, gives the finest performance of his career. If he and Miss Garson are not nominated for the Academy Award, we miss our guess. Dame May Whitty, Henry Travers and Albert Basserman lend wonderful support. But we didn't quite know what Robert Walker was doing in the story.

**Your Reviewer Says:** A picture to cherish in one's memory.

## ✓ Jack London (United Artists)

**It's About:** *The life and times of a famous author.*

THE gusty, lusty Jack London that was becomes a rather stodgy character in this biographical tale with Michael O'Shea playing the title role.

The story begins with London's refusing to work in a sweat shop where a fellow worker has been killed. From there he goes to sea on a whaling expedition, briefly attends school for background to a writing career, joins the Klondike gold rush, writes "Call

Of The Wild," which started his fame, meets *Charmian*, the love of his life, and signs up as a war correspondent in the Russo-Japanese argument.

The story, which has briefly crowded these events together, then expands too widely, it seemed to us, on the details he gleaned from a Japanese officer concerning their plan for world conquest.

O'Shea is good and one feels he will be even better in roles to come. Susan Hayward is believable as *Charmian*, and Osa Massen, Harry Davenport and Frank Craven round out the cast.



One-check enjoyment: Susan Hayward and Michael O'Shea in "Jack London"

**Your Reviewer Says:** Could any story be as vital as the man himself?



Forceful work: Gene Kelly, Jean Pierre Aumont in "The Cross Of Lorraine"

## ✓✓ The Cross Of Lorraine (Metro Goldwyn Mayer)

**It's About:** *The escape of French prisoners from a concentration camp.*

THIS story, we feel, comes too late to receive the merit it deserves; so very much has already been said on the subject of war. Nevertheless, the smooth professionalism of Aumont's work plus the performance of one Hume Cronyn, who knows his business and delivers accordingly, lifts this story into big time.

The story has a group of Frenchmen from every walk of life surrendering to the Germans who promise the soldiers

they will be sent back to their farms and cities. Instead they are carted off to a German concentration camp and from that moment on their bodies and spirits are slowly but surely broken.

There have been no attempts to whitewash the brutality of the Nazis. Gene Kelly, as the French taxi driver who is beaten and broken by his captors; Richard Whorf as the interned doctor; Joseph Calleia, the professional soldier; Wallace Ford, the farmer; and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, the priest, are about as fine a group of actors ever to appear. (Continued on page 105)

**Your Reviewer Says:** Pretty strong dose.

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 107

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 103

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 70



*He likes her air, so debonair!*



*But best of all her shining hair!*

# No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Special Drene reveals  
up to 33% more lustre than soap . . .  
yet leaves hair so easy to arrange,  
so alluringly smooth!

To a man, your most priceless beauty  
asset is lovely, shining hair. But dull,  
drab locks can spoil your chance for  
sweet romance. So always keep your  
hair glamorous, lustrous. Never let  
soap or soap shampoos hide the shining  
beauty a man adores!

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the  
dramatic difference after your first  
shampoo . . . how gloriously it  
reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights,  
all the natural color brilliance  
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And now that Special Drene contains a  
wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair  
far silkier, smoother and easier  
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EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining  
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And remember . . . Special Drene  
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So for more alluring hair, insist on  
Special Drene with Hair Conditioner  
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Special Drene  
with  
*Hair Conditioner*  
Product of Procter & Gamble



HERE'S THE SMART, new page-boy arrange-  
ment. Notice the center part . . . the hair  
brushed up and back from the temples . . . the  
smooth roll which starts high behind the ears,  
then slants sharply downward. All help give  
the head the new, small, narrow look! Extra  
lustre and smoothness due to Special Drene.

*Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair  
of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Spe-  
cial Drene. It never leaves any dulling  
film as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to  
33% more lustre!







Here is greatness . . .  
wonder . . . majesty  
. . . a motion picture no  
human words can  
describe . . . but which  
every human heart can  
feel . . . and share.

*Norman  
Rockwell*

*Franz Werfel's*  
**THE SONG OF  
BERNADETTE**  
with  
JENNIFER JONES • WILLIAM EYTHE  
CHARLES BICKFORD • VINCENT  
PRICE • LEE J. COBB

P  
M  
M



# ★ Letters From The Stars ★



**F**EW moments in life bring as much quick enjoyment as the arrival of a letter. When the famous of Hollywood write, what do they say?

If it is Alan Ladd (whose poignant homecoming from the Army is told more fully in this issue of PHOTOPLAY) he is writing to apologize for putting an editor to some trouble. Thusly:

"Can't tell you how much mail we've received as a result of Adela Rogers St. Johns' story. It was grand and we can't tell you how much we appreciate your interest. Terribly sorry about 'Soldier's Code' and the trouble we caused on the 'cuts.' Read it the other day and thought it turned out swell.

"Guess you thought Susie and I were a couple of pains in the neck about the cuts but we were a little worried about some of the things in the story and hoped you wouldn't mind our suggesting them to you.

"You're probably a busy guy and haven't much time to be reading letters, so I'll shut up.

"Just wanted to tell you how much Susie and I appreciated everything. Here's hoping to see you soon."

Or, if it is Cary Grant, the note arrives in the same mail with a package that, when opened, turns out to be an exact duplicate of the tie which he had worn the last time he and this editor had been together and which the editor had admired.

"Glad you didn't admire my hat," Cary writes. "I only have the one and it looks silly on anyone else—me, too. Cary."

Betty Hutton in a letter is the Betty of "Let's Face It," the Betty you have lunch with, the Betty adored and despaired of on the set and by her friends. In short:

"Dear Dreamboat:

"Hope you aren't still walking around in your stocking feet for lack of an 18 coupon. If so, let me know and I will gladly send you mine.

"Darling, it was so much fun seeing you in Philadelphia. I'm sending this letter to thank you for all the wonderful things you've been doing for me in your magazine and to tell you to hurry out, bare feet and all, and I shall greet you with open arms. Lovingly, Betty."

If it is Louise Allbritton, the stationery is a gray-blue and the handwriting open and honest, and the letter says:

"Today is a big day for me—I am sick in bed for the first time since I was a child, and having the time of my life. It seems I succumbed to some incipient sniffles which made my voice not too mellow for the mike—and so the director sent me home (God love him!) and a doctor is to come in later. But I feel fine.

"It's really very funny—I am perched up in bed looking like a veritable Alice in Wonderland, with a fuzzy peach bed jacket and ribbons in my hair and my chumsies, my teddy bears and toy dogs, all grouped around me—and two little friends playing Florence Nightingale and Edith Cavell. They slip quietly in and out of my room—to bring me trays and read to me. They just finished 'Early Sorrow' by Thomas Mann—a perfectly lovely little book. Do you know it?

"At last, the first of the month, I am going to move from the Studio Club and I hope you'll do me the honor of dropping in for a cocktail. Always, Louise.

"P. S. Hope this note won't carry any of my ugly germs."

On the simple gray stationery of the U. S. O., with a stamp marked "Passed by Naval Censor," comes a repressed note from the irrepressible Mature, with between-the-lines reading suggested.

"Just a line to say hello and hope you aren't angry with me for having had too-too-good a time on my last fling—I assure you I will miss you all as friends miss each other.

"From all indications it will be quite a while before we return, so—until then—

"Thanks. Vic.

"P. S. Please let me hear from you all."

Yes, letters from the stars who are simply Cary or Betty or Alan or Vic and, just as simply, good friends and good human beings.



*Fred Sammis*



# ALAN LADD COMES HOME



First evening at home: Alan reads the volumes Sue had made up for him



**S**OMETIMES a man reveals himself the most in little things. The key to Alan Ladd and his honorable discharge from the Army is wrapped up in a single tie.

Ever since his meteoric rise to fame, Alan has had a fine collection of expensive neckties. There's a reason. To him they are a symbol of his success. When he was a struggling kid working around Hollywood he never could afford anything better than a six-bit tie and he had only a couple of those. The first time he paid out five dollars for a genuine real silk neck adornment was the day he felt that he had at least climbed halfway up the ladder to success.

To Alan and his wife Sue Carol, the Ladd collection of neckties has been a running gag all through their married life. That's why Sue did some shopping the day Alan was



A stirring view of a man during the most important crisis of his life



Youngest member of the welcoming committee: Alanna



Above: Mr. and Mrs. Ladd leave for the studio



Ladd gets a "gladtoseeyou" at Paramount



scheduled to come back home after he had been honorably discharged from the United States Army by his Uncle Sam.

"We'll get some laughs out of these extra de luxe ties," Sue told her friends. "You know, I suspect Alan is going to be all the way down about this and I want to cheer him up."

She ostentatiously hung the fancy new ties—she'd got the gayest she could find—on a line strung across their bedroom and waited for her serious-looking young husband to break into guffaws; but he didn't. Instead he walked over to his bag and pulled out a crumpled cotton khaki-colored tie and draped it with extreme tenderness across the top of his dresser. Then he stood staring at it with such heartbreaking intensity that Sue could scarcely keep from crying.

Finally he spoke with a great effort

## BY FLORABEL MUIR

at casualness. "You know, Susie, I've kinda lost interest in ties. For instance, I'm just crazy enough to think this little old thing is a lot better looking than any tie I ever had. I wish I could go on wearing it."

"And that's when I knew what it meant to my husband to be forced by sickness to leave the Army," said Sue.

There is a special irony about Ladd's release from the Army. So many men would have welcomed a similar discharge, with its return to home and loved ones and a job of fame waiting. But not so Laddie. Not that home and loved ones and a career meant any the less to him, but that being in the service of his country meant so much more. After he was rejected in the draft, he sought another branch of the serv-

ice where he could qualify; sought and besought until he was finally accepted. Amid the gentle sighs of his studio as it cast regretful eyes at the record-breaking bags of Ladd mail pouring through the Paramount gates, against the brave face of his wife and the disappointment of movie-goers who would no longer see him, Alan Ladd went off to war. Because of his position, he couldn't slip away quietly like other Americans; it had to be with blare and blast. And with blare and blast he had to face his homecoming—a soldier home, in his eyes, before his time.

When doctors at the Santa Barbara, California, Army hospital decided Alan's chronic stomach trouble was going to make it impossible for him to subsist on G. I. chow they broke the news to him that he ought to go on (Continued on page 79)





# Hollywood's most

She's the famous big sister of the world's socialites—and she can tell a phony from

**H**OLLYWOOD'S most successful human beings . . .

They aren't necessarily those you think. . . .

A mink coat, the biggest star sapphire in town, the longest roadster with the brightest red leather seats and the shiniest chromium trim on the Boulevard, a show-place among the show-places of Holmby Hills, a name glowing on theater marquees all over the land add up only to professional success. Many in Hollywood, possessed of all these things, are failures as human beings. They are not happy. They have little to bring to any personal relationship. Their marriages fail and their friendships do not endure. Which is a great pity.

You can be successful professionally and personally too, of course. One or two of the citizens I rate as Hollywood's most successful human beings have great wealth and fame.

That, however, is more of an accident than an integral part of success as a human being.

First I name Orson Welles. I also name Orson as one of the most successful human beings in the entire world; for to consider him as belonging to Hollywood is fantastic. Hollywood is only a slight episode in his life. He is more articulate, lucid and clear in his thinking than anyone who ever went to Hollywood before. Everything electronics is to the General Electric Company he has been to Hollywood. He shook Hollywood by the shoulders, rattled its teeth, horrified it, almost ostracized himself socially from it—if you can mention such a thing in regard to an open place like Hollywood.

Orson, I believe, could be anything he chose to be.

He is the greatest living democrat, the greatest humanitarian, the greatest living intellect. He has the great-

est personality over the radio. He has the greatest speaking voice of our time, finer by far than President Roosevelt or Mr. Churchill; also a greater choice of language than either of these very important men.

Orson is a Stukker dive bomber, a Liberator, a P-38. . . .

Recently Orson married Rita Hayworth, one of Hollywood's younger and extremely pretty girls. "A glamour girl and nothing more," I thought; until Orson put me right, explaining Rita is intelligent and sensitive, and a very fine actress without vanity or pretensions.

"Where did you meet her?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I met her at a radio show over two years before I married her. I groaned when I heard she was to be on the show. 'What have I got to do with Rita Hayworth?' I asked myself. 'How in the





BY

*Elsa Maxwell*

# successful human beings

a faithful any day. That's what she's doing here—and maybe you're in for a surprise!

world can I tone down my natural overtones to meet the tiny theme of her charm song?"

"Believe it or not I didn't have a look-in on that show. Rita stole it away from me, clean as a whistle. Which caused my confidence and inner man to take a terrific tumble but also made me respect Rita more than any woman I have ever met.

"Then," Orson confessed, "we got to be better and better friends. When I put on my Wonder Show for men in the armed services I asked her to be my leading lady.

"After I had sawed her in two for a couple of weeks—on the stage—she took my heart away from me. I found it uncomfortable being without a heart, so to get it back I married her. And we have lived happily ever since."

I include Orson in my list not because he is a genius but because he is an intelligent idealist.

Right now, he is too interested in the job there is to be done in the post-war world; the great job of breaking down politics so the will of the people will really have an opportunity to operate in the choice of the men they would have in government; so the peoples of the world may get face to face with each other and work out a simple and fine way of life.

**M**Y SECOND choice of a successful human being is Betty Hutton.

Betty has more professional success—for which she fights and in which she revels—every day she lives.

She is listed here, however, for an entirely different reason; because she had a terrific kicking around by life, knew humiliation, sometimes did not have enough to eat—and instead of being embittered or crushed by this emerged

hard-boiled, perhaps, but generous and kind.

When people are as poor as Betty and her sister and mother were after her father went away, they do not talk about it. As Betty says, "All they have left is their pride."

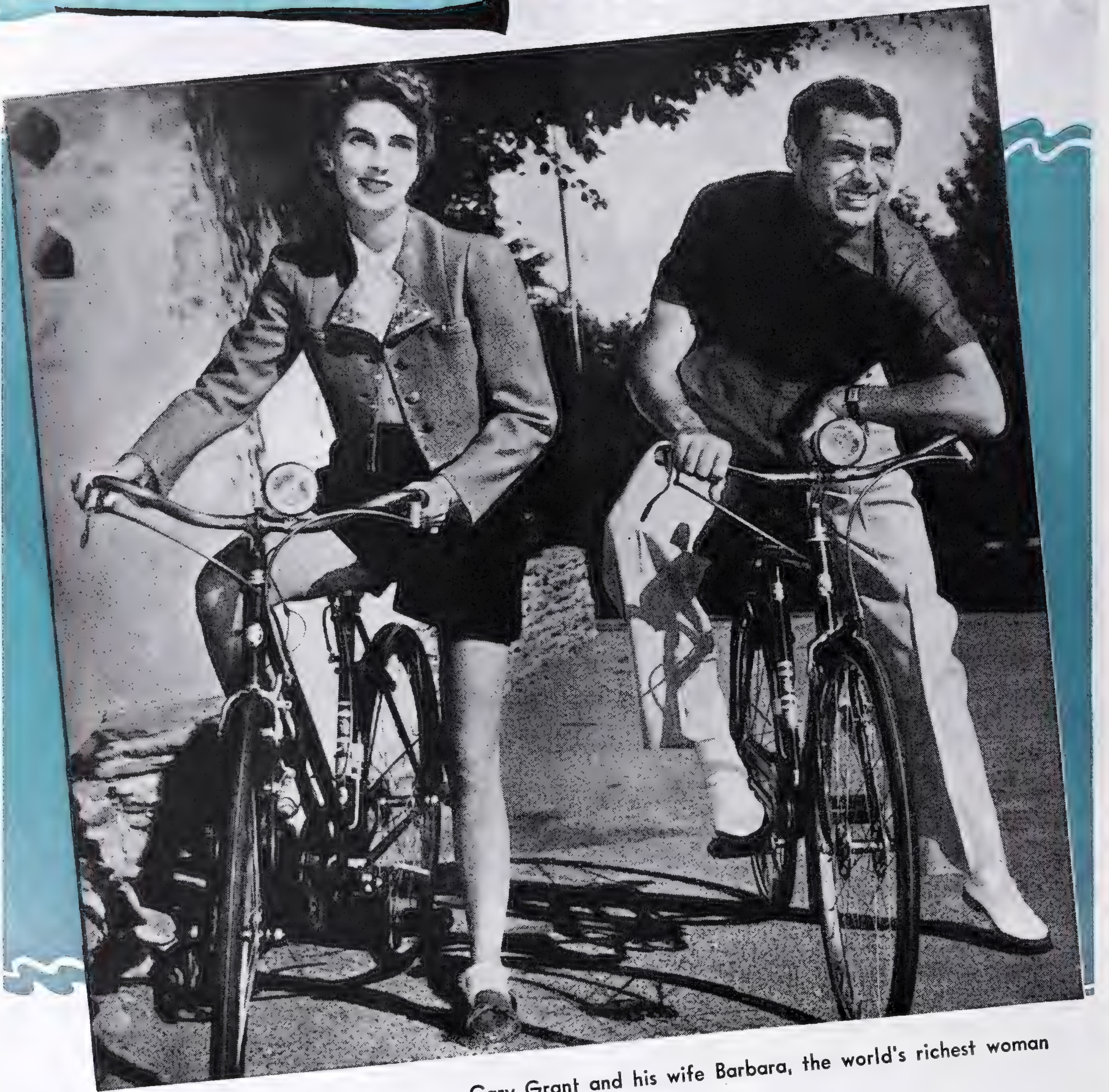
The mother, an upholsterer in a Detroit automobile factory, never earned enough to save a penny. Therefore, when slack seasons came around and she was laid off, they lived on crackers and did anything that came to hand, from singing in barrooms to slinging hash in restaurants.

When Betty was in her teens she and several girls and boys somehow saved enough, out of the money they earned singing and playing in local cafes, to besiege Broadway. They lived in little uptown apartments, the boys in one apartment, the (Continued on page 74)



Exclusive!

# THE MARRIED



Cary Grant and his wife Barbara, the world's richest woman

**T**HE first year and a half of married life for Barbara Hutton, the most publicized heiress in the world, and Cary Grant has just rolled by. And it is typical of them that their first anniversary (July 8) was celebrated without any fanfare or fuss because, at the exact time, Cary was on a tour of the camps across the country and Barbara's dislike for large parties amounts to a phobia.

"You should let me tell the world how happy you and Barbara are and what simple, normal lives you live," I said to Cary the last time I saw him.

And, as usual, he said: "Say or print what you like about me, Louella—but Barbara is entitled to her private life." From the day of their marriage Barbara and Cary have steadfastly refused to give interviews or to pose for pictures.

So, in writing this story as a personal friend of both of them and not in my official capacity as a reporter, it puts me in the light of something of a So-and-So. But that is all right with me. I have been called a So-and-So—and worse—by experts.

But I am also this kind of a So-and-So. I believe the story of Cary and Barbara should be told. There

has been so much nonsense printed and rumored about them—all because Cary is so anxious to shield Barbara from the white hot glare of the spotlight.

Like all sensitive and delicately attuned people, Barbara actually suffers from the idea of publicity. Frankly, many things have been printed about Barbara Hutton, "the Woolworth heiress," or "the million-dollar baby from the five-and-ten cent store" that have not been flattering. Ever since I have known her, Barbara has lived in deadly fear that her most casual word would be misunderstood, misrepresented or



# LIFE OF THE CARY GRANTS

Million-dollar recluses? Well, here's how they live, revealed by a personal friend

*By Louella O. Parsons*



Sunday afternoon: Barbara knits as usual, Cary reads. The Grant wool socks are all handmade—by Mrs. Grant.



Backgammon on the terrace of Westridge, rented by the Grants from Lt. Commander and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

misprinted. Once, before their marriage, when I wrote a friendly story about her she was so grateful that she cabled me to Honolulu to tell me that it was the first time she had been written about in any publication as "a human being."

Somewhere in her make-up there is a subconscious fear of criticism or some lack of understanding that has kept her from sharing her true personality with people who are not only sincerely interested, but who could and would have a warm affection for her if she would only permit them to know her better.

And all this is too bad—for it has

caused a whole maze of tangled rumors to spring up about the private life of the Cary Grants. You must have heard some—or all—of them:

That the Grants live in a little world of their own—million-dollar recluses.

That they never go anywhere—never see any Hollywood people.

That they live mostly in Barbara's world of dressing formally every night for dinner to sit down to the silver service for just "family" and the gold plate for "company."

That when Cary works late at the studio and dines alone in a near-by

cafe it means that he and Barbara are having trouble.

In the words of my esteemed grandmother—this is all a lot of tosh and nonsense and if this story helps to kill one or all of these rumors, then I don't mind being a So-and-So in the good cause.

CARY and Barbara live in the Santa Monica-Brentwood district in an English-type home that belongs to Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and his Southern wife, Mary Lee. The world's richest girl and one of the wealthiest actors in Hollywood do not even own the estate—called



Westridge — but rent it from the junior Fairbankses.

Westridge is a beautifully secluded spot. The gracious house faces toward the sea with the blue-purple mountains in the background. The gardens are lovely and there are a tennis court and a swimming pool. But there is nothing ostentatious or showy. Many Hollywood producers, directors and actors live in far more notable show-places than Barbara and Cary.

The cool, comfortable living room done in soft "buff" colors still retains the Fairbanks furniture, for most of Barbara's furniture, valuable paintings and art treasures are in her London house and Cary can tell you that he does not now own even a wheelbarrow he can call his own.

But there is a difference in the "feeling" of the room from when the Fairbanks lived there. Little personal things belonging to Barbara, the feminine touches that a truly feminine woman (which she is) loves to have around her are very much in evidence.

The framed photographs on the piano, for instance: There is one of Mrs. Joseph Davies, wife of the former ambassador, who is an in-law of Barbara's and of whom she is deeply fond. Another is a picture of Barbara made from an oil painting of her done in 1941—her favorite portrait of herself. There is another of a maharajah and his wife, close personal friends of Barbara's from her days of living in Europe. And in a prominent spot is a smiling picture of Cary.

Two exceptionally fine oil paintings on the walls also belong to Barbara. And in the library, where a painting of Douglas Fairbanks Sr. once hung, is a Diego Rivera "modern." She told me the Rivera didn't mean a thing to her any more. "I thought it was the only one in existence," she laughed, "until I saw an exact duplicate hanging behind a picture of Paulette Goddard in a magazine!"

Because it is Sunday, Cary is sure to be down on the tennis court—so it is Barbara who greets us—clad surprisingly (if you had been expecting something more chi-chi) in white duck "shorts" and with her ever-present knitting in her hands.



Private assembly line, starring the "wealthiest young couple," Cary and Barbara

She is continually knitting socks for Cary. He must have dozens of pairs she has knitted for him.

Barbara is tiny with serious eyes and a smile that comes slowly. I have always thought there was something wistful in her face, a delicate sadness. She would make any man feel protective. But there is a new happiness and contentment about her now that the Barbara I met several years ago never showed.

At that time she was a frightened, unhappy girl. She had just gone through the bitter experience of divorcing Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow to whom she said she had given a million dollars in a divorce settlement.

Today, Barbara is a happy wife, a cared-for, sheltered woman. Her money means nothing to Cary. He has plenty of his own. He loves giving her presents—little ones and big ones—because she is as appreciative as a child. Both of the Grants are great present-givers. Barbara once gave a magnificent piece of jewelry to Countess Dorothy Di Frasso at whose Hollywood home she first met Cary. It was the beginning of the first real happiness of her life and I think she has always looked on me as a friend, rather than as a newspaper woman, because I happened to be present on that romantic occasion, too.

"KNITTING as usual," she laughed as she came in, holding up a brand-new sock "—and as usual, it's for Cary. A tennis sock this time." "That's a good girl, Barbara," said Cary, coming in unexpectedly from the tennis court and perching himself in his favorite position on the floor. Incidentally, I had noticed

that when he speaks to Barbara he never calls her Babs, and I mentioned it.

"I hate the name Babs," Barbara said. "My father used to call me Bobby—but I've never been called Babs except in newspaper stories. In fact, if anyone comes up to speak to me and says 'Hello, Babs'—I know it is someone I have never met before."

Cary had a poem by A. P. Herbert he wanted us to hear—and read it aloud. Barbara sat knitting, quietly smiling at her husband's enthusiasm. I couldn't keep a smile from my own

face—looking at them, Cary sprawled in Sunday comfort on the floor reading to his shorts-clad wife whose busy fingers were twirling in and out between her knitting needles.

"The richest couple in Hollywood" presented a picture that might have been any young couple on a Sunday afternoon anywhere in America. It amused me even more to think of the "formal" way they are supposed to live with the gold and silver service plates and all the rest of the chatter.

"Isn't that ridiculous?" said Barbara. "We are in a war and we are living like everyone else on our coupon rations which would look pretty silly served on gold and silver plates—even if we had them."

"Can you imagine Cary's coming home tired, dead tired from the studio, or from one of the war committee meetings or back from a swing around the country on one of the camp tours, and then dashing upstairs to put on a dinner jacket?"

"No, ma'am," said Cary, "I cannot!" And he added with a chuckle, "And I don't think it would set well with Nelly O'Brien, either."

Nelly O'Brien is the Grant cook and she has been with Barbara since she was a child. (Barbara, not the cook!) She (Continued on page 78)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S  
COLOR PORTRAIT GALLERIES





*Lucille Ball*

Meet the bright miss who is the bright hit of "Meet The People": M-G-M's redhead, Lucille Ball





A light and lovely

look at the titian-haired

Garson, wife of Richard

Ney, the woman who has won

the heart of Hollywood



# Grace-note

**G**REER GARSON, who is regarded as the typical English-woman, is really Irish.

And in England, when she first made good on the London stage, they thought she came from America and referred to her as "that American find."

She was born in County Down, in the North of Ireland, on September 29, 1908. Garson is her real name. Greer is her mother's maiden name, a contraction of the Scotch, MacGregor. When she was a child, she was nicknamed "Ginger." She hates the name.

When she was introduced to Ginger Rogers, the first question she asked was, "Why didn't you ever change your name?"

She made her first appearance on the London stage in "Golden Arrow." Jobless, she was dining alone one night at the University Women's Club. Sylvia Thompson, the novelist, introduced herself. "I hear you are an actress," she said. "I have just written a play and you are ideal for the part. Will you take it?"

Of course she did. Laurence Olivier was the leading man and director. The play was a flop. She was a hit. She played an American girl and was hailed by the London critics as "a new American find."

Three years later, an established success in the London theater, she was playing in "Old Music." A messenger appeared backstage after a performance and said, "a Mr. L. B. Mayer wants to see you." This introduction led to a Hollywood contract.

She spent a year in Hollywood and

Happy with music: Two pianos in the living room





## Lady on the Cover

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

The noted writer and newspaper columnist

# on Greer

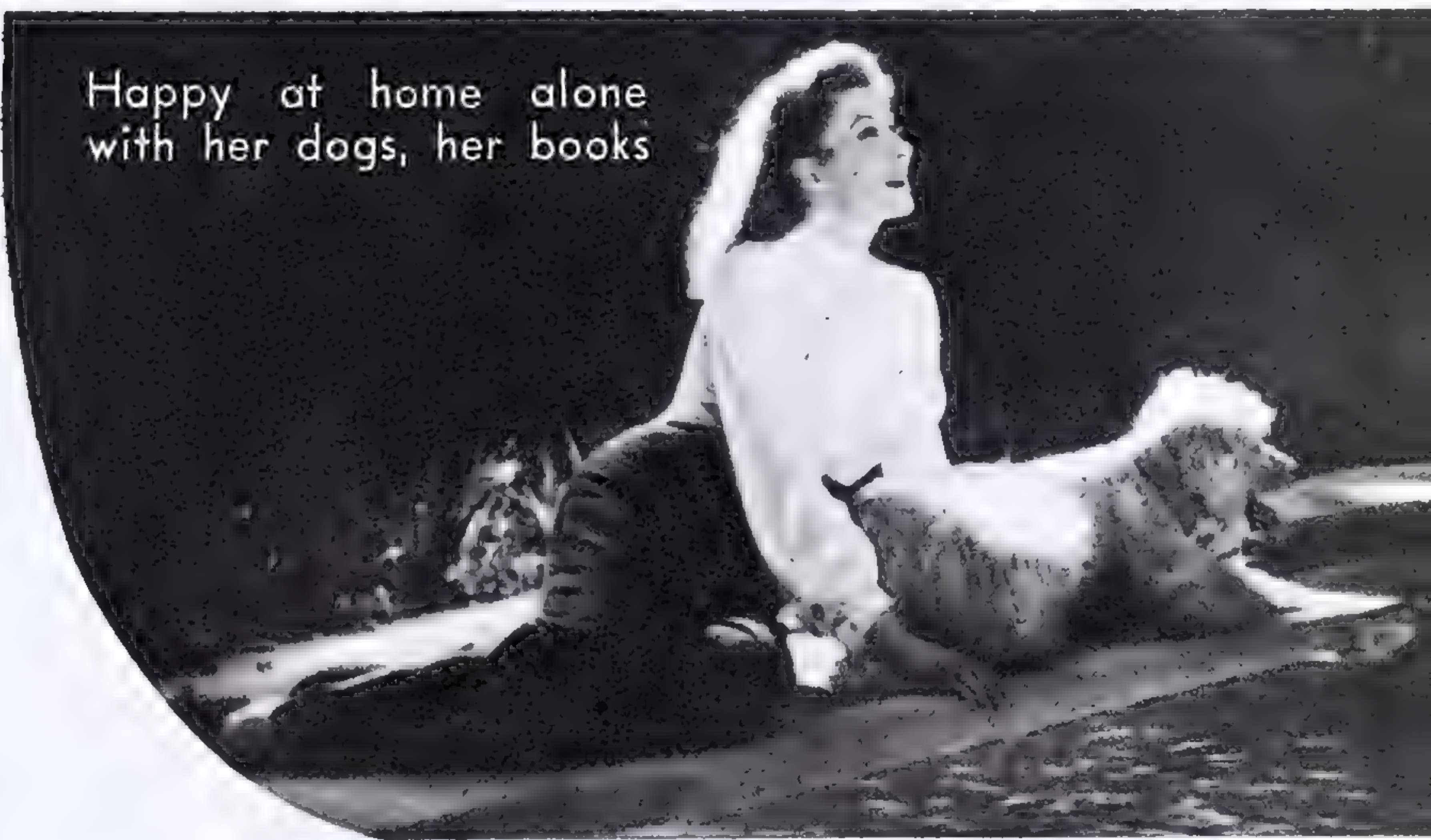
Happy dining out with her mother: Fashion note—Mrs. Ney looks super in red



Happy above all with her husband: Greer with Ensign Ney on his recent leave



Happy at home alone with her dogs, her books



never appeared in a picture. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the studio where she is the foremost actress, where she won an "Oscar," couldn't find a role for her to play. She made tests, but was never given a role in a picture.

A week before her contract ran out, she was given the role of Mrs. Chips in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." She had traveled from London to Hollywood and now had to return to London to play in a picture.

She was married to Edward Alec Snelson, who is with the British Army. One of the reasons for their divorce was that he liked to take long walks. In "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," she played the part of a woman who liked to take long walks. In fact, it was on a walking trip that she met Mr. Chips.

She is now married to Richard Ney. He played the role of her son in "Mrs. Miniver."

They became friendly on the set. They discovered that they liked the same things, and between scenes were discussing books, music and poetry. Soon they were going out to dinners and dances. Ney is a superb dancer and she loves to dance. The romance was on.

They had become engaged when he was called to active duty. After months of service, mainly in the Aleutians, Ney received a leave. The day before the leave was up they were married quietly in Santa Monica. They spent their last day's leave at home.

She has a dignified house, not too large, in Bel Air. There is a huge

living room, with bleached oak-paneled walls and a big fireplace. The rug is jade green, her favorite color. There is a music alcove for her two pianos. She plays well and enjoys playing duets with her friends.

The upstairs has three bedrooms and a den. She keeps the "Oscar," her prize possession, on the desk in the den.

On the set she is quiet and reserved. When she finishes a scene she retires to her neatly furnished portable dressing room. She always has tea at four in the afternoon. She comes on the set letter perfect, knowing her lines. She never displays any temperament on the set. If she has any objections, she debates with the director or producer in the privacy of her dressing room or their office.

SHE does not merely get into costume and make-up to play a role. She studies and learns about the person she is to portray, as she did with her latest, "Madame Curie." Her leading man is again Walter Pidgeon.

Until she bought her house in Bel Air, she and Pidgeon lived next door on Walden Drive in Beverly Hills. They first met over the back fence as neighbors do. Pidgeon recalls that one day he said that he hoped to

make a picture with her, and she replied that she would look forward to it.

She is five feet five inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, has beautiful red hair, flashing green eyes and an attractive white skin. She is really a Technicolor symphony.

She was first destined to be a schoolmarm. For a while she did tutor Cambridge students for their entrance examinations. On her own she won scholarships to the University of London and to Grenoble University in France. She speaks French fluently.

She doesn't go to many Hollywood parties. She is amazingly shy. She likes small informal parties and prefers to give them herself.

But she does go to the Hollywood Canteen (Continued on page 90)





Good friends, good co-workers, good fellows: Helmut Dantine . . .



*Errol Flynn*



... and Errol Flynn, both of Warners' "Northern Pursuit"





# How To Have A Happy Marriage

A story for every woman to read—and then to give to the man she loves

BY

*Paul Howard*

(As told to Fredda Dudley)

**P**ERSONALLY, I have always felt that the greatest of all romances is that between husband and wife. Certainly the greatest romance before and since *my* marriage has been with my wife, Lisl.

I have noticed that we Americans (I am proud to say that I will be an American before many months) like to reduce everything to a formula. So, in these times when practically everyone is getting married, I have tried to perfect a partial recipe for a happy marriage. I am not saying I am right. I can only say it worked for me.

First, if one wishes to add to a happy marriage, need I mention the Viennese waltz, the greatest romancer of all time? Need I mention Strauss' "Tales From The Vienna Woods" and "The Beautiful Blue Danube" . . . or don't you listen to the radio? I think two people in love should have at least *one* favorite song that is "their" song.

Someone asked me recently why Lisl and I do not go dancing often. For dancing in a night club, which is simply lifting one's eyebrows in time to the music, I do not care.

In time gone by, when dancing was an art, when the grand ball was still existent, when one proceeded about a vast, glistening floor with

discipline—that I could enjoy. The satins of the ladies' dresses, the sheen of their hair, the formality of men in uniform or in evening clothes lent a pomp that breathed romance. How easy, in such an atmosphere, it was to murmur against a woman's ear! No one would dare utter the magic sentences, "You're in the groove, chick. You're really jiving."

In the second place (having disposed of the origin of a happy marriage) I think one essential to domestic bliss is the spending of plenty of time. Time for everything, with never a sense of being rushed or hurried or driven. Lisl and I were married, as perhaps you know, on January 1, 1934. It was a date that we selected because of sentimental reasons—starting a new life on the New Year. (Never, during my entire married life, I reasoned to myself, would I forget an anniversary . . . a thing very important to a wife, you know.) If a husband is forgetful, a marriage should be made on some day so famous that no man, regardless of his abstracted state of mind, could forget it.

On that January day when Lisl and I were married, we had known each other for one year. We had been constant companions for seven months and we had known that we

were going to be married for six of those seven months. Falling in love is like diving into a sunlit pool; the dive requires only a few seconds, but the most delightful period is the timeless lazy floating on the enchanting waters.

One of the finest methods of spending much time, unhurriedly, together, is to follow a common hobby. Lisl and I both enjoy searching for authentic antiques.

In Europe we roamed city after city, during our holidays, in quest of bells, modest little numbers formerly used to summon servants, or used by servants to announce the hour of day. Glass bells, china bells, pewter, brass, bronze and silver bells went into our collection. Every one we found and bought represented hours of being together, of exclaiming over odd things we observed in quaint shops, of making memories with one another.

Too often, after marriage, there are no more of what Americans call "dates" and Europeans call "engagements" between the partners. To help keep a marriage interesting and a wife interested, a man should telephone his wife unexpectedly some afternoon—from the office, if he has one, or from a sound stage if he can get to the (Continued on page 81)





Henreid of "In Our Time"; at left, top, with Lisl, the other half of the happy marriage





They won laurel wreaths in Sam Goldwyn's "The North Star": Jane Withers and Farley Granger



They're married—and happy: Glenn Ford of the Marines; his wife, Eleanor Powell of "I Dood It"

*Two By Two*





They're a looked-at couple: Phil Terry and Mrs. Terry—Joan Crawford of "Never Goodbye"

They like to be together—always: Fred MacMurray of "No Time For Love" and his wife Lillian



Valentines by Fink



( If you say "Yes"  
read this page first! )

*Should a*

*Reginald Gardiner is firm*

"Except in certain rare situations, I do not think that a woman with any self-respect should propose to a man. In the first place, it would be an admission of failure on her part—failure to fulfill one of woman's basic functions, allure. In the second place, a man who has to have a woman propose to him is either a dope or a cad. Not good husband material in any case. What on earth would she want with such a man?"

"A woman can do a lot to make it easy, as we all know, but if she's smart she won't make it too easy. It's only human to want things that are not too easy to get.

"However, when you boil it down, any man must admit that such is masculine vanity that very few men take the chance of actually proposing until they think there is a fair chance of their being accepted. This is probably as it should be. So I say let the women take care of the discreet—but *very* discreet—encouragement and leave the bended-knee act to the men."



*Jeanette MacDonald is encouraging*

"A woman doesn't *need* to propose. She does everything else in this business of courting, providing always that she is a willing partner of the second part. Because she is a woman and because Mother Instinct has taught her her job, she is stage manager, prop man, impresario. She creates the atmosphere, creates the mood, provides the allure. She even writes the music!

"You see, in a really perfect affair, it has to be like that. It's like a song—a matter of ideal collaboration. The woman writes the music, the man provides the words. She mustn't try to deprive him of his part in the partnership. She has a big enough part to play in *inspiring* the words.

"She can't *make* him say those words, of course, any more than a composer can force a poet to provide a lyric. The poet has to feel the urge, the impulse, too. But she can help with the atmosphere, the mood, the music. That's what every woman knows."



*George Sanders is revolutionary!*

"I think the entire social fabric might be improved vastly by overthrowing all preconceived methods and arranging some sort of mutual signal whereby men could escape getting the cold shoulder on a proposal and a woman could find out whether she is expending her time and charm on a good bet or a dud.

"Public banquets often avoid unnecessary confusion, time-wasting and (sometimes) embarrassment, by having individuals wear ribbons in their buttonholes stating to which group they are affiliated. Availables in the matrimonial lists might employ a similar method. The girl could wear a rosette on her shoulder to which would be appended the names of the men she would consider. The men could also indicate which of the girls were within his romantic calculations. If a fellow saw his name on the available list, he would put on a campaign—all the usual romantic background. He could do so without fear of running into an ice floe when he got to suggesting they make love legally on a budget basis. Which, after all, is one definition of marriage."





# Girl Propose?

{ If you say "No"  
this page is for you! }



## Mary Anderson has an idea

"If more women did the proposing there would be more happy marriages. You see, love is of such paramount importance to a woman that she knows she must not let it slip away, must not let herself—and him—be cheated of it by false pride or convention or any other consideration, once she is *sure*.

"A woman in love sees clearly, sees beyond obstacles, sees beyond what may seem to be destiny itself. Sometimes she must take matters into her own hands to save her beloved, as well as herself, from a lifetime of unhappiness. If she can do it without allowing her man to realize that she is doing it, that is so much the better, but do it she must!

"In my role in 'Lifeboat,' I propose to Hume Cronyn. I know that he believes that he is in honor bound not to propose to me and I know how wrong it would be to allow us both to be cheated of the joy of knowing that we belong to one another, even if it is only for a few days, or a few hours. The two characters in that story would have been cheated of that happiness if it had been left to him."

## William Bendix says, "Be careful!"

"I guess that if the truth were known, a lot of girls *do* propose in roundabout ways. It may be a blessing to a poor, scared guy who wants to pop the question and doesn't know exactly how to go about it. The only thing I have to say is, don't be *blunt* about it. That will scare him for certain. It's a blessing only if he doesn't realize that she has asked him and that he has said, 'Yes.'

"You girls have to be careful or you'll spoil a lot of good masculine illusions. It isn't that I'm old-fashioned. I'm all for the new free woman who is doing her bit right along with the best of the men. It's simply that we men like our illusions and, somehow, the picture of a girl's making a forthright, blunt proposal of marriage doesn't go down very well. Somehow you begin to get a picture of big he-men getting coy about it and—oh well, can you imagine anything more revolting? It would be awful! Why, it would well nigh wreck civilization!

"I hope I'm making myself clear (which I probably am not) when I say that I think she certainly should do it in some cases. But I do think she should be careful about how she does it."



## Ida Lupino is daring!

"Certainly a girl should propose! Certainly, if a man is shy and tongue-tied, she should ignore any old-hat, social-propriety inhibitions, which (I hope) we outgrew with hoop skirts. Perhaps he has some overdeveloped inferiority complex which makes him think he must hold back. Perhaps (and this is important) the girl has listened too much to the people who advise her to be reluctant and 'hard to get.' He may have taken her at her word!

"The other if, and it is important, is that she must be doubly *sure*. Sure of her own feelings and sure of his. She mustn't risk being turned down. Believe me, hardly any man worth his salt ever proposes to a girl unless he is pretty certain of her answer. He values his precious ego too much. Well, then, let her value her own ego equally and proceed accordingly.

"What I am trying to say is that if she *knows* they love one another and knows that something is keeping him from asking the important question, then she must not let convention prevent her from securing their mutual happiness. She speaks for both. And her heart will tell her when she may be certain of the outcome."





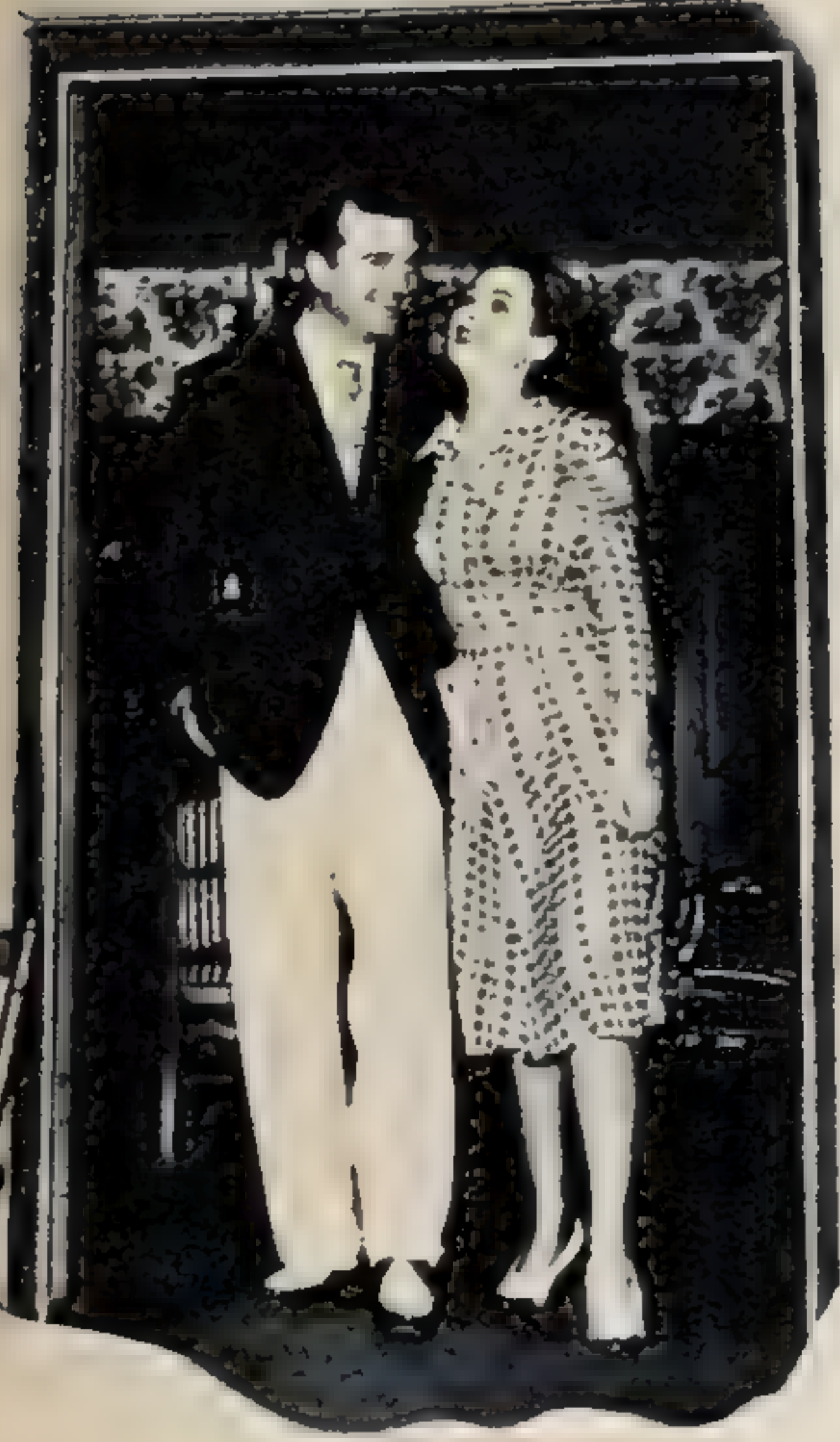
Hedy Lamarr





# Variations on a Viennese

BY PHYLLIS MCGINLEY



*HERE, gentle reader—scoffer—fan,  
Behold the dream of Everyman  
Of rich men, poor men, merchants, chiefs,  
Doctors and lawyers scribbling briefs,  
Of bakers, bankers, brokers, welders  
Of beardless youths and tottering elders,  
Of all who, wishing on a Star,  
Have hitched their chariots to Lamarr.*



*They say that soldiers keep their chin up  
Because they have herself to pin up.  
That tough Marines both rough and ready  
Toss in their sleep and murmur "Hedy!"  
While many a lover, sighing doleful,  
Has clasped his lass in manner soulful.  
Imagining, with pulses racing,  
It is Lamarr that he's embracing.*



*Regard her, then, in pictured ease,—  
One whose Caprice is Viennese,  
But whose dark eyes, we lightly own,  
Can speak in any language known.  
Observe, in short, those wiles and arts  
Which set afire our public hearts.  
For beauty is her native wear,  
By grace of God and Louis Mayer.*



*But public as those charms may be  
Her heart is private property,  
And—here is where the blow must fall—  
John Loder rightly owns it all.  
Here is the legendary lady—  
The famous brow, the lashes shady,  
The hair, the celebrated lips:  
The face that launched a thousand quips.*





It was a "water, water, boil and bubble" romance theme for Van Heflin and Frances



Oh, Mr. Hope! How could you have pulled anything like that on your Dolores?



# Crazy

Hollywood eyebrows went up and stayed up during the romance of Betty Grable and Harry James



THIS being the season for bright Cupid talk, Fearless, thinking gay Valentine thoughts, finds himself drawn away for the moment from that more realistic side of Hollywood with which he's always been identified and taking a look at Hollywood in love.

Which means that he uncovers a completely captivating picture, for the stars strictly sentimental are the stars in a crazy, delightful—and utterly human mood.

Consider, for instance, the near-suicidal story of the days when Gene Raymond (Captain Gene Raymond of the Air Force, U. S. Army, now) was a'wooing his Jeanette and, come Valentine's Day, a huge wooden box in the shape of a heart was delivered to her door. "Put it right here in the hall," Jeanette excitedly instructed the movers. Preparing to open the mammoth heart, Jeanette was called to the telephone and forgot about her gift until—unmistakably from the heart in the hall—came stifled sounds of suffocating violence. Jeanette, with the help of her mother, secretary and gardener, managed to untie and uncrate the fabulous valentine. *Gene was in it.*





Dick Powell's temperature was going up. It hit a new high when he got Joan Blondell's "gift"



The dignified John Loder blushes over what happened when he was courting Hedy Lamarr

# in Love

The gay and lively lowdown on some sentimental pairs

Proving caution goes overboard when Cupid's in the air!

BY

"Fearless"

On a Saturday morning, some two years ago, Alan Ladd decided to drive from Hollywood to Needles to meet his Sue who was training in from the East. On the Monday following, Alan was set to make a test (the most important of his career) for "This Gun For Hire."

Now, in preparation for the part of the killer, the studio had given young Ladd a prop gun with which to practice casual flips and draws. Furthermore, his fair hair had been dyed a villainous black. Going through San Bernardino, Alan's racing heart made the speed limit seem a laggard thing and he disregarded it until called to the side of the road by John Law. The officer looked at the gun lying on the seat. The officer looked from the dark dynamo at the wheel to the license picture showing a blond young man as the owner of the car. The officer looked long and looked hard and Sue's "Laddie" never did a better job of fast talking than when he convinced that officer that the two were one.

Arrived in Needles, the racing Romeo discovered that he had, in his confusion, mixed his a.m.'s and

p.m.'s; that Sue's train was due in, not Sunday morning at eleven but Sunday night at eleven. Whereupon the pixilated young man did a right-about-face, drove straight back to Hollywood and, because he looked so haggard and worn, photographed successfully for the part that made him a star. To Alan, however, the okayed test seemed small compensation for the hours missed with Sue. Crazy in love as ever was, is young Mr. Ladd.

When love smote Paul Henreid, he suffered from absentmindedness to a quite fantastical degree. Paul first met Lisl, who was to become his wife, at a party in Vienna. It was Paul's custom, when interested in a girl, to send her flowers after their first meeting. This time, however, it was really love, the stuff itself, not the paler pang of mere "interest," and the soigné Mr. Henreid's faculties went into eclipse.

It so happened that, the day he met Lisl, an acquaintance of his died and the funeral was to be the next day. Accordingly, at the same time he ordered roses for Lisl (red roses, of course, which, quoting lovely Mr. Henreid, "express love with their own lips") he also ordered chrysanthemums for the deceased. Now in Vienna you do not send chrysanthemums to living people. They are strictly a funeral flower. But as Paul made out the two cards he placed them, in his confusion, in the wrong boxes and Lisl, much to her confusion, received the chrysanthemums, tastefully done as a wreath.

Discovering his mistake several hours too late, Paul explained, via telephone, and begged for a date. Lisl said she was giving a small party a few evenings later and invited Paul.

Came the night and Paul, excited, dressed for the occasion with more than usual care. Tails, flower in the buttonhole. The last groomed detail done to perfection . . . and arrived to find a very cool Lisl—he was one evening too late, the party having been the (Continued on page 100)





Eye-opener: O'Shea, the man with the Irish face and bright talent—Mike who's catching your attention in "Jack London"





Bell-ringer: Belita, the girl of exquisite dancing grace, skating ballerina of Continental fame, star of "Lady, Let's Dance"



# Never say Noah!



Don't call him "Noah" or  
"Beery Jr." Do call him  
"Pidge"—and rate him A-1!

BY  
DAVID GREGGORY

Uncle Wally's  
nephew: Noah  
of "Gung Ho"

Not only the structures but the very adobe bricks themselves were made by Pidge and "Tio" (Spanish for Uncle), as the gardener is affectionately called. Pidge laughs over their "wall that grew"—the straw they used in making some of the bricks actually took root and began to blossom forth with grass and foliage.

There's quite a population at "Aliso Largo." Queen of the rancho, naturally, is the slender, blonde and lovely Maxine. In the side yard there is still the brightly painted trailer—with the name "Silver" on it—as a reminder of her father Buck's beloved and famous horse. But, except for "Muffet," the equine members of the Beery household definitely are the pampered darlings of the ranch.

The most hardened cynic would be touched by the glow that comes over Pidge and Maxine when they speak of their horses. (Fittingly enough, they met for the first time on a bridle path.) Pidge laughingly twits Maxine about keeping him "horse-poor."

"Practically every time I turn my back," he teases, "she'd be coming home with a new colt, if I didn't keep a firm rein to her."

Then she tells on him—that only the day before he'd brought home their handsome pair of Palaminos, "Nina" and "Fiesta," who had been boarding out up-country where the grass was not only greener, but more plentiful. Near by the two beauties in the corral is their sturdy yet gentle-looking parent, "Porky," the stallion.

"Charlie," the steer, is one of the prime (Continued on page 98)

**N**O ONE ever calls Noah Beery Jr. "Noah," and no one has ever called him "Junior." As far as he can recall, the nickname "Pidge" was given him when he was between one and two years old. He doesn't exactly know why, unless it was one of the early sounds he uttered.

Clues to the kind of guy Pidge is and what makes him tick are easy to find. First, look at what he was like in "We've Never Been Licked"; then look at his home and his whole way of life.

He, his wife Maxine, daughter of the late Buck Jones, and their three-year-old daughter Muffet live at Aliso Largo, a three-acre rancho in the San Fernando Valley.

The name "Aliso Largo" (painted near the entrance) was inspired by the big sycamore tree that grows

near the house and the letters "A" and "L", interwoven, are Pidge's cattle brand. The house is not far from a dirt road leading to the property, yet it is nearly hidden from view by the dense swirl of trees and shrubs still half-wild. The road itself is far from main highways and during the rainy season it is as remote from casual callers as if it were two hundred miles from Hollywood instead of twenty.

Within a few yards of the house grow walnut and apricot trees, casaba, cantaloupe, peppers. During the summer months the truck garden provides vegetables enough for the household—and the Beerys' fortunate friends.

On the lot are adobe buildings which Pidge built, himself, with his one man-of-all-help, the old gardener who has been with him for ten years.



# Oh Susanna!

Meaning Miss Susie Foster  
who sings—and lives—in  
a way to beat the band!

BY  
LUPTON WILKINSON

Mr. Foster's gal:  
Susanna of "This  
Is The Life"

THE incredibly high sweet voice of the girl on the platform climbed until it seemed to go beyond human reach, then swept down to a full-throated finale. A roar of cheers went up from the boys in khaki as the U.S.O. camp concert came to its close.

In no time flat the girl was borne down from the platform to become the nucleus of attention from enthusiastic listeners, personally headed by a fast-talking Army sergeant. The sergeant, bedecked and beribboned in the best tradition of hard-boiled sergeantry, would have seemed to have the situation well in hand if at that very moment the girl's erstwhile delicate voice had not sailed out over the crowd with some lusty chest tones designed strictly for carrying quality:

"The sergeant has never been born who can stay on his feet if I hit him!"

It is no part of this tale to pursue the sergeant's embarrassment any further or to relate the wave of merciless kidding that swept the camp, but only to point out mildly that Susanna Foster, who has made Hollywood history in the musical version of "Phantom Of The Opera," is a lass of colorful contradictions.

Today at nineteen, as 1943's most outstanding singing discovery, she has twice been in a Hollywood failure; once at Metro and a second time at Paramount, where, after a spectacular start in "The Great Victor Herbert," she did nothing the last eighteen months of her contract but trill a cadenza in "Star-Spangled Rhythm" for twenty-four seconds. And since she received a salary of \$24,000 over those months, her ca-

denza made her, ironically, the world's highest paid performer—\$1,000 a second!

What's more, despite gorgeous chestnut-blond hair and a figure designed to be whistled at, she hates night clubs, dancing—and dates!

In support of this startling statement, there is the case of the Two Sailors.

Susie and Betty May Nelson, her close girl friend, were walking along Hollywood's main stem, having just come out of a music shop, for music is a passion they share, Betty's ambition being to write music. So it was natural for the two girls to be humming as they walked along with the music they had just bought.

The two sailors are scarcely to be blamed. They hummed a little, first, just to get in key with the girls; then they whistled.

Susie and Betty played wooden-face.

Three blocks went by.

Then one of the sailors challenged, "Look! Are you girls going to be friendly or not?"

Susie said, "Boys, our silence ought to be your answer."

"Hah!" accused one of the boys, unguardedly. "You're not patriotic!"

"Patriotic!" blazed Susie, in the same voice the sergeant's troop had heard. "You're not out on a battle-wagon getting shot, at the moment. You're just a couple of rather nice-looking guys walking down Hollywood Boulevard. When a girl says no for three blocks, death wouldn't excuse a fellow's not taking the hint!"

The two sailors will probably become admirals before they forget that crack; (Continued on page 96)





# "I'm glad I married



I'm betting on my marriage. It's going to last.

All brides say that, most brides think it, but I *know* it. You see, my first year of marriage is more than half over. In a few months I'll be an "old married." And I'm just as certain now as I will be fifty years from now that our marriage will outlive most marriages, especially Hollywood marriages.

Let's face facts—the odds are against us. At least, the odds as time has tested them. For Peverell Marley, as everyone told me over and over again before we were married, is twenty-two years older than I am.

"What are you doing out with Pev Marley?" people used to say to me. "Why, he's twice your age!"

My answer was always the same.

"I like him—and age doesn't matter."

We've never made any bones about the years that separate us. We never tried to hide them or to lie about them. When we got married, our ages were published openly. If anyone wanted to make something of it, fine. We didn't care. We were sure of ourselves. And that was all that was important—to us.

I feel that people meant well when they busybodied around about my marrying Pev. It's just that they couldn't know the truth. And now, because I am so happy and would like to think that my experience might help some other couples toward having what has been called so rudely and with such a lack of understanding, "May-December Matings," I want to give my side of the story.

I'm betting on my marriage because I know Pev Marley. In the first place, Pev is one of those rare men who cannot be tagged by years. He's not stodgy and he's not "sot in his ways." I've known boys of twenty who are far, far more antique than Pev. Not that he works at it—he just is young. His attitudes, his approach to living, the fun that he can find in everything he does, is youth personified.

Don't get me wrong, he's not kiddish. Nor is it an act with him. Pev is mature—when he needs to be. And the rest of the time he is ageless.

I've seen so many men and women who put little cages around themselves. They say: "I'm thirty-five, so I can't do so and so." Like learning to jitterbug or falling for Harry



# an older man! 99

This is a young girl talking. But if more young girls talked like her there would be less unhappiness today

BY

*Linda Larnell*



"We've never made any bones about the years that separate us": Linda, twenty; and husband Pev Marley, forty-two

James's music. Well, that's silly. What possible good can shutting yourself off from enjoyments do, if you are depriving yourself of the stuff to make life richer and more full for you?

I've known other people who grit their teeth and say, "You're as young as you look." Mostly I've seen women do this. They spend their waking hours chasing wrinkles, trying to press out character lines from their faces. They sleep all slathered over with muscle creams, bound up in anti-double-chin straps. A pretty sight and utterly ridiculous. After a while, their rushing after youth gives them a haunted look—and that's just what they aren't after!

Then there are the ones who say, "You're as (Continued on page 91)

The Marleys at midnight—a domestic drama





# If you were

—you'd find yourself in the midst

Scene of the action—the Kellys' unpretentious house, where live redheaded Betsy who loves to wear skirts and sweaters, the giddily happy Kerry, aged one year, and the sparkling-eyed host, Gene



**Y**OUR head would be spinning happily from the minute you arrived—for you'd find yourself in the gayest, brightest and most topsy-turvy household in Hollywood. And by all counts the most informal. You'd walk through the front door of the Beverly Hills house, after observing that the

Kellys live in a quiet residential section on a street bordered by well-kept, fairly large houses with neat lawns. You'd have noticed that they have about an acre of land, with a small nice lawn in front, a flagstoned walk and a few bushes. Also, being very observant, you'd have remarked that the house was mostly indefinite in architecture, though it savors faintly of the Colonial; that it has two stories and that it's a combination of stucco and wood.

Once inside, you'd trip over a baby's blocks in the front hall, find your host Gene Kelly in an interminable phone call in the living room and see your hostess Betsy Kelly waving at you from the kitchen with a frying pan in her hand. You'd also bump into a soldier, sailor or Marine in the guest bedroom—just leaving as you arrived. (And on your

departure, you'd meet the incoming house guest—there's an endless chain of them keeping the guest bed warm.)

Once Gene dropped the telephone and rushed up to welcome you, you'd become an instant fan—as if you weren't already, after seeing him dance and act in "For Me And My Gal," "Du Barry Was A Lady," and "Thousands Cheer." But in real life, you'd be unable to resist his infectious gaiety and vitality. You'd find him a quick-moving, completely natural young man with sparkling jet-black eyes and curly black hair, dressed in a daily uniform of moccasins, slacks and a sweater. He's vibrating with life—constantly laughing, talking, reading, thinking, moving around mentally and physically, like a zigzag of summer lightning. To his Irish energy you'd think his wife a perfect counterpart.

You'd find out (from him, not from her) that she is actress Betsy Blair, who acted in Saroyan's "The Beautiful People" on Broadway before marching to the altar. And if you thought *him* natural—take a look at her. She's unbelievably young for a Hollywood wife—nineteen. Her hair is light reddish in tone and she's usually in flat-heeled shoes and loose sweaters and skirts. She swears she owns three pairs of

high-heeled shoes—but they're never on her feet. She's always rushing around the house on wifely duties, but she never seems to rush because of her serene air.

But a minute after you'd met them, you'd be introduced to the most important member of the household—who has left her kiddy coop in the dining room, her empty milk bottles in the kitchen and her screened-in crib among the blue and white patio furniture in the back yard . . . which means Kerry Kelly, aged one year. She has her mother's reddish curls and her father's speed in moving around—only on all fours, not on two tapping feet. You'd find her the most giddily happy personality on the West Coast—and you had better say so loudly, or you'll lose favor with her parents and maybe lose your bed!

After you'd been greeted by the gay Kellys you'd be shown through the house—the three bedrooms, two baths and hall upstairs, and the living room, dining room, kitchen and breakfast nook below. You'd like the Kelly master bedroom—all in light blue, rugs, wall and drapes, a simple room with little furniture except for that huge oversized bed.

Little Kerry's room you'd think was a dream—done in green plaid with her crib, toys and high chair



# Gene Kelly's house guest

of happiness and fun, on your first visit in this gay new series

BY ELEANOR HARRIS



Here's where you'd sleep—the built-for-comfort guest room, complete with chaise longue, books and special bed. Below: The living room with the treasured gift—a painting of Pittsburgh, Gene's home town



sitting proudly beside a real grown-up bed. You'd also probably poke around a bit in that characteristic "junk room" where Gene writes his letters at a desk surrounded by trunks, suitcases and sewing machines.

Then you'd be escorted merrily to the guest room—a "brownish" sort of room with a brown rug, brown desk, brown bureau, big easy chair and a large day bed. You'd be shown the telephone—in the hall, but provided with a large cord that makes it convenient to transport to whichever room it's needed upstairs.

After you'd hastily washed up in the bathroom you'd share with little Kerry, you'd go down to the living room and wait for dinner. And you'd wait, all right. From the kitchen you'd hear Betsy's voice explaining to the maid how to cook, but never letting her get near the stove; and on the sofa across the room you'd see Gene shouting into the telephone—though you'd soon think it was a one-way phone, since the Kellys never use it except to answer it. Meanwhile you'd let your eyes wander around the room for clues to the Kellys. You'd find plenty.

The blue rugged room with its knotty pine walls is as charming and careless as its owners—it's spotlessly



Owner of the kiddy coop you'll find in the dining room—Kerry, who has her mother's red hair, her father's speed in moving around



clean, but completely disorderly. Books and magazines totter in crisscross piles on every table, the ash trays are all on the mantelpiece out of Kerry's reach and a couple of cameras and portable radios left by friends are casually parked by the wall. Parked permanently on the wall are two excellent paintings by actor-artist Richard Whorf—one a circus scene and one a study of Pittsburgh. Betsy would fly in at this moment to announce dinner, after brushing a kiss on her husband's nose, and she'd also announce, "Dick Whorf gave Gene the Pittsburgh painting because that's Gene's home town. Now, dinner!"

So into the dining room with its red rug, red-and-white striped drapes and maple table you'd go to have dinner with the three Kellys, topped by chocolate or apple pie, or junket or jello (Gene's favorites) . . . and just as you were settling into a pleasant stupor what would happen? The doorbell would start ringing instead of the phone—and people would begin pouring in. For every night is party night at the Kellys', though no one is ever invited—except by himself on those endless pre-dinner phone calls!

**Y**OU'D find yourself shaking hands, dazedly, with half of Hollywood—the Richard Whorfs, the Keenan Wynns, the Hume Cronyns, Bunny Waters, Ted Reed, Laird Cregar, Van Johnson, Nancy Walker. And a handful of composers and a dozen writers, and maybe the two high-school girls who live across the street and are always at the Kellys with their boy friends. And then would begin any kind of party. You might find them all playing children's games—because, as Gene tells you, "Children's games are a lot more fun for grownups than for children." So maybe you'd play sardines, all of you—with every light out in the whole house and every room part of the game except little Kerry's. There'd be much giggling and tip-toeing while everyone hides . . . or else, on the other hand, they might all feel political that night and sit shouting in the living room until dawn. Or perhaps some of the composers would have new tunes to try out on the party—then everyone sits in rapt silence listening to the piano.

But probably they'd settle down



A little Irish energy gets worked off in the kitchen—Gene helps Betsy with the dishes. (You'd probably be there putting them away!)

to a lightning-like game of "Indications"—in which case, if you're a little slow in the brain, you'd better get up to your bed and pull the covers over your head. Because the Kellys and all their friends are wizard Indicationers. The room divides into teams, and one member of your team pantomimes words or sentences suggested by the members of the other team—by a stop watch. The team guessing the mostest the fastest is the winnah. Once you've seen Gene silently and slickly acting out "Damn the torpedoes—full speed ahead!" or "Honi soit qui mal y pense" while Betsy guesses as fast as he moves, you realize in what rapid mental water you're splashing.

And so to bed, the night of your visit. Mornings you'd find confusing, if you got down early enough. (Though, as you may have guessed, there are no guest rules in the Kelly madhouse, so you rise and fall into bed entirely on your own.) Mrs. K. calls orange juice breakfast, but her sparkling spouse keeps his slim figure by stowing away toast, eggs,

potatoes, bacon, ham, jam and everything else he can find—including candy! He finally leaves for the studio with one hand on the steering wheel of his blue convertible and the other on a piece of cake.

His sweet tooth is never satisfied and if you want to think of him during the day, think of him eating candy bars and pieces of pie from dawn until dark.

Later in the morning if you wanted to learn about the Kellys without bothering Betsy, you'd wander around the house.

You'd learn many discordant facts in your role as FBI man. For one thing, you'd see comparatively few pictures of Kellys around, considering that they're actors—only a dizzy caricature of Gene in the breakfast room, which appeared on billboards all over New York while he was acting in "Pal Joey"; and upstairs in the tiny pink room a snapshot of Gene and Betsy kissing each other—the picture having been taken by David Selznick at one of his mammoth parties; and, in their dressing

room, two camera portraits of them posed with Kerry.

For another thing, you'd find that under the Kelly gaiety hide a couple of highly intelligent minds . . . as witness their newspapers and magazines, most of them nostalgic of the East: The New York Times, PM, The New Yorker, Newsweek—and the local Los Angeles Daily News. When you looked at their thousands of books (all over the house on every table, even Kerry's), you'd cough uneasily. For you'd find everything from Tolstoy to Hemingway—everything, that is, but the latest fictional best-sellers. The Kellys' reading tastes run to modern biographies, histories and books on economics.

**O**N Sundays, of course, you'd doubt that you'd observed correctly about their intelligence—for you'd have to put on boxing gloves to get near the comic strips. Gene and Betsy rise early, don shorts and shirts and race each other to the funnies—and then intently pursue Flash Gordon, Jungle Jim, Prince Valiant, L'il Abner, Blondie, Joe Palooka (which Gene feels combines humor and effective propaganda better than any other strip), Terry and the Pirates, and Barnaby.

(Continued on page 83)



# February Fashion Plate



F is for February . . . the month when old clothes take a new lease on a new life—when outfits like this one by Milo Anderson lead the style show. Alexis Smith of Warners' "Conflict" wears a brown broadcloth dress with draped peplum and mink sleeves, complements it with a mink-trimmed hat and muff. Hint: Take your old minus fur coat and use it in this plus fashion





## **F** is for flowers

... worn boldly in February, promise of gayer days to come. Alexis Smith's mid-season print, designed by Milo Anderson, has white-and-green lilies of the valley for its fresh-as-a-breath-of-spring motif. The strictly

'44 note is in the armholes—cut wide and deep to give a shoulder line that's advance fashion news. The front drape of the skirt is soft and smart and ties in snugly to make a fitted waistline. With the print, Miss Smith wears a beribboned bonnet with a tulle halo



# F is for fascination

... spelled out in shining beads. A dinner dress of black crepe worn by Alexis Smith to give you a bright idea of how lovely ladies will look at dinner in spring. Designed by Milo Anderson for "One More Tomorrow" the dress has cap sleeves, peplum and front of the narrow skirt solidly encrusted with the bugle beads. The front slit is there to give any lady's ankle a pretty turn





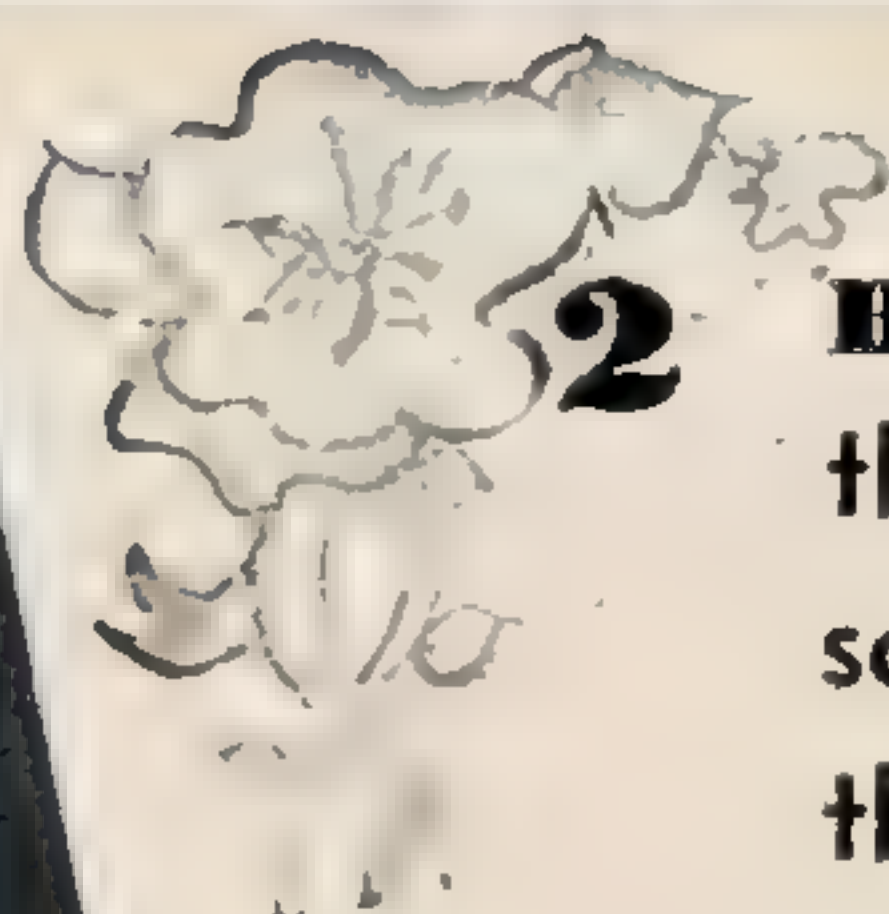
# Midseason Merrymakers

Fun to look at—more fun to buy—most fun to wear:

Star-Makers chosen by Marsha Hunt for Mary Hartley

**Pick it out right away . . .** this butcher linen with its smart white scrolls flattering the neckline and perking up the pockets. "The corded embroidery is young and gay," says Marsha Hunt, of "Cry 'Havoc,'" to Photoplay reader Mary Hartley

In luggage, melon or kelly green. Sizes 10-18. About \$8.95



**2 Buy it to use . . .** and we mean use because this polka-dot skirt and trim solid-color jacket are something for the budget books. Something for a double-check notice is the trim little polka-dot bow tie

Blue coat with red skirt; luggage jacket with brown skirt; red jacket with navy skirt; green jacket with dark green skirt. All white polka dots. Sizes 9-17. About \$14.95



3



**Wear it to look smart . . . this soft plaid weskit, jacket and skirt combination. Wear it as a clever three-in-one suit; turn it into a perfect "sportster" by using the weskit and skirt with blouses or sweaters**

**Suit:** Yellow with brown, white with gray, powder with gray. Sizes 12-20. Skirt and weskit, \$4.98; skirt with box pleats and jacket, \$9.98. 55% wool and 45% rayon.

**Blouse:** Rayon, sizes 32-40. \$2.98

**Gloves:** Pigskin, sizes 6-7 1/2. \$2.95



4

**Live in it and love it . . . a print that brags proudly about its smart, large white bowknots. It's tailored trimly, has slash pockets and a leather-backed belt**

**In aqua, powder, gold, melon and luggage with white bowknots. Sizes 9-17. About \$14.95**



4



5



**Dress up in it any time . . . a "pretty print" that is a deft touch in any woman's wardrobe with soft black, white and gray steel-engraved flower motif.**

**Crepe in blue, rose, beige or aqua. All with steel-engraved flower design. Sizes 12-20. About \$8.95**

For a list of stores where these Star-maker fashions are available see page 115.

PHOTOPLAY'S  
Star-Maker  
Fashions



# What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

You who have personal problems are the owners of these special pages in Photoplay. As you know, Bette Davis originally started the department, answering here with her wisdom those problems which seemed most universal, most significant. Now that she can no longer continue, Claudette Colbert is graciously carrying on. Also, Miss Colbert proposes an additional thought—that any person who has found help through this column write and tell her about it. Photoplay will award a \$25 War Bond each month to the letter Miss Colbert selects as being the best example of applied advice in this "How I Solved My Problem" series. Remember one thing: The sole purpose is to communicate help. Sincerity will rate above all.



**D**EAR MISS COLBERT:

I am a soldier twenty-one years of age. I had been going with a girl for two years when I was drafted. We had been making plans to get married as we had been very happy together, so when I was home on my first furlough after having been inducted, we were married.

I then went back to camp. For two months she wrote regularly, then the letters dwindled away and finally, after I wrote begging to know what was the matter, she sent me a letter in which she asked for a divorce.

I went home on an emergency furlough only to find that she had been keeping steady company with an "old friend" of mine. She claims she loves him. She is seventeen, and so is this fellow.

While I was at home I stayed with my mother because my wife didn't even want to see me. I had to come back to camp at the end of my furlough without settling anything. Since that time I have been in the hospital for three weeks because my nerves are shot.

I love my wife and want to go home to her after the war. What shall I do—give her a divorce, or

wait and try to redeem myself in her eyes?

Respectfully yours,  
Carey L.

*Dear Soldier:*

*In the first place, it seems to me that you shouldn't make yourself sick over this thing. That only harms you and accomplishes nothing.*

*A divorce, of course, is a very serious thing and represents a step which you shouldn't take until you have had more time to let the situation adjust itself. If, after only two months of marriage, your wife suddenly decided that she no longer loved you, I believe most people would say that she was behaving like a child. Which, actually she is. Having changed her mind so fast about you, isn't it likely that she will also change her mind just as rapidly about this other boy?*

*If I were you, I'd wait. Give your wife time to grow up and find herself. You may learn that she never takes an interest in anything over a long period of time. In that case I'm afraid there would be little chance of happiness for you with so flighty a girl and you would be better off without her.*

*Claudette Colbert.*

Dear Miss Colbert:

Would you marry a man who was

always suggesting changes in your personality?

Take my case: Until I was engaged to my fiance he liked me just as I was.

The moment we became engaged he wanted to change my choice of costume jewelry, my type of clothes, my cosmetics, my shoes, even my speech. I have complied with each request until now.

I happen to have very long, naturally blonde hair. He wants me to have it cut short in a style that I know would be most unbecoming to me. I told him as much and once again he fell back on his usual statement, "If you really loved me, you would do everything I ask!"


Is that true? Do you think he would make a good husband? I really think I love him as much as a girl ever loved a man, but I do think I have a right to express my individuality about some things without being corrected and criticized.

Allene F.

Dear Miss F:

The fact that a man suggests changes in his fiancee's appearance does not always determine his value or undesirability as a husband, you know.





She proposes a new idea this month: Claudette Colbert of Paramount's "No Time For Love"

My husband, ever since we have been married, has voiced the opinion that he doesn't care for my bangs. He says, "Why don't you try some other way of doing your hair?" and I say, "Nn-nn. I like it this way. Bangs do something for my face that I like."

I think that a girl must decide what manner of hairdress is most becoming, then stick to it with certain modifications which admit changing trends. However, in the matter of clothing, I have another viewpoint. If my husband ever says that he dislikes some article of clothing, I never wear it again.

Marriage is always a series of compromises. You should counter your beau's suggestions with some constructive comments of your own. If

he is willing to make himself over a little for you, you will, I'm sure, be glad to co-operate.

*Claudette Colbert.*

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am eighteen and I am attending a school for girls.

For the past year I have been going steady with a sailor without my parents' knowledge or consent. My parents are extremely strict and do not allow me to go out with fellows. Now this fellow who is in the Navy has asked me to marry him and I have almost decided to accept. I am convinced that I love him.

An odd thing has happened. This sailor and I were seen out dancing

one night by a fellow whom I have known for a long time. Even if my parents allowed me to date, I wouldn't ordinarily have anything to do with this man because he has a very bad reputation. But he says that if I don't sneak out to meet him, just as I have been meeting the boy I love, he will tell my parents the whole story.

They would stop my marriage, I know, and keep me from seeing the fellow in the Navy. On the other hand, I dread going out with this man.

Katherine. J.

Dear Miss J:

If you are eighteen, as you say, you  
(Continued on page 85)

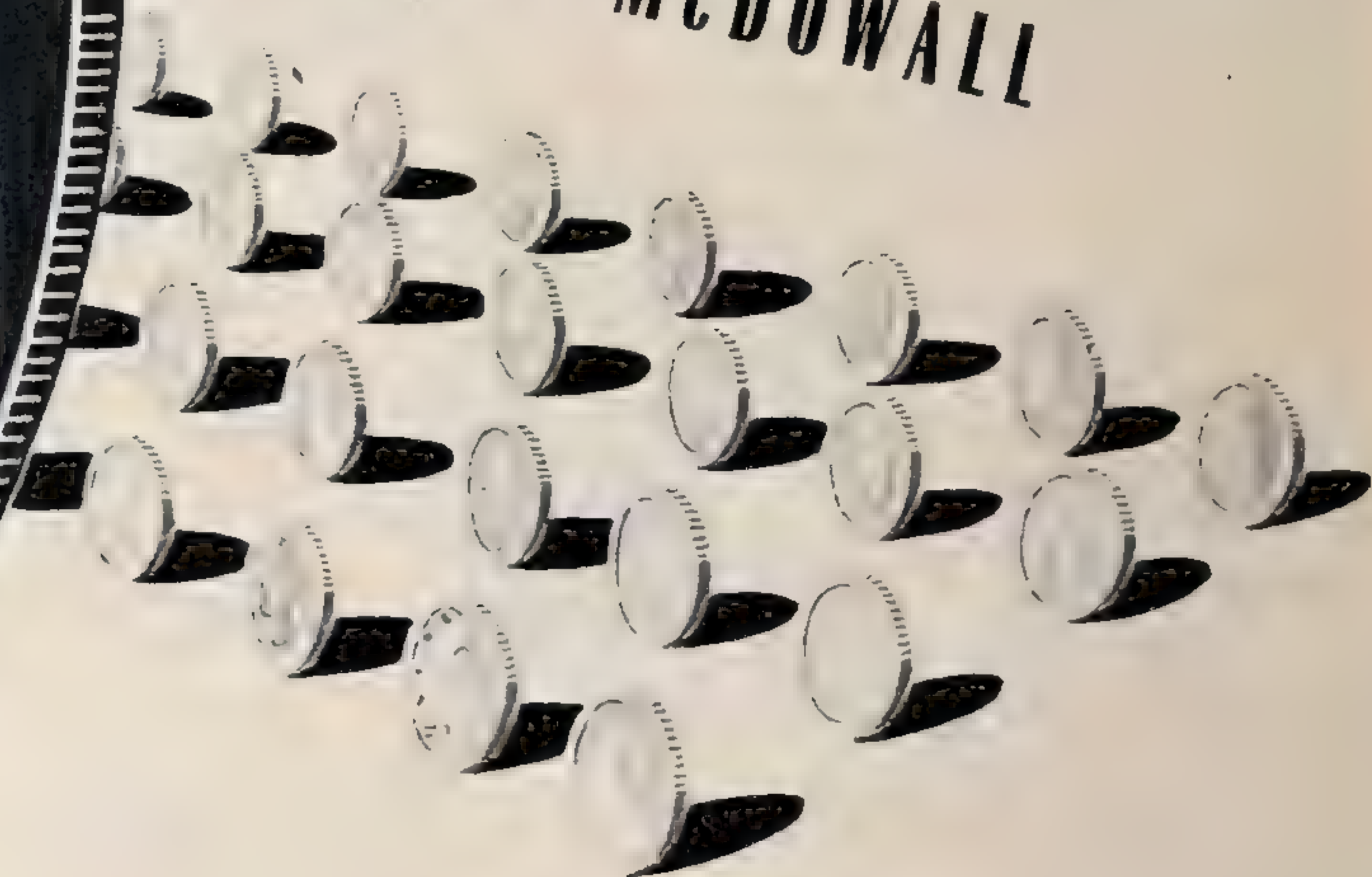


# THIS IS OUR JOB



Star speaker:  
Roddy of Fox's  
"Son Of Flicka"

We believe that there is no one  
in America who will not do some-  
thing about this message from—  
**RODDY McDOWALL**



**T**HERE is so much I think is wonderful about America. But I think the biggest thing is the way all the people here look after the sick children.

Ever since I read about President Roosevelt I have been interested in infantile paralysis. When I was in England, I hoped someday to come to America to visit the children in the hospitals and to see what I could do to help them. Since then, I have gone to many of these hospitals and I have talked to many of the children. And I know now that the job to help them has to go on all the while—even while we are all fighting this big war. That's why we have the March of Dimes.

In England, I saw what war has done to young boys and girls. And what I saw was not very nice.

There was a boy I had known in London, for example. I had talked to him several times as he lived fairly near me. One day, I learned that he had been sent away to a place in the country. When I asked why he had been sent away, I was told that he had lost his mind as a result of his fear of the bombings.

There were many children in England who lost their sanity because

of fear. And there were those who had been blinded by the bombings and who had lost limbs and who had been killed.

I think that was what made me think so much about handicapped children. That and the interest Mummy had always shown in the less fortunate. She had always told me that God had given me health and had made me sound and that she hoped I would use that great gift to help those who were not as fortunate.

One day, I got a letter from a little girl named Dorothy Gagon. She was writing her first fan letter to tell me how much she liked "How Green Was My Valley." Then she told me that she had lost an arm in an accident and that for a while they thought she would die. I met Dorothy when I asked her to a broadcast I was doing. She was a very lovely little girl. When I first talked to her, she seemed shy and unhappy. But whenever I saw her again afterwards, I noticed that she was beginning to like such things as drawings, ice-skating and singing. She was learning all over again how to be happy.

I hope you have all heard about

the John Tracy Clinic out here. It is for the boys and girls who are deaf and dumb and was started by Mr. Spencer Tracy. They teach children there how to speak and hear in other ways and how to be able to do things just like other boys and girls.

In England, there was infantile paralysis, too. But people over there did not pay as much attention to it as they do here. When I had been in America for a while I realized how wonderful everyone was to children who had paralysis. Their case was brought even closer to home when I got letters from three children who were patients at the Hospital for Crippled Children in Newark.

After that I wanted to go to the hospitals and see them, so on a personal appearance tour I went to the Hospital and Home for Crippled Children in Newark.

When I went inside the hospital, I asked the nurse if the children would mind if I came to see them.

"I wondered, since—since I am well," I said.

"No, they will be glad to see you," she told me. "They don't get many visitors here, you know."

I walked (Continued on page 116)





# Serve your Country in the "war job with a future"...

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★ There's the chance to make your future happy and secure... to receive a free education as a professional nurse.

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And don't think you're closing the door on romance. There will be time for dates of an evening, and occasional weekends off duty. In many schools, you can marry and continue in training.

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Please send free booklet and list of accredited schools.

Age \_\_\_\_\_ High school graduate? \_\_\_\_\_ High school senior? \_\_\_\_\_  
Graduation date \_\_\_\_\_ Present occupation, if any \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_

35-A



# Quit Worrying

## ABOUT VITAMINS AND MINERALS



**Of course VITAMIN A!** Children need it to grow. You need it to fight off colds. With Ovaltine you get *all* the extra Vitamin "A" experts say you need.



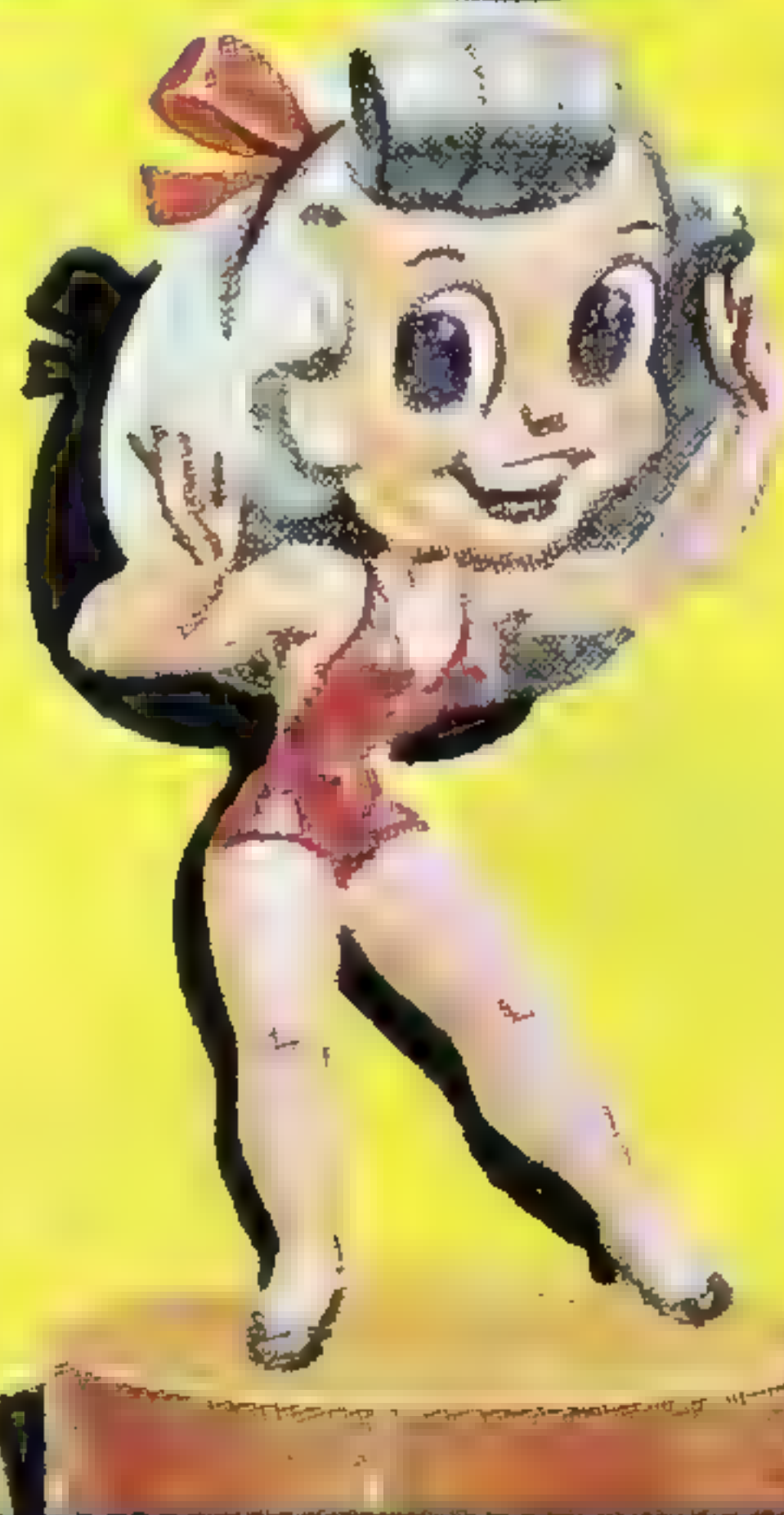
**Of course VITAMINS G, P-P!** You can't be alert, awake, "alive" without them! You get them—and *the entire* Vitamin B complex family in Ovaltine!



**Of course IRON!** Without iron, you can't have good red blood. Ovaltine supplies all the extra iron you need—in the only way you can fully use it!



**Of course CALCIUM & PHOSPHORUS!** They're vital to bones and nerves in adults—also to teeth in children. The Ovaltine way, you have loads.



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**Of course VITAMIN B<sub>1</sub>!** You eat poorly—and you're tired, listless, nervous, "low"—if you don't get enough B<sub>1</sub>. The Ovaltine way, you get plenty!

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ing to experts—unless you're really sick and should be under a doctor's care.

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**WARNING!** Authorities say you can't completely trust "good" meals to supply *all* the vitamins and minerals you need for good health—even with careful meal-planning—because shipping, storing and cooking reduce the vitamin-mineral values of food. Then today's food shortages make it even more important to rely on Ovaltine for all your extra vitamins and minerals.



# Out Of This Dream

How two young people found the secret way to a perfect wartime marriage—

Richard Quine, now of the Coast Guard; Susan Peters, now Mrs. Quine

BY JANET BENTLEY

THEY were two young people who had lived and gone to school in Hollywood but had never met until they started to work in "Tish," an M-G-M picture.

They liked each other right off that first day, but each was just a bit wary. For Richard Quine was recovering from an unhappy marriage and Susan Peters from a broken romance.

Now this young chap with his six-feet-two, eyes of blue and fascinating "shanty Irish" face, was one of the kindest persons ever to enter Susie's world. And the most thoughtful.

Soon he was not only in Susan's world but in Susan's heart and she knew it and he knew it; which, of course, was where he'd wanted to be from the very first moment he had set eyes on Miss Peters.

Because Richard's divorce was then in process, they couldn't, for those first six months, have a date alone, so they went out with friends. They always had a wonderful time—except when Susan lost her temper. At first the things Susan said in the heat of anger and forgot five minutes later hurt Dick; he couldn't seem to forget them.

THEN one day they sat down like two sensible people and talked over the whole Peters temper. From then on, the last barrier between them dissolved.

At the first sign of a mad-on, Richard laughs in Susan's face. And keeps on laughing until there is really no point in anyone's trying to be upset, let alone Susan.

There were so many things to find out about each other, once Susan and Dick had decided that, of course, someday they would be married. They liked a home and all the things that went into one and began collecting their own furniture early, haunting the auction rooms up and down Wilshire Boulevard.

"Now, if you see anything you want, bid on it," Richard told Susie on their first visit to an auction.

"Right out loud? Before everyone?"

"Sure," Richard said. "Why not?"

They were standing in the rear of the crowded shop and over the heads



Picture of a dream coming true—Mr. and Mrs. Richard Quine

of the audience Susan glimpsed the set of service plates on sale.

"Fifty cents," someone bid as the auctioneer held a plate aloft.

"Seventy-five cents," came another bid.

"This is ridiculous," Susie thought. "A whole set of service plates for seventy-five cents." She decided to cinch the deal once and for all.

"Five dollars," she yelled.

A dead silence settled over the room. The auctioneer stood with his mouth half open, unable to speak. Susan glanced at Richard. His face was scarlet.

"Look, little lady," the auctioneer finally said after regaining his voice. "I'm sure you don't want to pay five dollars *apiece* for these plates, do you?"

But Susie learned. The pair now have stored, as a result of their auctioneering, a grandfather's clock, a dining table, an antique washstand, an eight-foot couch, a love seat and wing chair to match, an inlaid card table and a cabinet from the Dutch East Indies.

They know exactly where each piece will fit into the French Provincial home they are going to build after the war. Everything is planned right down to the grandfather's clock, with allowances made for Richard's tripping, of course.

"You see," Susan explained, "Richard is the falling-over-things type." His entrance into the Peters home while he was coming courting usually began with the door's banging too heavily against a table which





Best-friend business on Cesar Romero's part with Susan and Peter

threw the lamp crash-bang onto the floor. Usually Richard, racing to the rescue, would trip over the lamp cord, plunging everything into darkness and despair.

But Susie loved him for it. If there were stairs anywhere to be gotten down, Richard could be counted on to come down the hard way. Once, on their way to a party, Richard made it—he fell all the way down that time, tearing his brand-new suit to the point where they just couldn't go to the party.

It was all those little things, plus their great love for each other, that carried them through the long hard months of waiting for marriage. For wait they knew they must. Susan had given herself three years in which to be a success in Hollywood. Two of those three years had already evaporated. Dick was working hard at his career, too—and all they had then were their plans and dreams for the future they wanted together.

But they could do one thing in those long months—they could wear their wedding bands. And wear them they did, as outward symbols to the world that each had found his own true love, had made his irrevocable choice.

It was on June tenth that they had to separate. Richard, having finished his big success, "We've Never Been Licked," at Universal, went off to join the Coast Guard. He was stationed at Alameda, near San Francisco. Deep in the picture "Song Of Russia," Susan was unable to go north to see him. His furloughs were only occasional and far apart—but every day they spent together was

one to be cherished. That was why on that autumn afternoon of November seventh, as Richard stood at the altar of the church and as Susan walked slowly toward him, they both knew that this love that had been given to them, that had held strong through many tests, was theirs to keep forever.

They had chosen the Westwood Community Church in West Los Angeles for their marriage. It was a beautiful wedding—but what wedding isn't, especially when it is a young girl of twenty-two and a young man of twenty-three who are realizing, at last, all their dreams.

Their honeymoon had a Hollywood touch—and their glorious sense of fun and humor came in handy then. They were riding along the highway gaily, on this their first journey as man and wife, when they ran out of gas.

They had to walk two miles to a station and then they were stopped on the road by a group of foresters fighting a fire. It was five a. m. when they finally pulled in at their hotel.

In San Francisco they've taken a small honeymoon apartment where Susan will stay until her next picture, or until Richard is called away by his Coast Guard duties.

Their good friend Cesar Romero bought the drapes and even hung them.

They want children, lots of them. Susan would like all of them, except the boys, of course, to be called after her, Suzanne Carnahan (her real name) Quine. Richard favors Penelope Quine and Toby Quine. Thought them up himself and is rather proud of it. A family background of the

theater gave Dick a real trouper's understanding of why Susan should want a career after marriage. So there was no question of "You give up and stay at home while I carry on." Such an idea would be foreign to the boy whose father, Thomas R. Quine, was a veteran of vaudeville and whose mother, Alice, loved the theater.

Born in Detroit, Richard came with his family to Los Angeles when he was just six and went from the El Rodeo Grade School on to the Beverly and Mount Vernon High Schools where he first met Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, both students at the time. While attending Lawler's Professional School in Hollywood, Richard got his very first stage job in "Cardinal Richelieu" and did so well he was given a role in the serial "Dr. Christian." The boy was on his way, going into the lead of radio's "Tom Sawyer," a role he played for over a year.

When Otto Kruger opened in Hollywood in the stage play "Counsellor-at-Law," Richard went from radio to the stage and when the play was made into a picture, with John Barrymore in the title role, Richard completed the circle of radio, stage and screen. The kid was good, too.

But the breaks came slowly and Richard became restless so he lit out for Broadway where, as usual, he darn near starved before he was cast in "Very Warm For May" and then in "My Sister Eileen."

M-G-M signed him after "My Sister Eileen" and there, in his very first musical, "Babes On Broadway," he met his former classmates Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. Richard's fine singing voice was given a workout and he was on his way to a better role in "For Me And My Gal."

But somehow he likes best "Tish," that plain little B picture, for otherwise he might never have met Susie. It was that picture, you know, that sent her on to M-G-M's "Random Harvest" and success.

THERE is, and will be, no quibbling over money or salary as both their salaries will go into one fund looked after by a business manager. Richard is forever attempting to teach Susan to manage on her allowance and then throwing her into a state of confusion by insisting she buy a new suit that would look absolutely stunning on her. No difference that it throws her way off her budget. They love to go shopping together and Susan feels this is one of the most vitally important points in a happy marriage—a husband who loves to shop with his wife.

She thinks it wonderful, too, that Richard takes such pride in home and the things that go into it. True, his efforts in keeping things in shape are a bit on the disconcerting side. But he tries. Susan tries, too. And, after all, in any marriage, that's the main thing.

The End.



**A**dorably pretty, Hilda Holder is another Pond's engaged girl . . . the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Holder of one of North Carolina's first families

"Dick enlisted two months before Pearl Harbor—I wanted to be doing something necessary, too," Hilda says, "so I found my job helping to build planes.

"I get up at 4:00 A.M., and don't get back home until 4:00 P.M. It seemed out-

landish at first, but now I like it. I do have to watch out for my complexion, though.

"I give my face a good Pond's creaming after work every day so I'm certain-sure there's no greasy dirt clogging up my pores. Lots of the girls keep a big jar of Pond's at the plant. I guess they love it the way I do."

Hilda *beauty cleans* her face with Pond's like this: *She smooths* Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat and pats briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up.

Tissues off. *She "rinses"* with more Pond's, swirling her white-coated fingers around in little spirals. Tissues off again. Her face feels "perfectly lovely" she says, "so *extra* clean, so nice to touch."

Yes—it's no accident engaged girls like Hilda, exquisite society leaders like Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco, and Britain's Lady Grenfell delight in this soft-smooth cream. Ask for a *big*, luxurious jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Use it every night, every morning—for daytime clean-ups, too!

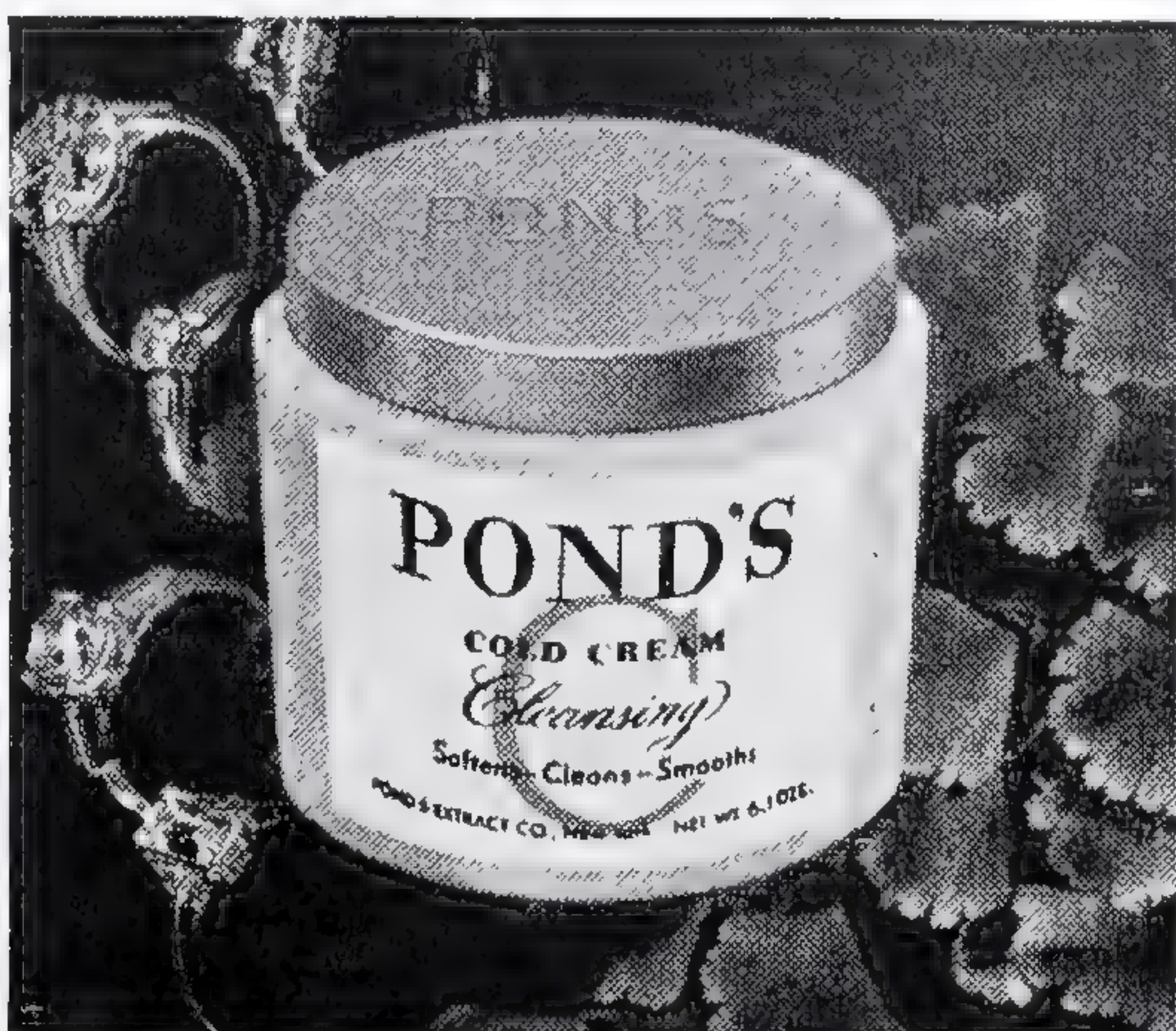


**NAVAL ENGAGEMENT**  
*Hilda Holder* *Richard D. Davis*  
 She rivets Navy planes at Glenn L. Martin, Baltimore  
 He is overseas—somewhere in the Pacific

*ALL KINDS OF WAR JOBS* are waiting to be filled—in transportation, stores, war plants, restaurants. Check Help Wanted ads—then consult your local U. S. Employment Service



**HILDA'S EXQUISITE COMPLEXION** has that appealing baby-clear look every girl wants. "Pond's Cold Cream is the only beauty care I use," she says. "I keep a *big* jar in my locker at the plant—and a big jar at home."



**ASK FOR A LUXURIOUS BIG JAR!** It's more patriotic to buy large sizes, saves glass and manpower. (You may see different color "war caps" on Pond's jars now—but Pond's Cold Cream is *the same lovely quality!*)



**HILDA'S RING—**the diamond is set in a hand-wrought design on a slim gold band

**SHE'S**  
**ENGAGED !**  
  
**SHE'S**  
**LOVELY !**  
  
**SHE**  
**USES**  
**POND'S !**

TODAY—MANY MORE WOMEN USE POND'S THAN ANY OTHER FACE CREAM AT ANY PRICE





Super cheerer-  
uppers: Dinah  
Shore, Danny Kaye  
in "Up In Arms"

# BRIEF REVIEWS

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

**ADVENTURE IN IRAQ**—Warners: Warren Douglas is a Flying Tiger pilot who's forced down in Iraq. With him are John Loder and his estranged wife, Ruth Ford. The group is picked up by suave sheik Paul Cavanaugh and held as hostages for the sheik's brothers. Douglas falls in love with Miss Ford and the climax is the arrival of American planes to the rescue. (Dec.)

**ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID**—Universal: The Andrews Sisters conduct a Lonely Hearts Club via the radio that comes up for a bit of investigating. Patric Knowles from the District Attorney's office and Gracie MacDonald from the Police Force are sent out and the two, unaware of their real identity, fall in love. The Andrews Sisters sing several songs and Gracie is very cute. (Dec.)

**BOMBER'S MOON**—20th Century-Fox: More of the same old stuff about an American flier, George Montgomery, a Russian girl, Annabella, and a Czech officer, Kent Taylor (really a Nazi spy), who are permitted to escape from a German prison so that they may lead the Germans to the underground workers. The three principals are good, but the story's been done too often before. (Nov.)

**CAMPUS RHYTHM**—Monogram: Gale Storm is a radio singing star who gets bored with her life, so she takes an assumed name and enters a small college. She soon becomes the school belle, with Johnny Downs and Robert Lowery her most persistent suitors. There are several good musical numbers and Miss Storm sings four songs very nicely. (Dec.)

✓✓**CLAUDIA**—20th Century-Fox: Completely captivating and utterly enchanting is this story of *Claudia*, played by Dorothy McGuire, the child wife who finally grows up. Robert Young as her older and thoroughly perplexed husband is completely real. Ina Claire is her mother and Reginald Gardiner the Englishman with whom *Claudia* innocently starts a flirtation. (Nov.)

✓✓**CORVETTE K-225**—Universal: All about the dangers encountered by a convoy ship, this is an exciting story that stirs the pulses. Randy Scott gives a socko performance as the ship's captain and Jim Brown proves he has everything to make a star. Ella Raines shows great promise as Brown's sister and Barry Fitzgerald, Andy Devine and Fuzzy Knight lend the story support. (Dec.)

✓✓**CRAZY HOUSE**—Universal: Olsen and Johnson are in top form in a purely escapist mumble jumble of monkey business. They arrive in Hollywood to make another picture and can only get in

the studio by being shot over the wall from a cannon. You can take it from there. Martha O'Driscoll, Patric Knowles, Cass Daley, the DeMarcos and dozens of others get all mixed up in the fun. (Jan.)

**DANCING MASTERS, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Laurel and Hardy are back again, first as proprietors of a dancing school and then as cupid to Trudy Marshall and Robert Bailey. From there, they get mixed up with a new flame thrower and somewhere along the line they fall for an insurance policy with Laurel trying to reap the benefits. Sometimes it's very funny. (Jan.)

✓**DESTROYER**—Columbia: An exciting tale about a destroyer under the guidance of Edward G. Robinson, a meanie who antagonizes the entire crew, including Glenn Ford who is in love with Marguerite Chapman, Robinson's daughter. It takes an attack by a flight of Nip planes and a submarine to bring out the fine qualities of the ship and her captain. (Nov.)

✓**FALLEN SPARROW, THE**—RKO: This is a bit involved but still an interest-holder, and John Garfield gives a fine performance as the American who escapes from a Spanish prison and returns to New York to find his pal is murdered. Walter Slezak is the Nazi who watches Garfield to find the hiding place of a flag standard, and Martha O'Driscoll, Maureen O'Hara and Patricia Morison are all good. (Nov.)

**FIND THE BLACKMAILER**—Warners: A silly time-waster all about a candidate for mayor hiring a detective to steal a crow that utters a phrase that might incriminate the politician in a scandal. Gene Lockhart, Jerome Cowan and Faye Emerson have our sympathy. (Jan.)

✓✓**FIRED WIFE**—Universal: A gay, sprightly little tale about a pair of newlyweds, Robert Paige and Louise Allbritton, who start off on a honeymoon that ends in Reno. When Louise keeps her marriage secret because her boss, Walter Abel, is allergic to married women, and when Paige becomes involved with Diana Barrymore who chases him all over the place, the resulting confusion is just too much. (Nov.)

✓✓**FLESH AND FANTASY**—Universal: A mystic fantasy of dreams and superstitions told in story sequence, with the first starring Betty Field and Robert Cummings. The next interlude has Thomas Mitchell, a palmist, prophesying that Edward G. Robinson will commit a murder, with strange results. Then Charles Boyer and Barbara Stanwyck take over the final intriguing episode. (Dec.)

✓**FRONTIER BADMEN**—Universal: A good Western, telling how an honest market for Texas cattlemen was established with Robert Paige and his partner, Noah Berry Jr., doing most of the establishing. Anne Gwynne is the girl loved by both boys, and Diana Barrymore is the lady owner of a gambling house. Lon Chaney is the villain. (Nov.)

**GILDERSLEEVE ON BROADWAY**—RKO: Gildy heads for New York to straighten out his niece's romance, but of course you know he gets involved with too many women and the results are as corny as an Iowa farm. Billie Burke hasn't enough to do in this opus and it all isn't very funny. (Jan.)

✓✓**GIRL CRAZY**—M-G-M: Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney are together again in this musical, noisier and better than ever. Mickey's a girl-crazy playboy sent West to a stag college where Judy, as granddaughter of the school head, is the only girl. But Mickey stages a lavish rodeo with beauty contest winners and the school goes co-ed. It's got Gershwin music, girls, and fun. (Nov.)

**GIRL FROM MONTERREY, THE**—P.R.C.: Armida takes on the job of managing her prize-fighting brother, Anthony Caruso, and finally brings him to the States, where he eventually opposes Terry Frost, the American fighter she loves. Armida and Veda Ann Borg both sing several songs, Edgar Kennedy is the fight manager and Jack LaRue the villain. (Dec.)

✓**GOOD LUCK, MR. YATES**—Columbia: Jess Barker is a young instructor in a military academy who sets off to enlist in the Army. A slight ailment defers it, so while waiting he goes to work in a shipyard; then word gets back to the school that he's a slacker and unpleasantness ensues. Tom Neal, Claire Trevor, Edgar Buchanan and Frank Sully are top additions to the cast. (Jan.)

✓✓**GUADALCANAL DIARY**—20th Century-Fox: This picturized account of our capture of the South Pacific base is an important document of this war and should be seen by every American. The picture reveals how the Marines landed, their heartbreaking wait during bombings for reinforcements, their losses and eventual victory. Preston Foster, William Bendix, Lloyd Nolan and Anthony Quinn are outstanding. (Jan.)

**HARVEST MELODY**—P.R.C.: Movie star Rosemary Lane is slipping badly in pictures so her press agent, Sheldon Leonard, talks her into helping out in the harvest emergency by becoming a worker on Johnny Downs' farm and thus getting herself a lot of publicity. Rosemary sings several songs, and the Radio Rogues and Eddie Le Baron's orchestra help out the entertainment. (Jan.)

**HERE COMES ELMER**—Republic: A small-time radio group, played by Al Pearce and his radio gang, are lured to New York by a fake telegram from a big producer offering them a mythical contract. Gloria Stuart and Frank Albertson contribute the romance, Dale Evans sings, Pearce goes into his "Blurt" character and Jan Garber and his orchestra please the ear. (Jan.)

✓**HI DIDDLE DIDDLE**—U. A.: The farce of the interrupted honeymoon again, with Dennis O'Keefe, the sailor groom, attempting to aid his new mother-in-law, Billie Burke, recoup her lost fortune and at the same time spend his forty-eight-hour leave with his bride, Martha Scott. Adolphe Menjou and Pola Negri are perfect, and Martha is cute, chic, and funny. June Havoc also adds to the fun. (Nov.)

(Continued on page 112)

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# You'll never see their Faces

¶ But you'll thank these thousands of women for telling you why they switched to Modess.

¶ "So soft!" "So comfortable!"  
"So utterly safe!" say 8 out of 10 letters!

You'll never know who they are, or where they live.

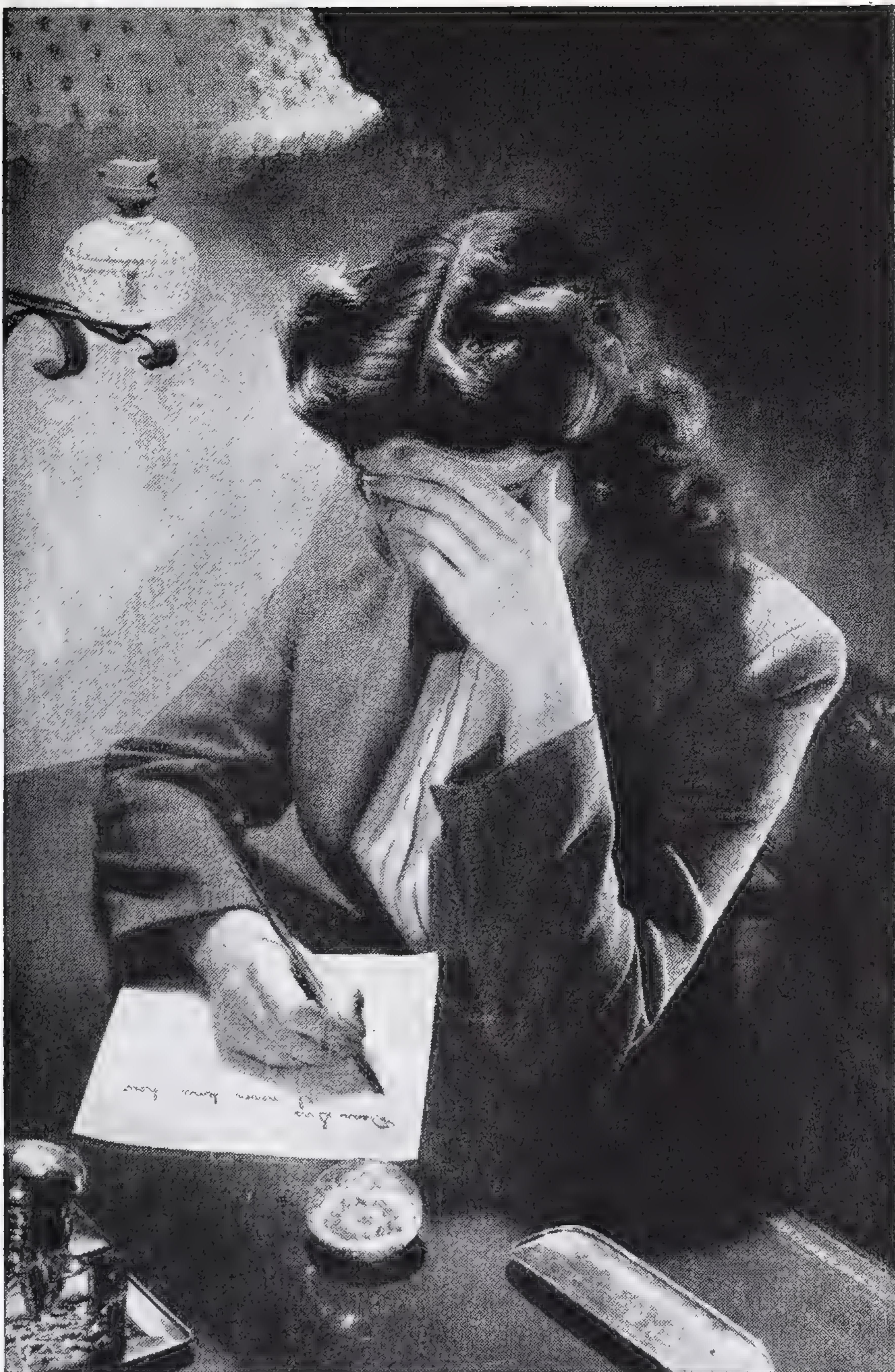
Yet 10,086 women—from all across the country—have done you one of the best turns in the world. Here's why . . .

They had the courage to write—frankly and freely—on a most intimate subject, so that other women could benefit by their experience. Simply, and with complete honesty, these women told *why* they're glad they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins.

During the past few months letters have been coming in from women who had been users of practically every other type and kind of pad. An independent, impartial concern read the letters. And here are the returns:

*8 out of 10 women said they're glad they switched to Modess because of its wonderful softness and comfort—its absolute safety!*

Read what some of these letters said!



"Modess never chafes. I feel comfortable after wearing it for hours," writes Miss R. C. Yes! Softer Modess adjusts itself to your *own* body. No hard tab ends. No telltale outlines.

"Safer than any other brand for me," Mrs. D. C. praises Modess. The triple, full-length shield at the *back* of every Modess gives *full-way* protection—not just part-way, as some napkins give.



"It's downy softness guarantees all-day comfort!" says Miss M. A. Thanks to its softspun filler, Modess is *softer*—so different from layer-type pads. Is it any wonder that thousands *more* women are switching to Modess all the time?

Aren't you busier than ever? . . . Wouldn't you welcome *more* softness, *more* protection? If you haven't tried Modess recently, why not switch *now* and see what a tremendous difference a softer, safer napkin can make?

Discover the Difference!  
Switch to

**Modess**  
SANITARY NAPKINS



**MODESS REGULAR** is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky oversize napkins unnecessary. In boxes of 12 napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. **MODESS JUNIOR** is for those who require a slightly narrower napkin. In boxes of 12.



Why waste your dimes?  
Keep up with the times!



*MEDS are safe  
and comfortable  
—and only 19¢*

#### FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS

Enjoy the modern freedom of internal sanitary protection at Meds' thrifty price—a month's supply for only 19¢!

- Meds are made of fine super-absorbent COTTON.
- Meds' dainty applicators make them EASY-to-USE.
- Meds satisfy INDIVIDUAL needs.
- Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much *more*, so much *faster*—up to three times its own weight in moisture—assuring you greater comfort, greater protection.

"Next time," why not try Meds?

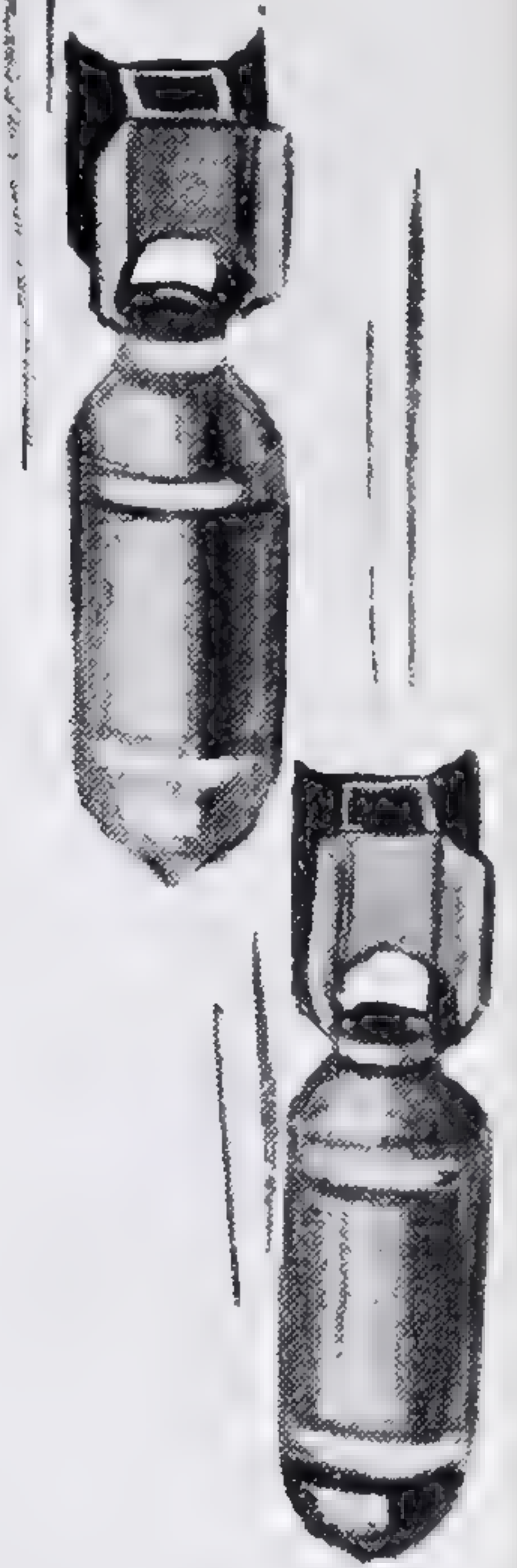


## Her paper goes to war . . .

does yours?



Picture of a lady doing the right thing: Joan Crawford sorting her waste paper for salvage



JOAN CRAWFORD has a new war-winning job. It is such an important and vital one that she wants every reader of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR to take part in it with her. It is to help in the Waste Paper Salvage Drive. You see, there is a shortage of paper now, one of the most serious shortages that our country has had to face since the war started.

Paper is a mighty force in today's civilian war. It packs foods, toilet necessities; it goes into ration books. The carton of cigarettes, the box of cookies and the book that you send to your favorite serviceman, even the letters you write him, all consume paper.

In addition, paper has dozens of military uses. It is needed to make containers for food and for ammunition, for blood plasma and medical kits. It goes into the manufacture of Air Force emergency packs, practice and incendiary bombs, bomb fins, cartridge paper, signal flares, instrument panels, fuses, helmets, gas mask canisters and targets for pistol, rifle and machine gun practice. It insulates a soldier's barracks and when he gets overseas he will require eighty-one tons of supplies a month, many of which could neither be made nor shipped if there were no paper.

These varied demands for paper would be a drain on even our normal paper supply. Unfortunately our supply is now below normal. Wood pulp, an essential ingredient in paper-making, is short now because of a lack of lumberjacks to cut timber. It is up to everyone of us to see that every scrap of old paper and cardboard is salvaged.

To do a good salvage job, first of all cut down your own use of paper. You can do this by carrying unwrapped packages, by carrying your own shopping bag and by having a number of small purchases wrapped together. Another way to help is to ask your local grocer or laundryman if he wants you to return used but clean bags and paper to him for re-use.

NEXT, get into the paper salvage drive with both hands and feet. In every city, town and village throughout the country one or more agencies is collecting waste paper and cardboard. Your local newspaper will probably carry advertisements giving either a telephone number or

the address of a salvage committee which will furnish you with the necessary information. Watch for such advertisements. If they do not appear, contact such organizations as the CDVO, AWVS, Salvation Army, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts. You will probably learn that one of these is making regular collections, that others will send a truck if you will notify them whenever you have a supply of waste paper to be picked up.

If you live in an apartment house or work in an office, ask your superintendent what is being done about collecting waste paper in the building. If he says nothing has been done, suggest that he work out some system of collection.

In smaller communities or in areas where houses are widely separated it may be advisable for small local groups to work together. Your church members, for instance, or your woman's club or Parent-Teachers Association, even the residents of one block might pool their waste paper. The important thing is to find out what plan is being used and to become a part of that plan and urge your neighbors and friends to become a part of it too.

In asking you to save paper for the war effort, your government stipulates that it must be clean and dry, and it should be sorted as Joan is sorting it. She makes one pile for magazines, another for newspapers, neatly folded. She puts wrapping paper and paper bags, smoothed and folded, into one basket, small scraps such as envelopes and torn up letters into a second one and she flattens cardboard cartons and puts them into still another bundle.

You will be surprised at how quickly waste paper will accumulate. Almost before you know it you will have fifty or 100 pounds—this magazine alone weighs about half a pound and if you live in a large city your last Sunday's newspaper came close to two and one-half pounds. And here is what 100 pounds of waste paper will make:

650 cartons for U. S. Army Field Ration "K," or 115 boxes each containing 10 20-mm. shells, or 50 75-mm. shell containers.

Your man in service can't get along without waste paper. It's up to you to see that he gets it.



# "A LUX girl?"

You bet I am! It's the soap that leaves skin **SWEET**"



"I love the way my daily Lux Soap beauty bath leaves my skin flower-fresh, delicately perfumed," says charming Paulette Goddard. "It makes daintiness *sure*."

Screen stars know if a girl isn't dainty, no other charm counts. They depend on Lux Toilet Soap's creamy ACTIVE lather that removes every trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin feeling satiny-smooth and soft. Try this fragrant luxurious beauty bath!

## PAULETTE GODDARD

Charming Star of Paramount's  
"STANDING ROOM ONLY"



YOU can be sure of daintiness, the charm that men adore. A daily Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath leaves your skin fresh and *sweet*—perfumed with a delicate flowerlike fragrance.

### DON'T WASTE SOAP

It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

**Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it**





... it was one of those triangle affairs, so the hero shot the villain,  
and said "Just make it Pepsi-Cola for two."

©

## Hollywood's Most Successful Human Beings

(Continued from page 29) girls in another. They ate together and Betty was cook. It was when the musicians' union refused to let them work together as a band until they had been in New York for six months and they had practically quit eating that Betty went looking for a job on her own.

She took one discouragement after another until, at Christmastime, a manager sent her home. "You're a sweet kid who should be celebrating these holidays with your folks," he told her. "Why are you here anyway?"

"Because I'm hungry," Betty answered with angry honesty.

This, in a way, was her turning point.

He gave her coach fare home and money enough for milk and sandwiches en route. That New Year's Eve the boy friend of her sister, who was working as a waitress, urged her to go with them to a local night club. The club manager asked her for a song. She sang. But, chagrined and desperate, she threw everything around in her now famous manner. Vincent Lopez saw her there and signed her to sing with his band. She was on her way.

She has come far, but never having forgotten what it is to go without, she doesn't spare herself when she sees others are in need. When she does camp shows, for instance, she doesn't sign up for camps adjacent to large cities where she can return to a luxurious hotel every night to entertain the press and garner first-page stories about her camp experiences. She sings and dances for boys in remote, outlying camps who have infrequent enter-

tainment or no entertainment at all; even though this means she must travel in jeeps over incredible roads, eat at camp mess and put up at hotels which often aren't even clean.

THIRD, I name Robert Montgomery. . . .

Bob was born to riches. He has spent his life in luxurious surroundings, those in which he was reared and those to which his Hollywood fame has entitled him. He long has enjoyed holidays at famous spas and world capitals. He always has contributed to and appreciated brilliant conversations. He always has admired beautiful women beautifully groomed. His love of all these things has in a way contributed to his charm. But his charm is as great and permanent a thing as it is because he loves other things more—things like freedom of speech and worship, freedom from want and fear. As he has so well proven.

Long before we entered the war Bob turned his back on the luxurious life he loves so well to drive an ambulance in France. While there he saw and heard many things; and being an accurate observer he told us then and there exactly what we might expect to happen. Upon his return Government heads here interviewed him privately and saw the moving pictures he had taken.

Immediately after the United States entered the war Bob enlisted in the Navy. Now, in the South Pacific, attached to Admiral Halsey's fleet, he commands his own boat.

"I don't know much about Germans," he says, "but I've learned to know the Jap at pretty close quarters, for everything there is head-on. It's all close-ups—no long shots at all."

After one battle between Bob's ship and a Jap sub, in which the sub was sunk, its captain came to the surface. When he saw Bob and his men trying to rescue him with nets he tried to drown himself rather than submit to such humiliation. So one of Bob's men knocked him out with a boat hook and dragged him up on deck. One of his heels had been nibbled by a shark and his arm was badly crushed. Bob watched him intently. The Jap's fluttering eyelids indicated consciousness, but he wouldn't open his eyes. He lay there waiting for death at the hands of his "savage American torturers."

"Bandage his foot and arm," Bob commanded the ship's doctor. "Give him some hot tea." (The Japs' preference when they are wounded.) "Shove a cigarette in his mouth."

Then the Jap captive, realizing that what was happening to him was the reverse of torture, instinctively sucked in a large puff of the cigarette and exhaled ecstatically; and, slowly opening one eye, looked up into the friendly faces looking down at him.

"Well," said Bob, "that's one member of the suicide squadron who learned Americans are very different from the way they've been painted by Jap propagandists. For when that Jap was finally shipped ashore to join the other prisoners, as he lay



on his back in the boat, he feebly *but definitely*, saluted our ship."

Bob explained the Japanese officer prefers death any time to capture by Americans. "The common Japanese soldier," he added, "is different. He folds up at once when things look hopeless—all the fight knocked out of him."

I saw Bob last summer at the time when he was returned to California on leave after a bout with malaria and tropical fever. He came to a party at my house and I could see his nerves had been a bit stretched, but, smooth and suave and polished as ever, he danced every dance. It was plain he had hungered for the relaxation and escape of dancing with girls again, including, of course, his charming wife, Betty.

Betty had to leave my party at midnight but she wouldn't let Bob accompany her. "This," she told him, "is better medicine than any rest cure."

That, I think, was a pretty swell attitude for a wife whose husband had been away and in danger for nearly two years and soon would be off again.

For that evening, the horrors he had been through were forgotten. Sometimes parties are more than just parties; they are cure-alls for the soul and spirit.

So I give you Bob Montgomery—gay and brave and true to himself and those things in which he believes!

**T**HERE is, fourth, Diana Barrymore. . . . You have seen Diana on the screen, no doubt, and have not liked her. She hasn't liked herself. Diana, of the theater's royal family, has been a spectacular failure in

Hollywood. The way she has come through this failure, which must have been torturous to one born to the purple, so to speak, proves her fortitude.

I first knew Diana when she was three weeks old in a bassinet. Her bringing up lay between the psychological rivalry of the Great Profile, John Barrymore, her father, and the beautiful, brilliant Michael Strange, her mother.

Think of the difficulty of being born of two such people!

In 1938 when I came back from a visit to Hollywood I remember saying to Diana, with the condescension you use toward a small child you do not know very well:

"I saw your father while I was on the Coast."

She seemed very unmoved.

"Aren't you happy to hear about your wonderful father?" I continued. "He sent some very nice messages to you."

"I don't know very much about my father," she replied. "How can you be terribly impressed by a man, who like a Greek has relief, is always seen in profile? I would like my father to be full face. I don't really know if he has one."

It was always understood Diana would go on the stage. She was weighted down by her fateful name.

George Jean Nathan, that disdainful dean and maestro of the critics, and I saw her in "Lord Byron," her first appearance on the stage. There was something very lovely about her and I thought she held great promise, as did my companion.

Later Diana did George Kaufman's play, "The Land Is Bright," a saga of a Western miner, playing first a young girl and in

the end a woman her mother's age. During the second intermission I met my friend, Walter Wanger, the Hollywood producer and husband of Joan Bennett, in the lobby.

"How do you like this opus?" I asked.

"Not very much," Walter said, "but I like the kid."

"To me," I said, "she's the only thing in it."

"I'm going to put her under contract and take her to Hollywood," he told me.

"How can you do that?" I protested. "You will ruin her. She's not for pictures. No Barrymore should be in pictures—really! Remember Jack and Lionel in 'The Jest' and 'Peter Ibbetson' and consider what they had to offer the stage! What has Hollywood done for them—except promote a comfortable living for Lionel and bad debts for Jack?"

"Well," said Walter, "I'm going to do it." And he did it. And Diana went to Hollywood—alas!

She has made money in Hollywood and invested it well, apparently. But her pictures have been poor and she has not appeared to advantage in them. However, at no time has she allowed this to defeat her. Through all of it she has managed to hold firm to her belief that she has something fine to give the theater—to which she has now returned. When, for instance, she came to a party I gave in Hollywood there was no sign of defeat or failure about her. Her life on the screen was static and insecure but she walked into my drawing room with her head high, personally vivid and compelling. That, in Hollywood, takes quite a bit of doing.

*The boys are doing all right on the fighting front . . . How are you doing on the Fourth War Loan front?*

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FIFTH, I name Jean Pierre Aumont. . . . One night in the summer of 1941 I was going to see the debut of Ty Power and Annabella in "Liliom" at the Westport summer theater, with Jack Wilson and his wife. When I entered the Wilsons' living room, instantly I was aware of a fair young man looking out of the window. There was such an attitude of desperate depression about him! When he turned I recognized Jean Pierre Aumont, whom I had seen last in 1939 in Paris.

I had heard reports that he had been awarded a Croix de Guerre just before the fall of France for throwing his tank into a dangerous gap and holding back the onswarming Nazis long enough for the rest of his unit to escape. I had also heard he was in a Nazi prison camp.

"Jean Pierre," I said, kissing him on both cheeks, "I have been wondering about you!"

"I got out," he said. "I can't tell you how. I'm an immigrant or whatever you call them. I haven't any money or passport. But it doesn't matter . . . all I want to do is go back and fight with De Gaulle."

He was so sweet and serious and sincere that tears rushed to my eyes.

Then I met him last year in Hollywood. As always, I was happy to see him. His eyes look so seriously into yours. And his manners are the most beautiful I know. He sends flowers at the wrong time; which is really the right time—when you have done nothing to earn them, when you don't expect them.

He had, after a struggle, gotten work. And his first picture, "Assignment In Brittany," had put him over with a bang as a great male personality. With his fu-

ture so bright, he might well have felt he had done his share in the present war and was entitled to take advantage of the thinning male ranks in Hollywood to clinch his position, at least until such time as he was called upon to bear arms for this country.

Moreover, he had fallen radiantly in love with Maria Montez and had made her his bride in July. He would have been only human had he begun to think less about De Gaulle and France and more about Aumont and Hollywood. However, he still talked, above all, of getting into the fight again.

The last time I saw Jean Pierre was last autumn at a supper party at the home of George Quevas. (Mrs. Quevas is John D. Rockefeller's granddaughter.) He had just finished his second American film, "The Cross Of Lorraine," reported to be a personal success for him, and I wondered if now at last Hollywood would get him.

Instead, he walked in wearing the khaki uniform and red cap of the Free French, looking more the soldier than any man I have ever seen.

"I have it!" he cried excitedly. "I'm off tomorrow to join General De Gaulle as liaison officer!"

My hat is off to Jean Pierre for turning his back on the fortune and fame his new career promised and his beautiful bride, Maria Montez, whom he loves dearly, to go to his Générale and do his job as a real fighting Frenchman.

SIXTH and last on my list is my first and foremost successful Hollywood human being—Mary Pickford—because of many qualities I hope to illustrate for you.



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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Twenty-five years ago Mary Pickford was the greatest of stars and the sweet-heart of the world. In her house, "Pick-fair," every potentate and every visiting fireman was a guest, as a matter of course—Lord Louis and Lady Montbatten . . . the Duke of Alba, Spanish Ambassador to England, who is trying to bring a monarchy back to Spain . . . great bankers . . . politicians . . . ministers of state . . . duchesses and dukes . . . labor leaders.

BESIDES being a great and gracious hostess, Mary Pickford also is an humanitarian, always ready to lend herself to anything done for the uplift and welfare of mankind. No one ever taught Mary to live in this beautiful way. Her manner of life is an emanation of her true self. For she is great-hearted, with dignity and the inspiration of religion. And she has held firm to firm standards at all times, not an easy thing to do when you are rushed by life.

Mary loved Douglas Fairbanks and made every effort in behalf of her marriage with him. When he returned to Hollywood in 1935 after a long absence, Mary, in a pathetically sweet gesture, had a special room built to surprise him, a replica of an old Western bar, with sand on the floor and cowboy hats and saddles and old pictures.

This bar, a strange note in the center of beautiful Pickfair, was the scene of the now famous costume party where the guests came in dress appropriate to the scene. Douglas was a virile, swashbuckling gaucho, very handsome. Mary was a poke-bonneted pioneer girl, very lovely.

It was soon after this party that Mary and Doug, realizing the light had gone out of their marriage, decided parting was best for them. Mary still loved Douglas but she gave him up to Sylvia Ashley with dignity and resignation, without scandal or recriminations. And a year or so later when I entertained Douglas and Sylvia Fairbanks at a party where Mary also was a guest she was graciousness itself to Sylvia.

TODAY, as you know, Mary is married to Buddy Rogers. Buddy, too, has a room planned by Mary as a lovely surprise. It adjoins her rooms on the second floor and is a fine man's music room, sound-proofed, where he can practice and study.

Last summer when Evalyn Walsh McLean and I were in Hollywood, Mary gave a party for us. It was everything Mary's parties have been for the twenty-five years I have known her. Mary, too, is unchanged, with the same little modesty, simple charm and lovely gaiety. Supper was served on a long glittering table. There was a band playing. You wouldn't have known there was a war. In her daily life, however, Mary well knows there is a war. She never relaxes in her efforts. And her pride in Buddy, doing so well in the Navy Air Force, is boundless.

I find Mary Pickford a completely good woman. She is, however, gay about it, never gloomy or grim. Those who embrace the cheap, garish, so-called "modern" ideas which have come into the world may say the code Mary represents belongs to another age. But let these selfsame people get into trouble and you will find them at Mary's door, where the latchstring is always out.

Orson Welles . . . Betty Hutton . . . Robert Montgomery . . . Diana Barrymore . . . Jean Pierre Aumont . . . Mary Pickford . . . six of Hollywood's most successful human beings, in my book, for six and more most human reasons.

The End.

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## The Married Life of the Cary Grants

(Continued from page 32) reigns supreme in the kitchen.

"I love to cook," said Mrs. Cary Grant, "but I make such a mess in the kitchen I know it disturbs Nelly. I would love to take cooking lessons somewhere if there were somewhere I could go—" She left the sentence suspended. But what was left hanging in the air was part of that age-old fear of being misunderstood.

What a Roman holiday it would be if Mrs. Cary Grant, the former million-dollar baby, took up peeling potatoes at some cooking school! Barbara's life has been filled with these little things she would like to do but has never been permitted to indulge.

Lance Reventlow, Barbara's seven-year-old son, who is crazy about Cary and is never far from his side, came in and plopped himself down by his stepfather. "Aren't you going to play any more tennis, General?" he asked.

"General?" I repeated, puzzled.

"That's what Lance calls Cary," Barbara explained. "No one knows why." Her eyes followed them as they left the room—Cary so tall and dark—and the little boy so very blonde. "He adores Cary," she said. "He would love to be called Lance Grant."

"I suppose Lance has what might be termed a military turn of mind," Barbara laughed. "We have to dress him in uniforms of all kinds with trick badges. One night Cary brought him home a Com-mando hat and he went to sleep with it on. We had to sneak in later and take the uncomfortable thing off his head. He can't seem to really make up his mind which branch of the service he wants to be in. One minute he is a Lieutenant Colonel in the Army and the next he's a Captain in the Navy."

**T**HE little boy has Barbara's fairness and looks like her although he is a husky child, large for his age, and she is so small. "But remember, I was a very plump little girl," she added, "before I dieted."

If Barbara has one worry clouding her happy life these days it is because she is afraid they live out so far in such a secluded spot that Lance will not have enough children to play with.

"He wants to be with children all the time," she said, "and I want him to have many playmates. As a child, I was so terribly lonely. I don't want Lance to have that kind of childhood. Children should not be alone. He goes to school and almost every day he brings home some of the youngsters to play. But getting them back and forth is a problem and takes a bit of doing with the gas shortage and all."

Cary is so busy going from picture to picture (he's doing "My Client Curly" at Columbia now) and working such long hours I asked her if she were not often lonely herself so far from town.

"Yes," she admitted, "it is a lonely spot here, but there is a difference in being lonely and being lonesome. I'm too happy to be lonesome."

It is not true that the Grants live like recluses and never entertain. "When Cary is working," Barbara went on, "he frequently brings home his director or producer for dinner. And when he is between pictures we frequently have a small party."

"I hate big parties. I guess I had my fill of them for life the year I came out in New York when it seemed there was just one big party after the other every night. But when the 'Cover Girls' came out to make their movie at Columbia we had a

small party for them and we have others of ten or twelve people. That's a good number—just enough. Then you can really talk to people. At bigger parties people just seem to talk at each other."

Cary and Barbara have no "rules" for a happy marriage. They do not insist on being seated next to each other when they dine with friends or of never dancing with anyone else or any other of the sentimental gestures of many newlyweds. If Cary is working late, he dines alone in town. Or on fight nights he goes with the boys to the boxing matches.

**T**HOUGH Barbara grows as mum as the Sphinx when the subject is broached, I know she keeps herself occupied during the day with the many charities she quietly sponsors.

Her London home has been turned over to the Officers of the Balloon Barrage Brigade and here in Hollywood there is a canteen in a lonely district that was not only organized by Barbara but which she supports entirely on her own.

"And" she laughed, "there's always the Victory garden. Our tomatoes weren't so good this year—but, oh, the corn on the cob!"

Barbara's serene face can flush angrily over the silly stories that she is eager to return to Europe after the war. It was one of the tragedies of her life that she permitted Count Haugwitz-Reventlow to cause her to renounce her American citizenship at the time she married him and when she was in love with him.

She loves America and is an enthusiastic California rooter.

"I have never felt so well or so strong in my life," she said. "I hardly know myself. I love it here in California. Look at this marvelous place."

She led me over to the wide window that revealed the sweep toward the ocean framed by the tall mountains. But it was not wholly the breath-taking view that brought the contented little smile to the corners of Barbara's mouth. For, down on the tennis court, Cary had just gently smacked a tennis ball right into the plump "tummy" of his small blond stepson.

The End.



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## Alan Ladd Comes Home

(Continued from page 27) back home where he could get the right kind of food.

"We can't serve special diets in the South Pacific or in Italy," they said. "You've got to be able to eat what comes your way and you are not up to it. You have to coddle that bread basket of yours and you won't have any chance to coddle it if you're overseas with the boys, so go on home and make the best of it. There are plenty of other guys who couldn't make it. You're not the only one."

It was no consolation to Corporal Ladd to hear that other guys hadn't made it. He felt that this was the worst blow fate could have dealt him. He'd been reading about Clark Gable and other Hollywood boys who had shown the world that actors could also fight and he wanted to get in there and give the Axis something to remember him by, too.

"I NEVER felt so lonesome in my life as the day I took off my uniform," Alan told me. "I don't know quite what it's like unless it's not being able to go back to school the next semester when you know all the gang is going to be there. You make friends, close friends in the Army the way you do in school and you want to go on with them through the whole business."

"When I was in the hospital there were many cases of guys' being left behind when their companies shipped overseas and cynical people will tell you that they probably were delighted at having been left in a warm safe bed, but I can tell you they weren't and I understand it. There is no more desolate feeling in the world than to know the boys you trained with are taking off and you're not going."

"There will be folks who'll want to contradict me when I say that men just like to fight, especially when they think their country's being shoved around by some no-good monkeys. Most of the fellows I know are in this war with the same spirit that they'd have going into a football game. They want to clean up the enemy and get back home to normal life. They can't wait to get it over with."

"And when you hear how the boys are coming back home bitter and disillusioned, don't believe that either. I saw plenty of them in the hospital with their arms and legs gone and otherwise messed up and I didn't see one who was bitter. They were all just the sweet kids they'd been before. Just sweet American kids like the ones you knew in your own home town. Some of them got battered up a lot but it hasn't soured them on the world. It sure gives you faith in the United States to see those kids and talk to them as I did."

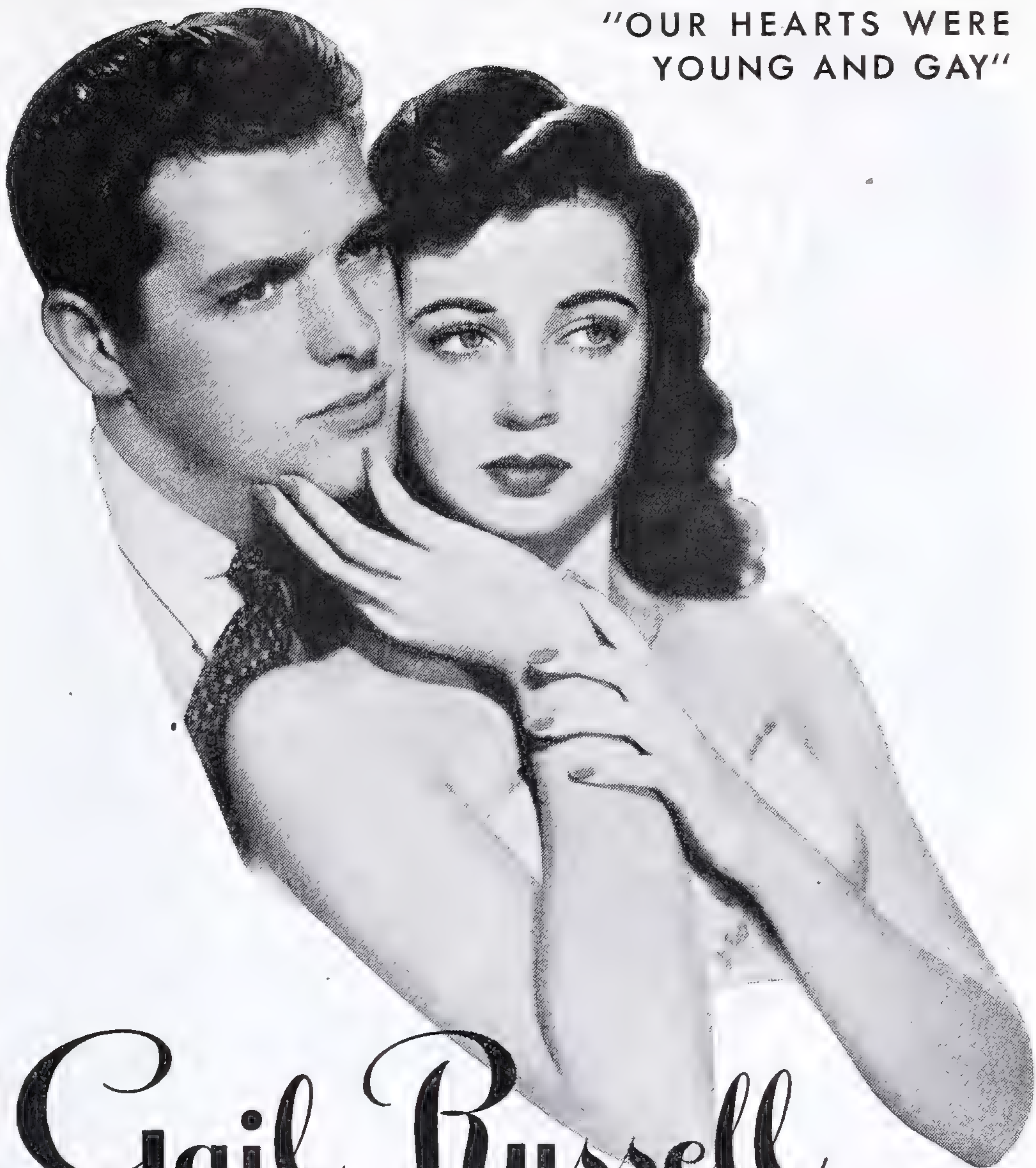
ALAN said the doctors told him it was his perpetual habit of worrying that had thrown his digestive apparatus out of gear.

"I'm naturally a defeatist," Alan explained to me. "I keep worrying about everything and the closer I get to it the bigger it gets until every little thing swells up like a great big mountain and the first thing I know my stomach is all doubled up in a knot and my food isn't welcome. My little wife Susie is just the opposite. She burbles along over hill and dale with such equanimity it floors you."

"It isn't true what you hear about my refusing to undergo an operation in the Army hospital. There was never any talk of an operation."

**Unconditional Axis surrender means unconditional American sacrifice. Fourth War Loan.**

GAIL RUSSELL AND JAMES BROWN, STARRING IN  
THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE,  
"OUR HEARTS WERE  
YOUNG AND GAY"



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Ladd enlisted in the Army Air Corps after he had been turned down by Army medicos following his induction via the draft.

He served for several months in the First Motion Picture Unit in Culver City. One day he heard there was a division to be sent to Guadalcanal. He put in his bid to go and was told he would have to take an overseas physical examination.

"When I tried for my physical so I could go overseas a few months ago I told the doctors I would do anything they advised if I could be put in shape so I could go. One of them looked me over and told me I'd hardly make it through the Panama Canal with my stomach and that was that. They didn't tell me an operation would cure me."

He went back to his duties at Culver City but he wasn't happy. The more he thought about his physical handicaps the more he worried and the more he worried the worse knots his stomach tied itself up in and the first thing he knew he was hauled off first to one hospital and then another, losing weight because his food wouldn't digest.

At a hospital in Santa Barbara they put him on a milk and cheese diet and he grew better but not well enough to justify his being tagged for overseas combat service.

He's still on a milk and cheese diet with a few eggs thrown in for good measure. A big thick steak which would make your mouth water would only give Alan the abdominal upsadaisies.

As for Army beans! Alan likes them but they abhor him. He also goes for hamburgers with cheese melted over the meat but they go for him, too, and give him what-for a half-hour or so after he's eaten.

It's difficult to get him to talk about how he feels about leaving the Army. He suspects the boys in the service will criticize him if he throws any "heroics," as he calls it, and fears other people will look at him with scorn if he isn't in uniform.

"I used to think it would be fun to get back into fancy clothes as long as I thought I wouldn't be doing it until after the war was over, but now that I'm back I'd give anything to have a uniform again," he said.

"I always was happy here with Susie. I guess it isn't any secret that I love her better than anything else in the world. But after you've been in the Army there are things you have in common with the gang and you sure miss it."

Alan is gathering himself together to resume his motion-picture work. By an odd coincidence he will play the role of a doctor in "And Now Tomorrow."

"I'll drop into that role easily enough since I've seen all sorts of doctors in the last few months," he said. "I used to pass around the trays at the Santa Barbara hospital. In fact, much of the time I served in the hospital instead of the Army. I guess life is like that."

The one bright spot in Alan's discharge came the last day he reported in Santa Barbara. He drove his own car into the military zone because he was leaving later that day as a civilian. A top sergeant who was a stickler for discipline landed on him rough shod, saying:

"Corporal! Don't you know you're not supposed to drive your private car on military ground? Better report to me pronto about this."

"So I took a little satisfaction out of telling him I wasn't in the Army any more!" said Alan.

The End.

Alan Ladd puts away his khaki tie—forever. In Alan's absence Sue and Alanna played a game. When Sue said, "Where's Daddy?" Alanna would turn gleefully to the portrait on the piano





## How to Have a Happy Marriage

(Continued from page 38) telephone when it isn't busy—and suggest a date.

About this business I pretend to be very formal, even when I can hear Lisl chuckling on the other end of the wire. I say, "This is Paul. If you have nothing else planned for this evening, I should like it if you would have dinner with me. After dinner I have tickets for a little theater play about which John Garfield has been speaking."

Sometimes Lisl says in dismay that she has just spent the last of our red points for some meat that is even now cooking in the oven and that she must offer her regrets.

I do not say, "Tomorrow night, then?" No, I simply tell her I will call again one day and perhaps we will be able to get together. This is a game somewhat like football, about which I am learning. A good quarterback never calls but one play at a time.

Once one makes a date with his wife, it is important, I think, for a husband to conduct himself as if he were a boy friend. He should notice the way in which his wife has combed her hair; he should comment favorably on her frock. Even a hat, at such a time, should not be the cause of malice domestic.

Timing, once again, is so important on matrimonial dates. During pre-wedding days the passing of hours was incidental; after marriage the man who consults his watch every twenty minutes has no sense of lasting romance.

Once in a while almost any woman will like the idea of dancing away half the night, or of taking a long walk to observe the moon, or of having dawn breakfast at Joe's Beanery.

ONE must never overlook the importance of adventuring together, of discovering out-of-the-way inns and quaint eating places.

When Lisl and I planned our first holiday after we were married, I suggested that we go to Cannes. Lisl knew Northern Europe very well, but she had never visited the sunny Mediterranean Coast of France.

How should I tell you why I was so anxious for her to see Cannes? There are very few places I have seen that quite compare with Southern France as it was before the war. The hotels were superb; the food, the music and the panoramas were glorious.

After breakfast, one could drive—not too fast—into the mountains, and there go skiing before luncheon. Returning that evening, a couple could have dinner on the terrace beside the sea while listening to alternating bands, usually an American band, a rumba orchestra and a Viennese waltz band. Ah, Cannes! It is the one place over there for which I am occasionally homesick. I wish every happily married couple could pay it a visit one day.

But for a husband and wife now, it need not be Cannes—perhaps just a week end at a quiet little farm a few miles away, or a special Sunday outing. The important part is—it must be planned, be enjoyed as a holiday, be remembered together.

Here is another item: I am a great believer in the importance of a husband and wife's learning to enjoy music together. Not just opera, nor exclusively symphon-

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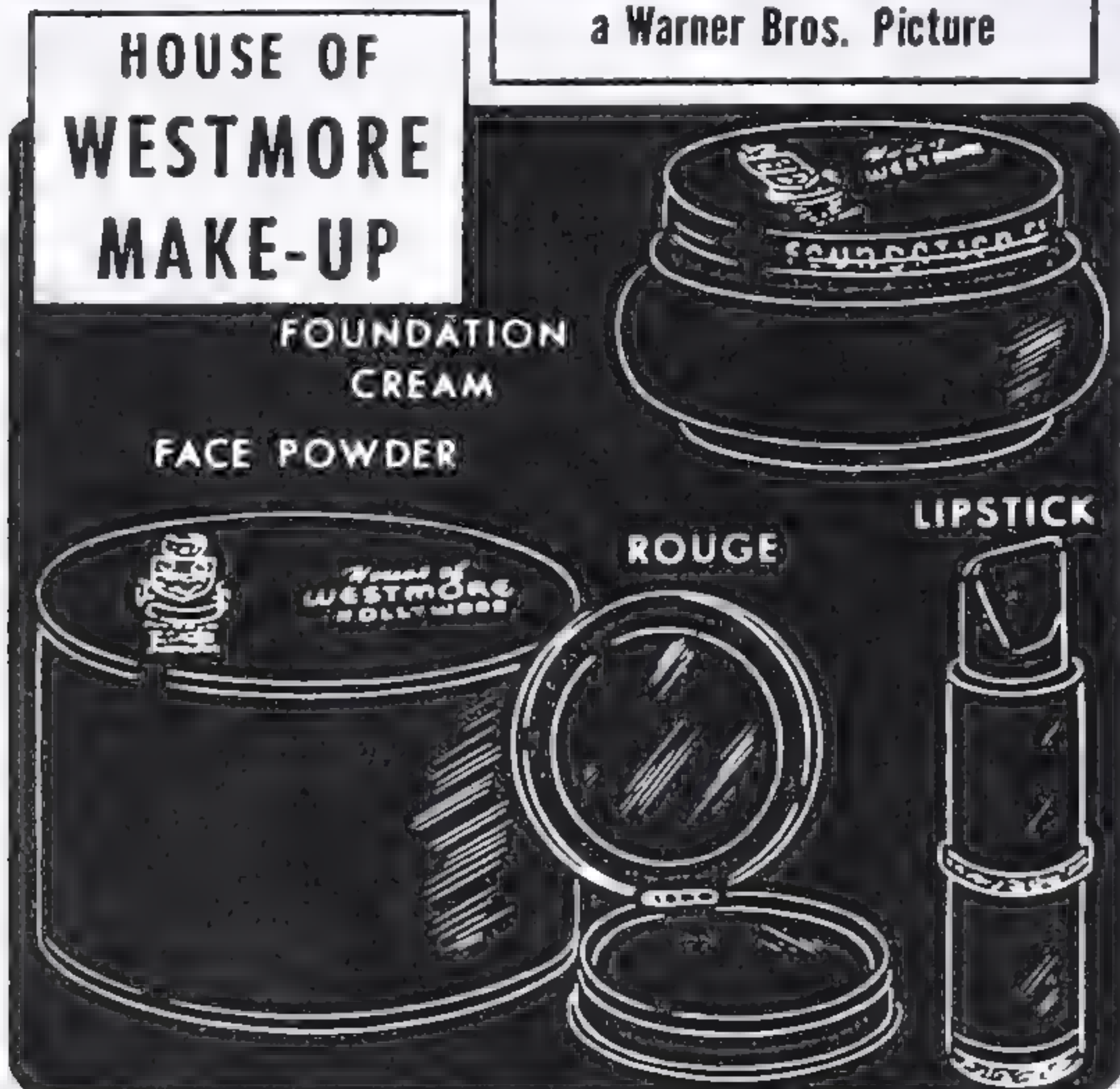


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**Hollywood Stars**



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"Adventures of Mark Twain,"  
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One of the many beauty aids offered by the House of Westmore is a perfect foundation cream. It gives you a lovely, attractive, natural beauty ... goes on smoothly, and really stays on. It effectively hides tiny lines and blemishes ... does not dry the skin because it contains lanolin ... never gives you a "masked" feeling or appearance.

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Perc Westmore,  
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ies, nor perennially the rumba rhythms, but all tempos and all types of music. Controversies about the value of different compositions have always seemed to me to be absurd. Music is a mood medium and each different sort of tonal arrangement and tempo is capable of arousing a different mood.

The husband comes home at night and finds his wife in a temper (not *my* wife, you understand—I am now speaking entirely on theory). The laundry has been missing for two months, there are no more red points and something has gone wrong with the frigidaire. He suggests an evening of music—maybe there's a concert in town, or perhaps some quiet out-of-the-way restaurant that features soothing string musical entertainment as well as the best in food.

**A** GROUP of us were having luncheon one day when one of the girls who had been married only a short time said plaintively, "Will one of you people who has been married a long time tell me how you adjusted to your husband's friends? One of the biggest problems we face is getting along with one another's accumulated acquaintances. It seems that I don't care for most of the men who were my husband's intimates before we were married and he doesn't like most of my girl friends."

Lisl and I were much too busy getting acquainted with one another, during our first year of marriage, to be interested in seeing other people. I know that a system of "double-dating" has gained much favor. Before courtship, I should think it would be highly enjoyable, but after marriage there are enough delicate adjustments to be made without complicating human relationships with the addition, during all social evenings, of two more egos, two more sets of convictions and two more ideas about life.

In attempting, too soon after marriage, to renew old friendships, both husband and wife run a serious risk. After all, one must imagine that both persons have had other romances about which the friends know. Mention of some evening enjoyed together is bound to be made. "Remember the time you and Antoine bought the

canoe and paddled down the river all night?"—that sort of thing. Perhaps it is wiser to avoid mention of any part of the past. It all depends on whether you are dealing with a jealous disposition.

There is one additional bit of advice to newlyweds that I had from my father and gladly pass on to those who wish to use it: Never argue.

There are three possible types of argument: If you argue with someone who argues better and maybe more convincingly, you are bound to lose. On the other hand, if the person is less adept at upholding his convictions, it is an absurd victory. If you match wits on an equal basis with a person, say, for instance, your wife, you should sit down quietly and talk out the differences of opinion.

If they are reasonable, husband and wife can always straighten out their troubles. If differences of opinion are so great that a few moments of quiet compromise won't solve them, the pair should never have married in the first place.

Last and far from least, I'd like to stress the importance of gifts. Thoughtful things, unusual things—but not necessarily expensive things, never fail to please—no matter how many years a couple has been married. Sometimes the most casual occasion assumes gigantic proportions, simply because it has been thoughtfully commemorated with a gift. For example, in sending flowers try to select something you don't find in every shop, maybe a blossom that's out of season. It takes a little more effort, but the happiness it brings is worth every second.

Don't wait for special occasions to give these gifts—and that applies to the woman, too. Naturally on a birthday or Christmas, it's to be reasonably assumed that there will be presents, but throughout the year make it a point to create your own festive occasions. Lisl always says she likes to unwrap little packages. It's the "little packages" that represent the big thoughts in the long run.

Of course, my personal opinion is that one can best assure oneself of a happy marriage by selecting a partner like Lisl. I must ask her sometime soon if she feels the same about me.

The End



Mocambo gets a Macfadden touch: Jeanne Wise, daughter of Macfadden executive Harold Wise, Charles Coburn, and Joan Castle



## If You Were Gene Kelly's House Guest

(Continued from page 56) You'd scratch your head in wonder later on Sunday, too—when every kid in the swank Beverly Hills neighborhood shows up in the Kelly back yard to play kick the can with Gene and Betsy. (Kick the can, Gene says, is far more intelligent and mature than gin rummy!) But the worst is yet to come: Soon the Kelly gang is all there, from Van Johnson to Bunny Waters—all of them playing kick the can with absorbed attention!

You'd like that back yard—with its croquet set, trees, patio and the tiny stone playhouse with its one room that would charm any child.

By now you'd know that the Kellys are nothing if not natural. They do what they want to do and they live the way they want to live. In fact, you'd discover, by judicious questioning, the only time that Gene was ever faintly artificial was the first time he met Betsy. He was at the time Broadway's latest sensation—as a dance director. (He'd started his career in his home town, Pittsburgh, running a huge and successful dancing school with his five dancing brothers and sisters.) His latest assignment was to direct the dances for Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, a night club with a complete stage show.

So one sultry Summer afternoon he was sitting in the empty night club in his sweat-stained shirt and suspenders, working out dances on paper—when in through the door walked a sixteen-year-old red-head named Betsy Blair. Little did she suspect that this rumpled young man huddled over a table in his shirt sleeves was the famed dance-director Gene Kelly. She instantly placed him as a bus boy and she paced up to him and asked for Mr. Kelly, please. Then Gene had the first unnatural impulse of his life—he told her Mr. Kelly was out, but he was a bus boy and what was she after? "I am after a job as a dancer in his show," said Betsy. Then, since she'd come one hour's distance by subway, she decided to practice her job-getting speech on him. She swung into it—and to hear her talk, she was the greatest dancer since Pavlova. Gene was charmed, particularly when he found out that her only previous experience was dancing at another night club, the International Casino. He found out, too, that she came from Cliffside Park, New Jersey, and that she had two brothers. When he'd unearthed all this he told her to come back tomorrow and meet Mr. Kelly.

Naturally, when she did she was infuriated. But Gene continued to be charmed—and he asked her to lunch that day and dinner the next. Then he paid for many of her meals for a year, during which time he became famous as "Pal Joey" and she became famous for acting in "The Beautiful People" on Broadway.

He was in Philadelphia rehearsing for "Best Foot Forward" when he called her in New York—and she asked him to marry her. As he'd been talking around that point for some time now, it happened—in a few minutes in a church near the theater, on September 22, 1941. And as you have surmised by now, they have lived happily for the two years ever after.

**B**UT by the time you've learned this story, you've been with the Kellys several days and you know a lot of other things about them. You know that Betsy washes her own hair and wears every color but red, which Gene doesn't like on her. You know that they both own cars (hers a



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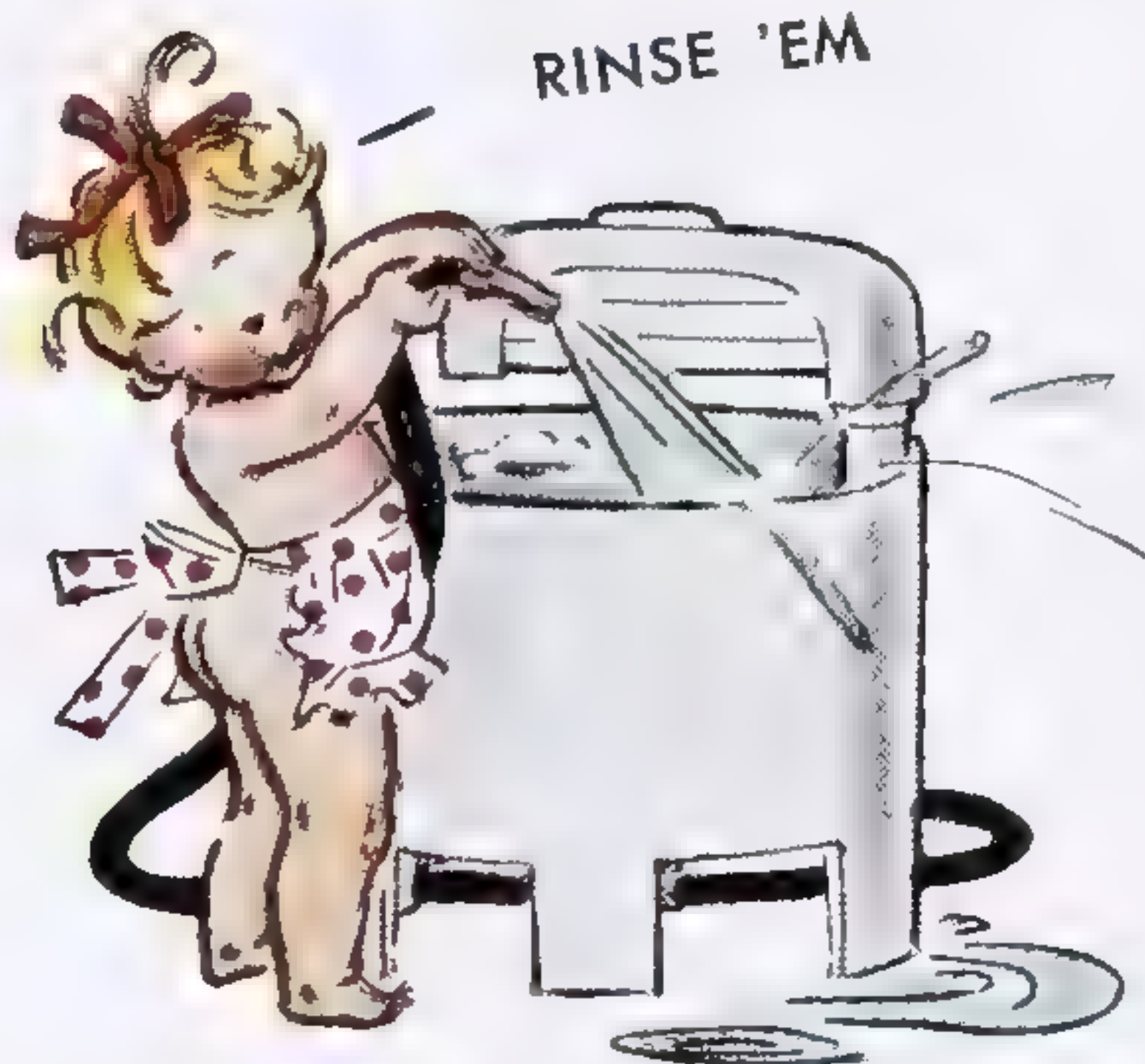


WASH 'EM



**SOAK** from 10 to 15 minutes in warm, sudsy water. Wash in plenty of hot water. (Never use the same water to wash another lot.)

RINSE 'EM



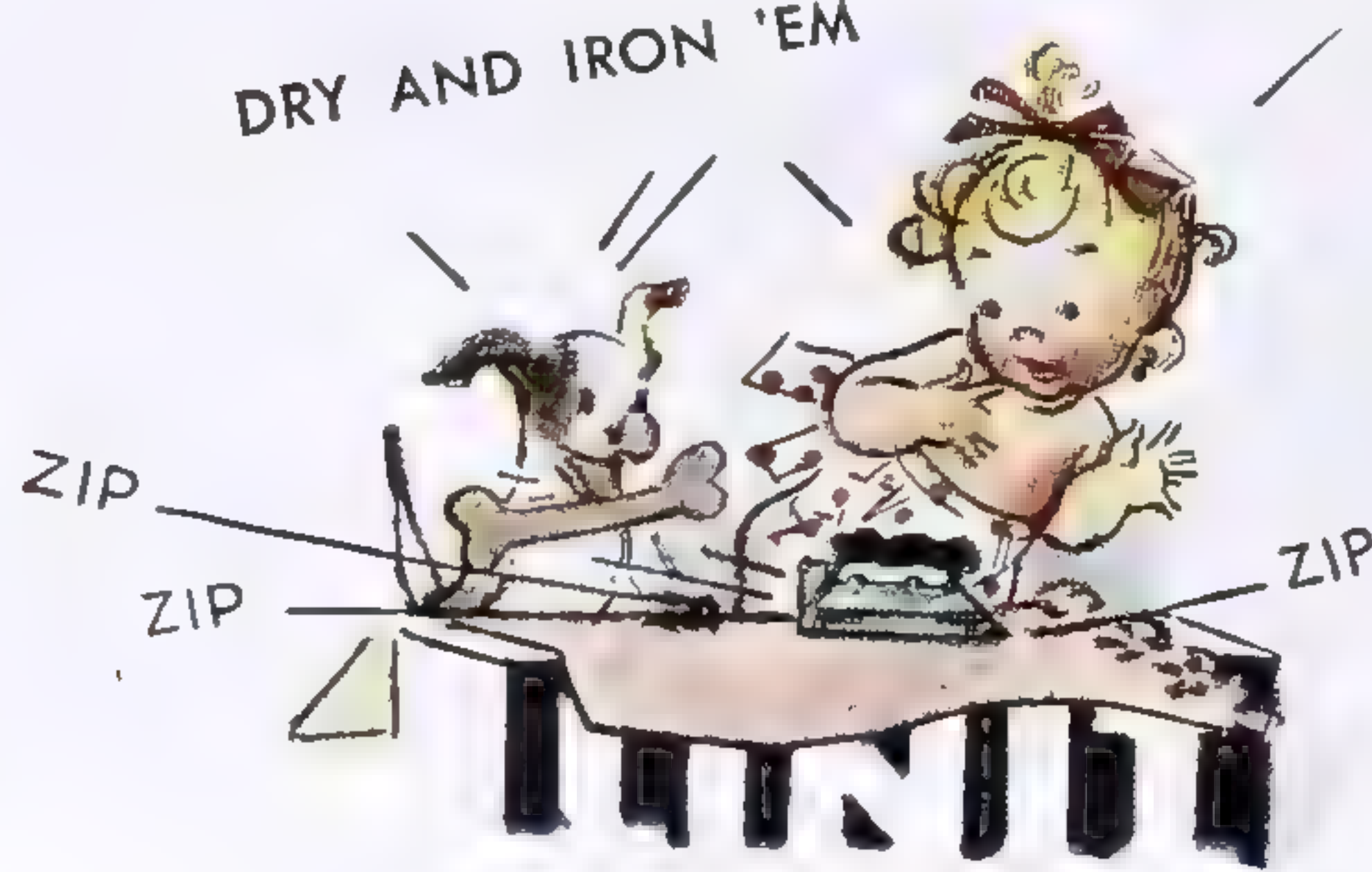
**RINSE** in at least three waters; first, hot; second, lukewarm; third, cool. Thorough rinsing is very important for utter cleanliness.

STARCH 'EM



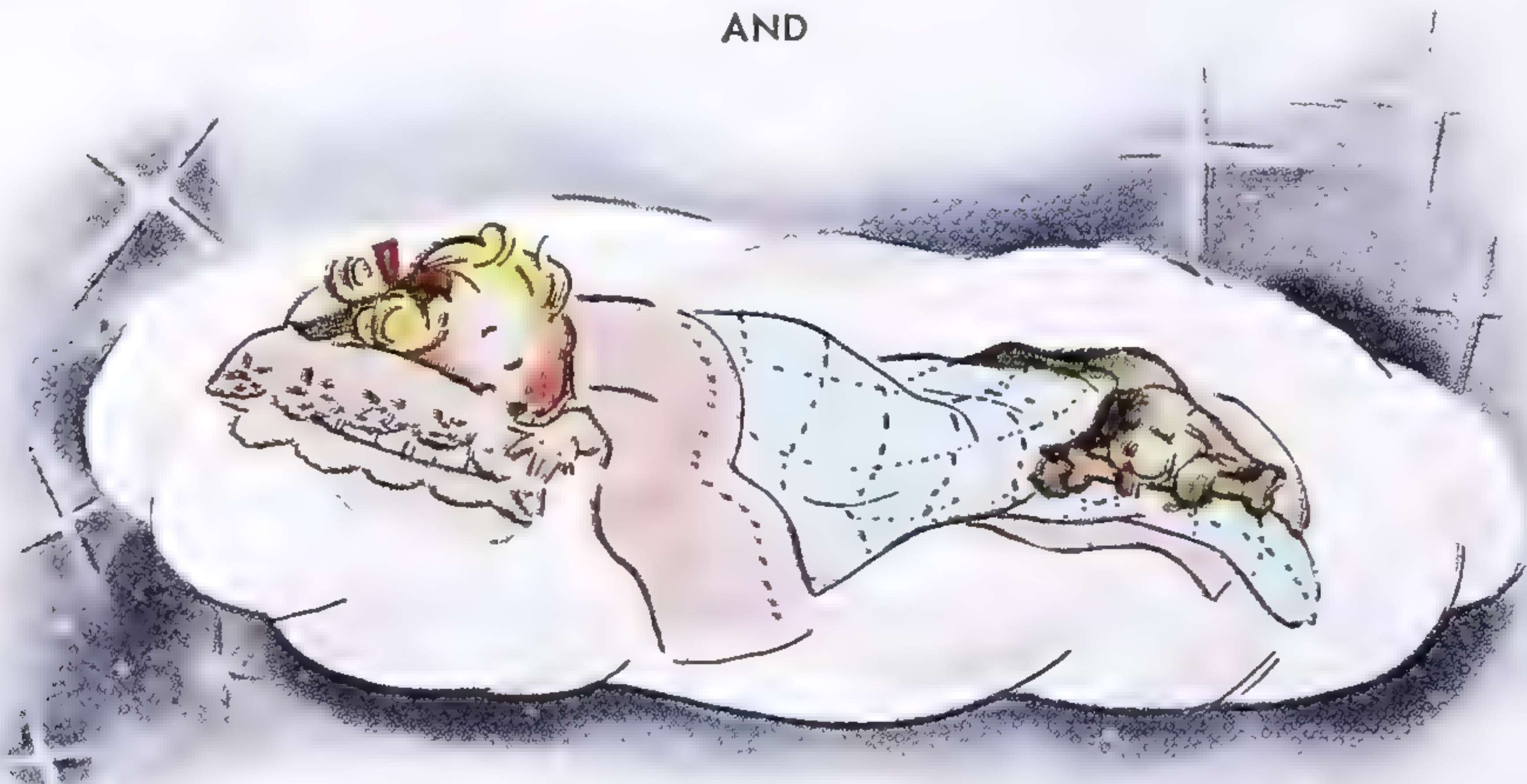
**STARCH** with a light LINIT solution (1 part LINIT to 5 parts water) added to final rinse. This penetrates and protects fine fabrics, restores their "finish."

DRY AND IRON 'EM



**HANG** sheets double, hems together. Hang pillowcases, wrongside out, by closed end. Dampen before ironing. Iron with light iron at correct heat.

AND



**HAVE A HEAVENLY REST.** Smooth, snow-white sheets and pillowcases, lightly starched with LINIT invite you to sleep—to rest and relax from wartime work and worry. LINIT penetrates and protects fine percales and muslins—LINIT-starched washables stay clean and crisp longer.

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gray convertible that Gene gave her on their six-months anniversary), but that they spend more time riding their two bicycles than they do riding their cars. You know that she never smokes, and he only when working hard on a picture. You know that they live for each other, each giving in on certain points: She likes picnics, he hates them—so they picnic in the back yard. She enjoys any movie, he likes only good ones—so they go often and half the time he drags her out in the middle of a picture. You know that neither of them enjoys dinner without the other, so when he's working night and day she dashes down to a restaurant near the studio for a forty-five minute dinner with him, or he dashes home for a hasty meal with her.

You know that Kerry originally caused quite an upheaval in their lives—though both were delighted that she turned out a girl. But during her advent into the world, even Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer experienced the upheaval. Gene was in the middle of a gigantic dance number, with 200 dancers, Tommy Dorsey's orchestra and a couple of thousand stagehands working behind scenes—when word came, at noon sharp, that Betsy was beginning to be a mother. Gene sped off the set in a splendid imitation of *Dagwood*—one flash and he was gone toward the hospital. There then ensued a four-hour wait for the company, who were left standing on their Technicolor toes while Gene paced the hospital corridors on his patent-leather ones. At 4:31 exactly Gene was told of Kerry, and by six o'clock he was back in M-G-M's extravaganza. Nobody said anything when the star reappeared, either. They just sighed and began dancing again.

But otherwise Kerry has fitted in nicely. When she was an infant and parties came their way, the Kellys took her along; and now that she's older they swap her nights with other children-laden families. They have carefully studied her personality, too—and they know that confusion makes her hilarious. Which is why Gene likes to practice his dancing routines in front of her. You've seen him often, flying around his living room, with his mite of a daughter watching in spasms of hysterical laughter.

You also know, by this time, that Gene is a great believer in getting back to New York every few months to see the shows. You know that Betsy's life begins at seven o'clock when Gene comes home . . . that during the day she's a non-luncher-with-the-girls, save on the rare occasions when she goes shopping, when you might catch her lunching with Bunny Waters or Nancy Walker. You know that they are great midnight snackers—her snack invariably being ginger snaps and milk, and his being root beer and any kind of an indigestible sandwich he can concoct from the icebox. You know that they buy everything they want, but since they don't want much they save a lot of money—and buy a lot of Bonds. You know that they never listen to the radio and that they play croquet and Ping-pong steadily and viciously, and that fifteen years from now they hope Gene will still be acting and dancing in the movies. But by that time they also expect to have four children—two boys, two girls—and a fine modern house with every convenience from garbage dispensers to washing machines.

You know all this—and you also know that visiting the Gene Kellys has been an education in gaiety and natural living. But mostly an education in the Kellys!

And P. S.—you'll be back as soon as they ask you. Or sooner!

THE END



## What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 63) can marry without your parents' consent—although that is definitely not the thing to do. However, I wanted you to realize that so that you can go to your parents, knowing that they cannot stop your marriage. This fact should give you courage to do what I think you should.

If the boy is as fine a person as you think, your parents should be happy to know that you have met and fallen in love with him.

The other man whom you mention is actually a type of blackmailer. Under no circumstance should you go out with him as he must be thoroughly unprincipled to take advantage of his chance information.

So the thing to do is to tell your parents the entire story and to ask them to meet the sailor and give their permission for you to see him openly.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I married very young, but my marriage was a failure. Just when I thought I couldn't stand my husband another moment I met and fell in love with a young man. He said he loved me too. He had been married before, but his marriage—like mine—had been unsuccessful.

He asked me to come away from my home with him and he said that, as soon as possible, he would marry me. However, everything has now changed. Each of us has a nice job where we are living, but he refuses to marry me. He says he has changed his mind and that he no longer loves me.

Naturally I am heartbroken because I trusted my life to him. I am so far away from home, relatives and friends, with no one to go to for consolation. I hate to go back home because of the position I once held there.

I just don't know which way to turn.  
Agnes K.

Dear Miss K.:

You are faced, as you admit, with the problem of making a new life for yourself. If this man whom you trusted has said that he no longer loves you, the only thing for you to do is to break off all relations with him and to strike out for yourself.

Your letter comes from a large city, so you could easily move to another part of town and make an effort to gain new friends. Probably you would have to get a new job, too, but that might be an excellent thing for you.

However, if your unhappiness and loneliness became too great a burden, why don't you go back to your old home? If you conduct yourself with dignity, if

you refrain from discussing your experience with anyone, you will soon find some of your old friends welcoming you. And some of your relatives, at least, will understand and stand up for you.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am fourteen and have lived with my aunt and uncle since the death of my parents five years ago.

My older brother has been in the Army for almost a year. He is engaged to be married to a girl that he has dated for a long time. When he was a civilian he saved up enough money to buy a house and he is planning to decide on one for himself and this girl on his next leave. When the house is purchased, this girl will live in it, of course, and my brother wants me to move in with her as he says I am something of a burden on my aunt and uncle. My future sister-in-law makes a very good salary and is willing to take care of me.

The trouble is that I don't like this girl at all. Everyone in the neighborhood is talking about her, saying she runs around with married men. Should I tell my brother that I do not like the girl because I do not think she is faithful, or should I keep my mouth shut and, after they are married, go and live with her?

Madeleine G.

Dear Miss G.:

First to be consulted in this matter, it seems to me, are your uncle and aunt. Although your brother feels that you might be a burden on them, they might not agree. They have undoubtedly become very fond of you and your leaving might cause them a great deal of heartache.

If they are willing that you make your home with your sister-in-law, you really should get to know her very well before you jump to conclusions. It is never wise to listen to gossip—most of it is untrue and all of it is distorted. There must be something admirable about the girl or your brother would never have fallen in love with her, and she must like you or she wouldn't be willing to take care of you and make a home with you.

You see, any girl in business—as your sister-in-law appears to be—meets many married men. Malicious tongues can sometimes twist innocent and impersonal meetings into shameful slander.

One thing you really must not do: Write one word of such talk to your brother. If the stories aren't true, which they probably aren't, you might be ruining two lives. If the stories should be true, your brother will find out from someone other than you.

Claudette Colbert

*Just say the word!*

Whom would you like to see pictured in color in Photoplay? Fill in the ballot box below, then send it to the

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Choose from these smart shades:

ENGLISH TINT New glorification for blondes, or young faces with platinum or gray hair.

LIGHT Coy, devastating on girls with light brown hair, hazel or light eyes and fair skin.

TROPIC Real excitement at last for girls with dark hair, brown eyes and tannish complexion.

PARISIAN New devilment for red heads. Very spectacular on Irish type—dark hair, blue eyes.

MEDIUM Does wonders for dark-haired, dark-eyed charmers with medium complexion tone.

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Please send, free, "Princess Pat Boudoir Beauty Chat" revealing newest secrets that have glorified stage and screen stars. How to acquire added charm, how to conceal blemishes and large pores, hide wrinkles, dark circles and hollows. Enhance the beauty of lips, eyes and complexion.

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"MY POOR HANDS!  
THEY MADE ME FEEL  
LIKE AN OLD TURKEY"

"Dirty old kitchen pots and pans ... cruel to my hands! Making them red ... rough ... old-looking. Making me *feel* as old as an old turkey. *Maddening* ... if you ask me ... when a gal's still young! What to do?"



"Sure I love to see things 'come clean.' But scrubbing ... scouring ... endless hand-washing ... what *they* did to my hands—*wicked!* Then I'd heard that old saying: 'A woman's hands show her true age.'"



"I tried *everything* ... tried like mad to get rid of that roughness and redness ... that 'old' look that Bill, my husband, scolded about. Why, my hands *used* to be soft, white ... *nice!* What a problem now!"



"Problem solved ... a nurse friend said: 'Try Pacquins!' Her hands ... actually in water 30 to 40 times a day ... were smooth, soft ... 'young-looking.' So are mine ... now. Bill says: 'Hurrah for Pacquins!'"

## DO YOU EVER WORRY ABOUT "OLD-LOOKING" HANDS?



Then try **Pacquins**  
HAND CREAM

● If rough, red, old-looking hands are worrying you, try Pacquins! See if this fragrant, white, non-greasy hand cream doesn't make your hands smooth out *faster*, feel smoother *longer*! Formulated originally for doctors and nurses, who scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day.

**Pacquins** HAND CREAM  
At any drug, department, or ten-cent store

My dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl of twenty-two with dark hair and eyes. I am of medium height, slender, and I have a very nice complexion on which I receive many compliments. I have a good many chances to go out on dates and sometimes I accept.

Most of the time I refuse, though, because I am in love with a man who is eight years older than I am. We grew up in the same neighborhood and used to be pals, until he got married. I thought I would forget him when he moved to another town a few miles distant, but as the years have gone by the feeling has got worse and worse. Now we have been going out together quietly. He is very unhappy. He does not love his wife, but he had to marry her because of a youthful mistake.

I know he is terribly in love with me because he cries when he talks about it. He says he cannot go on living with one woman and loving another. He calls me almost every day just to hear my voice and if I go out with another man he almost loses his mind with jealousy. When I had a date with a soldier one night, this man followed us to the dance and stayed there until we left. Then he followed us over to my house.

We have talked about running away together, but I don't think I should do that because, after all, he has been married for seven years and has five children.

He says that he loves me so much that no other man can ever have me.

Elma R.

Dear Miss R.:

*I would say that you are in a very dangerous position. When a married man so far forgets himself as to follow a single girl on her dates, it is a situation that requires careful handling.*

*A man with five children has his life, his future, cut out for him. If, much earlier, he had decided that he loved you so desperately, something might have been done about it, but this is much too late for him to make radical changes. Knowing this, he must have reached an emotional state in which he isn't using his head at all.*

*Ordinarily I don't feel that it is a good policy to run away from a problem, but in a case of this kind I feel that your very life may be at stake. This situation simply can't be faced. There is no satisfactory answer to be obtained.*

*Somehow you should leave the town in which you are living and go as far away as possible. Since you are twenty-two, you are undoubtedly self-supporting and could find work without difficulty. You might consider joining the WACS or the WAVES, an action that would serve your country and solve your personal problem at the same time.*

*It may mean great anguish for you for the present, but certainly there would be no less agony in continuing, year after year, such a hopeless relationship.*

Claudette Colbert

My dear Miss Claudette:

I am sixteen, five feet eleven inches tall, weigh 170 pounds, have chestnut-brown hair and green eyes. I seem to photograph well and sing well. I've had a lot of wild dreams about a movie career.

I've majored in art in school because it is a pursuit that a man does alone. I know that, before I could even start to obtain a career in movies, I would have to do something about my personality. I just haven't any, due to an awful inferiority complex. (I have just made an admission

Buy more War Bonds. Yes, you! Not the other fellow. Fourth War Loan.



I would not make to anyone but myself and you.)

Walter W.

Dear Mr. W.:

Your trouble is that you are trying to do the impossible. It is out of the question for anyone to judge his own personality.

Because you are sixteen, you are going through the most difficult age of your life. Famous writers have found the period so interesting that they have based a good many plays and novels upon teen-age problems. Don't mind being in the awkward age—it doesn't last long.

Stick to your art work for the time being, since it satisfies you. Then, try to associate yourself with one of the Little Theater movements in your city. In this way, if you really have ability, you will discover it and begin to cultivate it.

And you might stumble over a very exciting new personality, lurking there in the wings.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I understand that you are playing the part of the mother of two daughters in your new picture "Since You Went Away." I'm sure you will be a better mother in the picture than many I know.

Nowadays there is always something in the paper about juvenile delinquents. Well, I wonder sometimes if their parents don't drive them to it. Take our family, for instance. There are three of us, all girls. I am nineteen, my next sister is eighteen and the youngest is sixteen.

Helen, the sixteen-year-old, took dancing lessons for a number of years and is considered very good, but the moment my father sets foot in the house at night, she has to forget that she knows anything about tap dancing. He can't stand to hear her practice. When she was in her first dance recital she earned seven dollars, but Father took that.

When she has guests here (which she doesn't much any more) he ridicules her before them, saying that she thinks she is Ginger Rogers or an old-time actress named Isadora Duncan. She occasionally meets one of her boyfriends on a street corner and I don't blame her, although it certainly isn't the nicest thing for a girl to do.

Margaret is the middle sister in our family. She is very pretty and quite popular and wants to use the telephone a lot. Father makes her pay five cents for every call she makes. Furthermore, because she likes cosmetics better than Helen or I do, he makes Marg pay him, out of the fifty cents weekly allowance, the exact sum she has spent during the week on cosmetics.

My chief complaint against the family is that I have a very dear boy friend in the armed forces. He writes to me twice a week regularly. The three of us girls try to work together, to get my letters before Mom or Father do. You see, if our parents get my letters, they open them and read them aloud. Afterward, Mom quotes passages, especially when we have guests. When I protest, Mom says I should develop a sense of humor about puppy love. She says no girl should receive letters her own mother can't read. That isn't the point, because this boy writes very pleasant, friendly letters.

My family aren't hillbillies, really. My mother is president of Ladies Aid and my father is very successful in business. It's just that they don't try to see things from

Because Freedom isn't rationed, the price is high; but in all the world there's no better buy.

# What to tell your husband

## if he objects to your getting a war-time job

**BUT I CAN SUPPORT OUR FAMILY!**



**1. ANSWER:** It isn't a question of pride! Millions more women *must* take jobs or our war effort will bog down! It means winning the war—saving lives of our boys! It's up to each husband to help his wife get a job.

**BUT HOW DOES A CIVILIAN JOB HELP?**



**2. ANSWER:** Just as fighters need weapons, so civilians need restaurants, stores, buses, laundries, etc., to keep going. That's why housewives, with vital *civilian* jobs, speed victory as much as girls in war plants!

**BUT I MIGHT GET DRAFTED SOONER!**



**3. ANSWER:** A wife's job does not, in itself, affect her husband's draft status in any way. And isn't it better for you to get a *job* now—if he's called anyway—and have a plan to support yourself and family?

**WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT SOME OTHER TIME!**



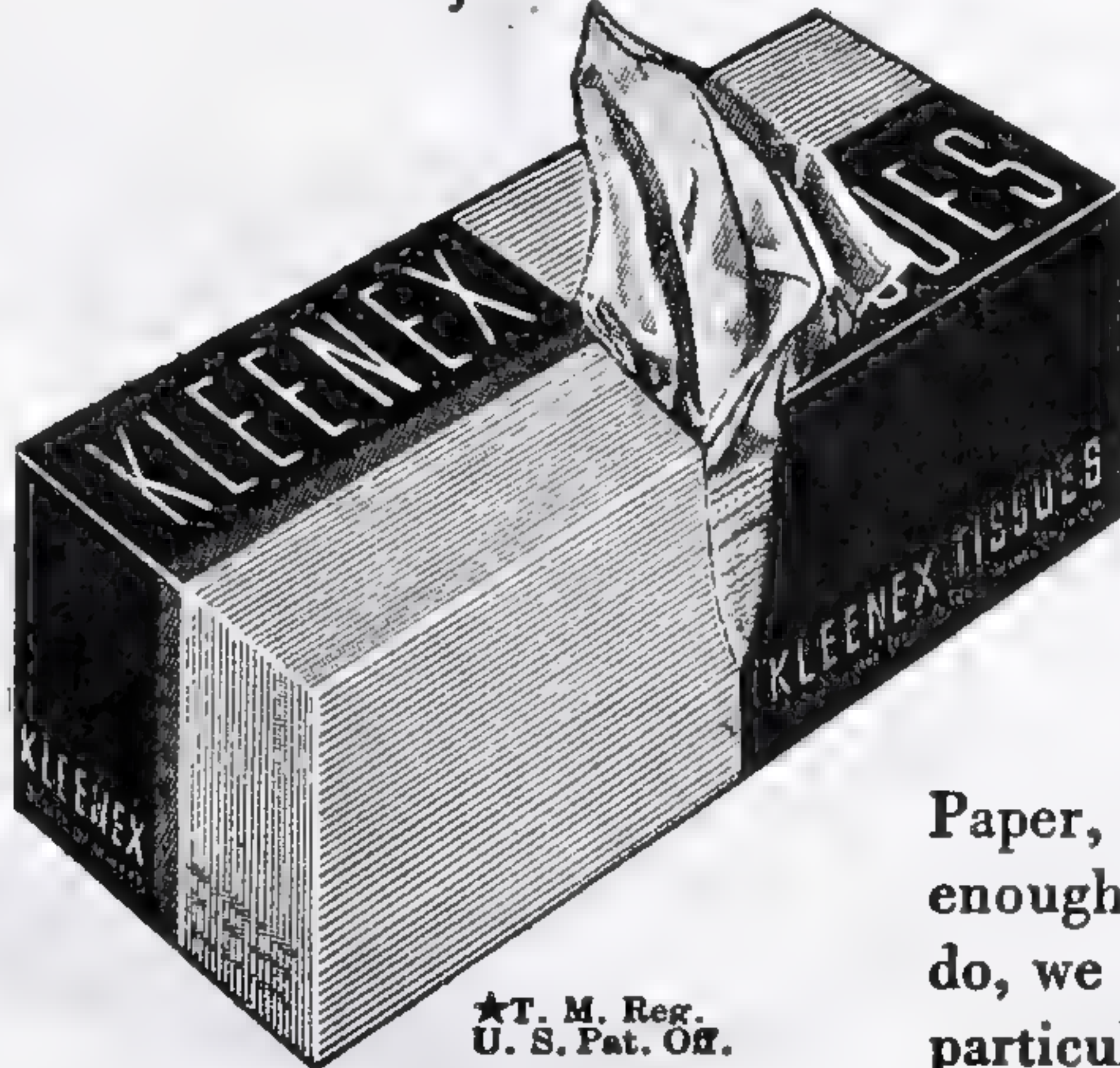
**4. ANSWER:** Right now *is* the time to discuss it! Because your country needs women *at once*! Millions of them! With or without experience! Full or part time! In war plants and in civilian jobs.

**BUT HOW CAN YOU FIND A JOB?**



**5. ANSWER:** Easy! Your newspaper want ads show the kind of jobs in *your* town. And you can get free advice at your local U. S. Employment Service Office. "*The More Women at Work—The Sooner We'll Win!*"

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Paper, too, has a war-time job . . . that's why there's not enough Kleenex to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain *Kleenex quality* in every particular, consistent with government regulations.



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Take it from lovely Virginia Grey, you can't go wrong with the famous 3-Way Glover's Treatment if it's hair-beauty that you want! Follow her advice and use ALL THREE Glover's preparations—any ONE separately, or all in one complete treatment. Many other Hollywood stars use this treatment—Glover's famous Mange Medicine—Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Try all three—ask at your favorite Drug Store—or mail the coupon today!

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☐ Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c to cover postage and packing.

our viewpoint. Could you write an open letter to parents, making some suggestions about their conduct, please.

Alyse T.

Dear Miss T.:

What you need, I believe, far more than an open letter to all parents, is an open forum discussion with your own family. I know that children are handicapped, when they try to express their feelings, by a slight fear of their parents and a sense of awe. In after years you will learn to speak up without hesitation and you will wonder why you didn't voice some of your younger sentiments.

I understand the viewpoint of you three girls very clearly; I am trying to understand that of your parents.

In the first place, the constant practice of tap dancing might be a bit wearing on a man's nerves after a hard day at the office, so wouldn't it be possible for Helen to complete her day's practicing before her father came home?

As to the telephoning, that, too, might aggravate the weariness of parents who have been busy all day. I'm certain your father doesn't mean to be parsimonious in making Margaret pay for her telephone calls; he is simply trying to regulate the number of conversations—a wise plan, particularly if you have a party line. He is also trying to restrict the amount of cosmetics Margaret buys, by doubling the price—a domestic inflation policy, you see!

Those are minor problems which you, thinking them over, will agree can be adjusted.

Now for the larger things. I know that ridicule always seems cruel. However, since time began, apparently, older persons have looked upon nascent talent with a grin. When your father teases Helen about her tap dancing, he doesn't mean to be cruel—I'm sure—he means only to be funny. And when your mother quotes passages out of your letters, she has no intention of infuriating you. She must have forgotten the spirit in which she read her own early love letters.

I remember that I had a beau, when I was your age, who wrote me very nice letters. Mother once opened a letter. I went to her and told her how I felt about

that. After that, she never touched my mail, but I made it a point to read my letters, then to hand them on to her.

When you have your family council, you might suggest that your letters be handled with the same respect. Since you are the eldest girl, you should also suggest that Helen meet her friends on your own front porch—without humorous comment from your father.

The most important factor in family life is mutual respect for one another's outlook. If you will explain your feelings to your parents and get their side of the difficulty, too, I think you will all be very happy.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Not so long ago I received a letter from my wife telling me she was not in love with me any more. The trouble started when I enlisted. I knew I was going to be drafted eventually, anyway, because our baby was born ten months after Pearl Harbor, so he didn't count as a dependent. My wife can't seem to forgive me for enlisting. She has said often, and repeated it in her letter, that if I loved her and the baby I wouldn't have gone away.

I've tried to explain how I felt about serving my country and about how much more sensible it was for me to enlist when I could get into the Army work that I liked, but she says she can't understand a man leaving home if he is really happy. She says I just wanted to get away from her.

I'm to go overseas at any time now, so I don't know what to do. I love her and don't want to lose her or my boy. On the other hand, since she keeps insisting on a divorce, perhaps I'm being selfish. Do you think a man should wait until this thing is over, and then try to work things out, or should I let her have her own way?

Any solution you can think up will be appreciated.

George M.

Dear Soldier:

I know that a good many women whose husbands joined up were resentful at first. However, most of them slowly got over that attitude and began to glory in the patriotism of their men.

From your letter I judge that your wife

\*\*\*\*\*

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

I have read with constantly increasing interest the reader advice section of Photoplay. I consider it an honor to have been selected to continue this series and I shall look forward each month to the arrival of letters from readers.

I shall do my very best to be of aid to anyone who has a problem, large or small, and I hope that my efforts will be in keeping with the high standards that have been maintained by my predecessor, Bette Davis.

Most sincerely  
Claudette Colbert

Working girl: Miss Colbert with letters from readers



really wants a divorce because she is angry with you, not because she has ceased to love you and there is another person in her life.

In that case, you can very well wait. She will soon get to know other wives whose husbands are in service and she will realize that men are sometimes activated by a spirit bigger than love of home.

One thing you could do is to write long, affectionate letters as often as possible. You might tell her that it isn't fair to give her a divorce simply because you can't be near her. Tell her how much you miss her and the baby and how much she means to you.

If she really loves you, she will forgive you and welcome you back when the war is over.

Claudette Colbert

My dear Miss Colbert:

I am bringing my problem to you because it is of such a nature that I can't discuss it with my friends.

I am seventeen and I am in love with a very nice boy who is in the Army. He loves me, but he is away at camp most of the time.

Here in town there is a man who is continually forcing his attention on me. He is twelve years my senior, is married and has a child five years old.

He has told me time and again that he loves me. He knows perfectly well that I am in love and plan to be married when the war is over, but he says any little crumb of affection I can give him will make him very happy.

Every day he telephones me at my office and begs me to see him, if only for a few minutes. I have refused to see him and I am curt on the telephone, but he manages to meet me on the street in apparently coincidental ways.

His wife is one of my best friends. Of course she doesn't dream how he behaves. Would you, if you were I, go to this man's wife and tell her everything? It might hurt her terribly, but on the other hand she might think that I had encouraged his attention. Please believe me that I did not. I met him in her home for the first time.

Allene M.

Dear Miss M.:

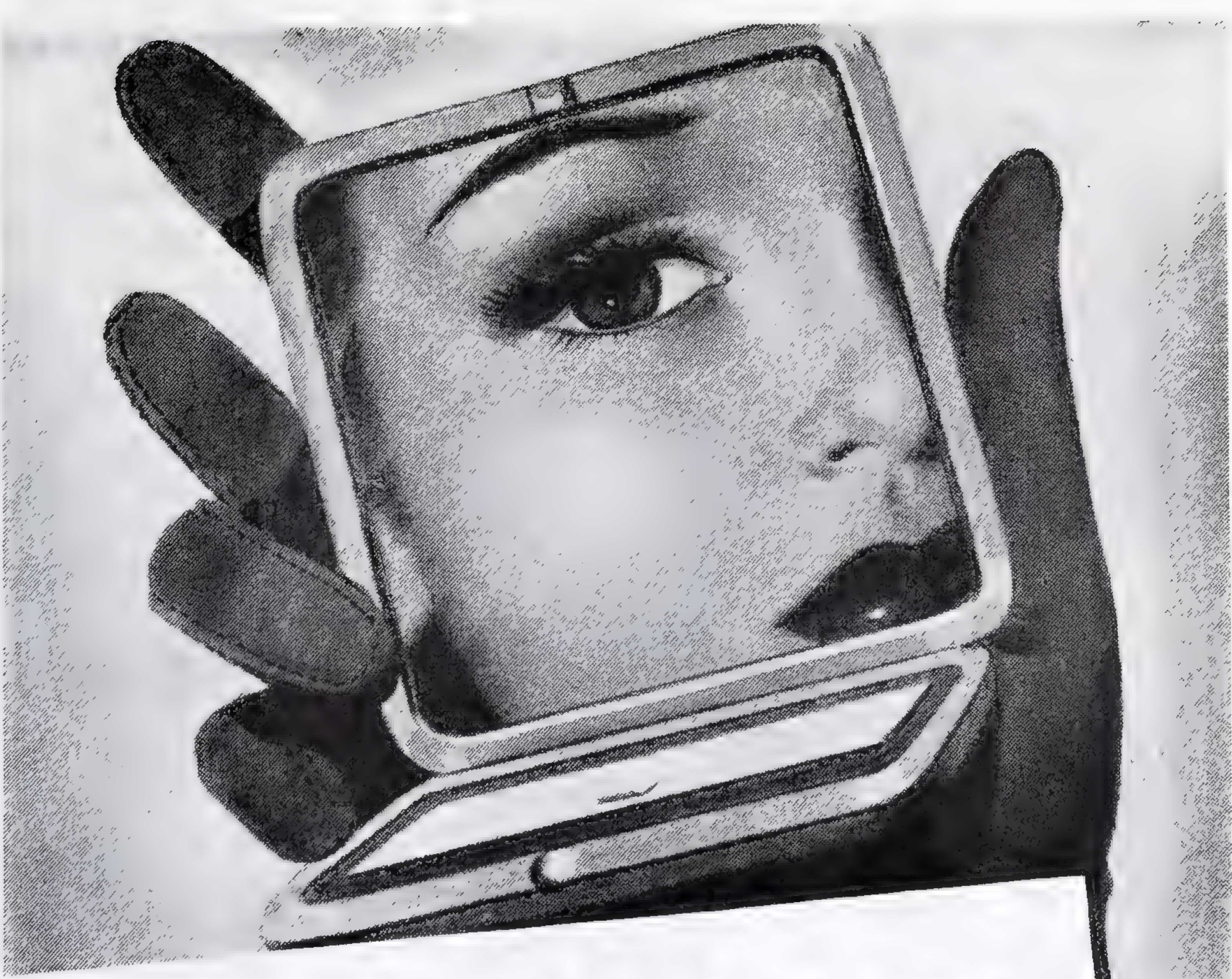
Although you say you have been curt with this man, I think you may not have been nearly abrupt enough. You should tell him that, unless he ceases his attentions, you will go to his wife and tell her everything.

However, you should use this simply as a threat. Under no circumstances tell her about her husband. She wouldn't believe you, in all probability, and if she did she would be so hurt that you would blame yourself always.

In addition to your telling this man candidly and coldly how you feel about the situation, you should avoid going to their home. There is always a chance that the man is really serious. In that case the sooner you stop seeing him, the easier it will be for everyone concerned.

Claudette Colbert

If you would like to write Miss Colbert—either to discuss your problem with her or tell her how you have overcome a personal difficulty, address your letter to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.



# Which light robs your skin of youth?

In the sun's bright glare or in the soft glow of candle light here's a face powder you can count on to stay true in color day or night, to flatter your complexion with smooth allure. . . . It's Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder in the six fascinating new shades, each one Color-True!

## When a Girl Needs Help



No woman needs to be told how light plays havoc with the appearance of her skin! The same complexion that looks so radiantly young and clear by your dressing-table light may look years older in the revealing brilliance of day . . . each tiny line and blemish betrayed!



But now the glorious, new Color-True Shades of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder can solve this problem. Yes, among these new Color-True Shades, there's a particular one to give your skin a subtle and flattering coloring! Tiny blemishes disappear under its downy texture as it imparts an irresistible look of bride-like freshness to your skin!

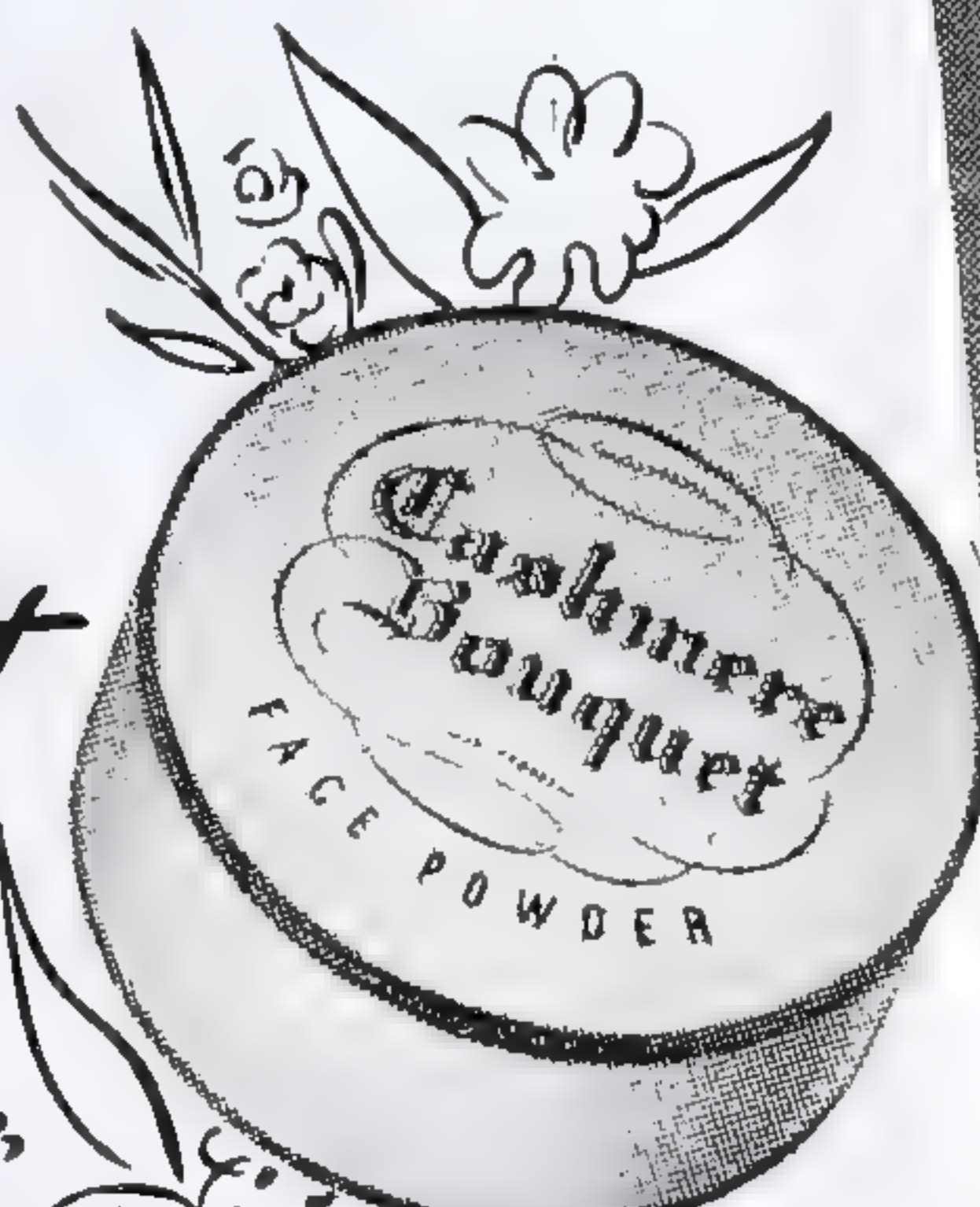


Yes, your flattering new shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder can never betray you! It clings smoothly, flatters your skin's clear, tempting young loveliness in all kinds of light, because we make it Color-True!

You'll find your new Color-True Shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder, in 10¢ and larger sizes, at all cosmetic counters!

SIX NEW COLOR-TRUE SHADES

# Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder





# America's BEAUTY FAVORITE



\$1.-50c-25c-10c

HAMPDEN'S powder base is the *cream stick* that really spreads evenly and cleanly . . . is applied directly to your face, without water or sponge . . . won't dry out your skin! Try it—and you'll have lovely make-up always.

## POWD'R-BASE

*hampden*

Buy Bonds FIRST

Why have women bought over 25 million HAMPDEN POWD'R-BASE sticks? Because it does more for their complexion than *any other* make-up foundation.

### NEVER CAUSES DRY SKIN

Helps hide lines, blemishes.

● *it really does!*

Makes powder cling indefinitely.

● *it really does!*

Gives a smooth, youthful appearance.

● *it really does!*

## Grace-note on Greer

(Continued from page 35) often and is not shy about entertaining the soldiers, sailors and Marines. She also plays camp shows and was on the recent Bond Tour with the Hollywood players. She was one of the big favorites. While on this tour, she wrote a song with Judy Garland and Lucille Ball, which they sang as a trio to amuse the other actresses and actors.

The song was called "I've Got Those Rooney-Skelton-Pidgeon Blues," in which she kidded herself for the sedate, ladylike roles she plays in pictures, saying that she would like to go cavorting around with some Mr. Deeds instead of always being Mrs. Pidgeon.

She is not interested in clothes except for necessary decorative effect. Her favorite colors are jade-green and blue. She sticks to solid, primary colors. She doesn't go in for much jewelry. She is stunning in a red dress.

In the way of food, her tastes are not fancy. She has a love for Irish stew and potatoes. She drinks buttermilk by the quart. Her favorite tonic is lime juice.

Her favorite occupation, she'll tell you, is learning. She is always eager to learn new things and devotes time to studying—economics, politics—things she believes she should know. She likes to be called upon to make a speech.

She seldom wears a hat and most always carries a long handkerchief, which she struggles with. She adores receiving tiny gifts, but is always thrilled when she receives any gift. She is very economical and still has a jade-green silk nightgown which was given to her by a group of her colleagues in England.

She sleeps in a medium-sized bed and always sleeps on a small pillow. No matter where she sleeps, she always takes this small pillow with her. She always wears a nightgown, generally jade-green or blue, and they are always flimsy. She reads herself to sleep every night.

She washes her hair herself, and always gives it a hundred strokes with a stiff brush before going to bed at night and upon getting up in the morning. Instead of spending money in a beauty parlor, as the average girl does, she saves this money and treats herself to a bottle of champagne and uses a cup of it to rinse her hair.

The End

## FLAME-GLO

*Salutes*

### THE GIRL OF TODAY

All America pays tribute to the girls who are doing their bit in the war effort . . . in the service and on the home front. And we're proud that Flame-Glo does its bit to keep them beautiful! The high standards of Flame-Glo Lipstick have made it a favorite everywhere; though the quantity is limited, the quality has never been lowered! Featured in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes, with matching Rouge and Face Powder at 10¢ each.

JUMBO SIZE LIPSTICK 25¢

AT ALL 5 & 10¢ STORES

*Flame-Glo*  
KEEPS YOU KISSABLE

## Tune in the BLUE NETWORK

### Listen To—"My True Story"

—a new and different story every day. Stories about the lives of real people; their problems, their loves, their adventures—presented in cooperation with the editors of True Story magazine.

Check your local newspaper for local time of this

## BLUE NETWORK PRESENTATION

EVERY DAY

Mon. through Fri.

3:15 to 3:45 (EWT)



## "I'm Glad I Married an Older Man!"

(Continued from page 53) young as your heart." They set little patterns for themselves to follow. They force themselves. They are the men who date their daughter's friends; the women who make a play for boys younger than their sons.

They do it on purpose—and the purpose fails them. I believe it is because they are trying so hard. Trying so desperately that it is pathetic to watch.

I'm against all that. I feel sure that you are as young, or as old, as you are. You don't dictate the terms to Life—Life dictates to you. Just as Pev is young for his age, without ever thinking about the years, and I am old for mine (though it took me some time to find that out), our lives as we have lived them have moulded us. We didn't have a thing to do with it.

I'm betting on my marriage because I know myself. The records say I'm twenty. But I know better. For, you see, I'm old for my years.

It's quite natural, too. When most kids were playing hopscotch on the sidewalks, I was learning to make up my face to appear older. And I was going out to work.

I never had a childhood. Not that I'm complaining. Now I'm glad. It means that I telescoped the unhappy, uncomfortable period of growing up. I got through it in double time. I never did anything that adolescents of my own age did. I was too busy.

My family was not well-to-do. Father made a modest living and kept six of us on one hundred and eighty dollars a month. I never went to bed without my supper—but many times it was only cornbread and sweet milk.

Mother had ambitions toward acting. Her parents had been too strict with her to indulge them. The devil and the stage were inseparable when Mother was a girl. So she watched her children develop and looked for one into whom she could pour her thwarted ambitions.

My oldest sister was quiet and like Father. I wasn't. I didn't like helping with the housework—I liked play-acting. I was just what Mother had dreamed one of her children would be.

She pushed me ahead. She contrived to get me lessons in singing, dancing and music. She managed to wangle dramatic training for me. By the time I was eleven I knew I wanted to be a singer. I was large for my age and mother helped me to learn about make-up. I looked fourteen, maybe fifteen. Then I started to get jobs at photographic modeling. I went to school half the day and worked the other half.

I made money that helped the family. With that, came a feeling of responsibility. Then, too, I was always thrown with older people. That grows a girl up—and fast.

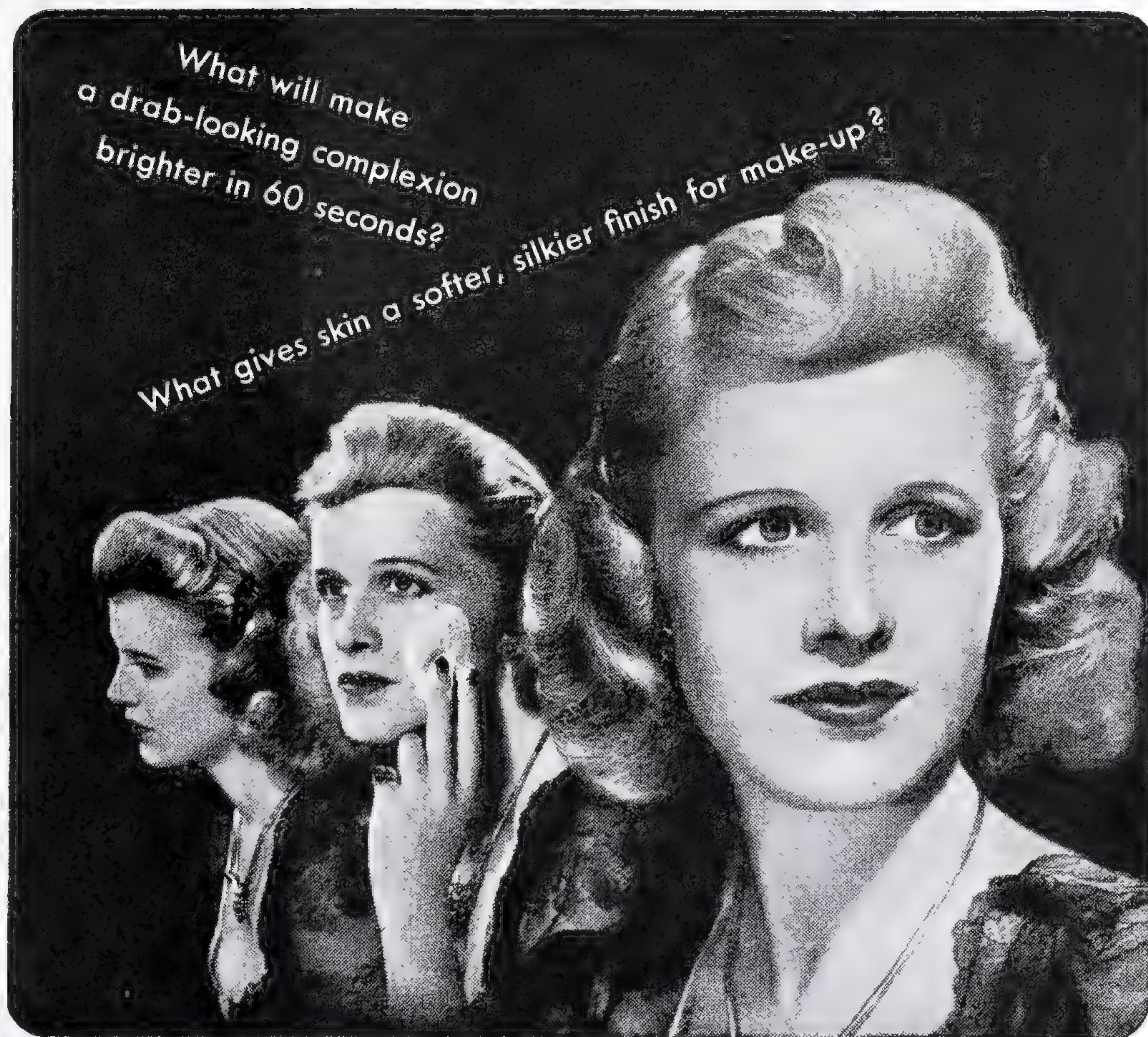
I wanted to get into the movies and Mother wanted me to. It's an old story by now but there were three different times when I almost made it. Twice I was brought out to Hollywood and twice sent back. "Too young," they said. It wasn't easy for me. The kids I had known at school taunted me with my failure.

"So you're not good enough for the movies, yah! yah!" they teased. That drove me even further away from my own generation. It almost made me bitter—but not quite.

No race is won at the start. Be in at the finish. Fourth War Loan.

MRS. NICHOLAS R. DU PONT says:

# "Check off these beauty problems



What will make  
a drab-looking complexion  
brighter in 60 seconds?  
What gives skin a softer, silkier finish for make-up?

## with my 1-Minute Mask!"

"The quickest, most refreshing complexion pick-me-up that I know is a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream," says lovely Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont, Wilmington society leader.

"The moment my skin begins to feel rough and look not quite fresh, I smooth and brighten it with a 1-Minute Mask."

*This 1-Minute Mask helps glamorize your skin too! . . .*  
Just spread a cool mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face—except eyes. Tissue off after one minute. The cream's "keratolytic" action loosens and dissolves ugly little chappings and imbedded dirt specks.

Your complexion is "re-styled"! Fresher, more sparkling, lighter! Smoother, softer—and ready to hold make-up for hours!

**IMPORTANT!** Save glass and manpower—get Pond's Vanishing Cream in a BIG jar. (Don't worry if Pond's "war caps" are not Pond's green—the cream itself is lovely as ever!)



"What's more—it's an excellent powder base!"

"Before make-up—when I don't give myself a Mask—a very light foundation of Pond's Vanishing Cream holds powder beautifully," Mrs. du Pont says.

TAKE A JOB! THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN!



# War Work IS TOUGH ON YOUR SKIN



See how quickly Noxzema helps heal ugly externally-caused skin irritations . . . pimples . . . work-roughened hands!



Even at home, war days mean more exposure. Thousands find Noxzema brings grand relief to windburn, chapped lips, rough, red "housework" hands.



**Here's quick relief for  
sore, chapped hands,  
painful irritations\***

**W**HEN you're plagued with common, everyday skin troubles these days—think of Noxzema! Because Noxzema is not merely a cream, but a *medicated formula*. That's why it not only soothes, but *helps heal* so many externally-caused skin irritations. Noxzema is greaseless, non-sticky, too! It won't stain clothes or bed linen. Get a jar at any drug counter today—and see how many ways it will help you! 35¢, 50¢ and \$1.

\*externally-caused



These days there's even more work around the house! Use Noxzema for minor burns, to help keep hands soft and smooth.



Noxzema Specially Prepared for Shaving gives a grand, smooth, easy shave—even with cold water. Thousands of servicemen use it regularly, either before lathering or as a brushless shave.

Then I was brought out to Hollywood to stay. Pev Marley photographed my test for my first part in "Hotel For Women." He photographed the film and the next one also, "Daytime Wife," and then "Stardust."

He taught me about working in front of a camera and, while doing that, he became my first friend in Hollywood—and the best friend I ever had. I think I must have begun to fall in love with him then. But he treated me like a cousin, niece or something. He was always there to advise me, to hear my problems, to let me sob my troubles out to him. But he was never very personal—just friendly.

**H**E was married at the time. That meant I didn't think of him in the usual man-woman way. And I was full of my first case of puppy-love. That story, too, is old now. I thought I was in love with Jaime Jorba, a Spaniard I had met in Dallas. Then Mother and I, a year after we had been in Hollywood, went to Mexico to see Jaime.

It was a lovely, breathless, timeless thing that Jaime and I had. All moonlight and scented evenings. But it wasn't love—not the way I know it now. Jaime wanted me to give up my acting and live as any Spanish wife. But I wasn't ready for that. Somehow, I couldn't think of the future with Jaime—but only of the precious present.

When I broke off with Jaime, I was very unhappy. I cried it all out to Pev. He was a wonderful listener, a wonderful sounding board—so sympathetic and so understanding. Pev was my true friend.

All the next years, he was my closest friend—except he never let me get any closer than that platonic feeling he had set at the beginning. Even his divorce didn't change that. He would kiss me sometimes, on the forehead—and break my heart. For I had finally discovered that I was in love with him.

That knowledge crept up on me. I had been going around with the younger set here in town, with Jane Withers, Bunn Granville, George Montgomery, Maureen O'Hara and that crowd. They were nice, but I always felt a little lost with them, a little out of things. It was more fun just to sit and talk with Pev.

Then I started going out with Hollywood bachelors, the men who make a business of beaming movie girls. The wolf-pack all with the same tired lines, the same empty nonsense, the same ideas of seeing and being seen—and none of that appealed to me.

When I almost made the greatest mistake of my life by nearly eloping with one of them, I came to my senses in a hurry. I decided that pride was stupid. I would tell Pev I loved him and get matters straight. The worst he could do was tell me to go along and roll my hoop.

It took a lot of courage—but I did it. When I mumbled my confession out to him, all he said was: "How can you fall in love with an old buzzard like me?"

"Do you love me or don't you?" I asked him—my heart in my throat.

"I've always adored you," he said.

I thought that was that. But it wasn't. For Pev didn't ask me to marry him then. Over the next seven months, he kept telling me the difference between loving and being "in love." He wanted me to be sure—and all the time I was and was just waiting for him to say the word. Then I enlisted in the Army. More months passed. I stopped going out on dates. I taught myself to cook. I worked on my drawing—and I waited.

**Buy all the Bonds you can and then on more. Fourth War Loan.**



When he was on leave, we never went to night spots or out in public. I was already tired of acquaintances telling me he was so much too old for me. I didn't want any cheap talk, any gossip items. Then, one beautiful, starry night, he suddenly said: "Linda, will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?"

"Yes . . . yes . . . yes . . . yes!" I almost shouted at him.

And so we eloped with Annie Miller as bridesmaid and his best friend, Bill Heath, as best man.

YES, I know myself and I know Pev Marley—and I have known how I feel about him for almost a full quarter of my life span.

There are other reasons for betting on my marriage. We share the same tastes. He's teaching me to play golf and I'm teaching him to ride. We have our careers here in Hollywood, we are both in the same field and we can talk over our work together—as Pev has done with me on my new picture, "And So Tomorrow." But that's not nearly so important as this one fact—we trust each other. I bow to his ideas, knowing he'll steer me right—he's never let me down and I know he never will.

It's just as I told him when we got married: "I'll never play games, Pev. I'll never flirt with other men to make you jealous. I don't believe in it." And neither does he.

We have the same friends. Pev is the most normal man I know in Hollywood. He's been one of the ace cameramen here long enough to have weeded out the phonies, just the way I want them weeded out of my life. We are having, and will go on having, a thoroughly normal marriage—in spite of the odds against it in this movie-making madhouse.

We want children—a family of them. And at last we have a house. The house is Us. Together we have so much to plan, so much to build. Together—and that is such a beautiful word.

I'm betting on our marriage. And I only wish that all the other women in the world who have found the men they love could share the deep, sweet warmth that glows inside me because I love Pev Marley and am married to him.

THE END



"... tens of thousands of children had neither shoes nor coats"—that is the report from Greece. Carole Landis does her share for the old-clothes basket. Will you do yours?



ONLY FIBS\* OF ALL TAMPONS GIVE YOU ALL THREE



## 1. FIBS ARE QUILTED



...for more comfort, greater safety in *internal* protection—that's why, with Fibs, there's no danger of cotton particles clinging to delicate membranes. And quilting *controls* expansion . . . so Fibs don't fluff up to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

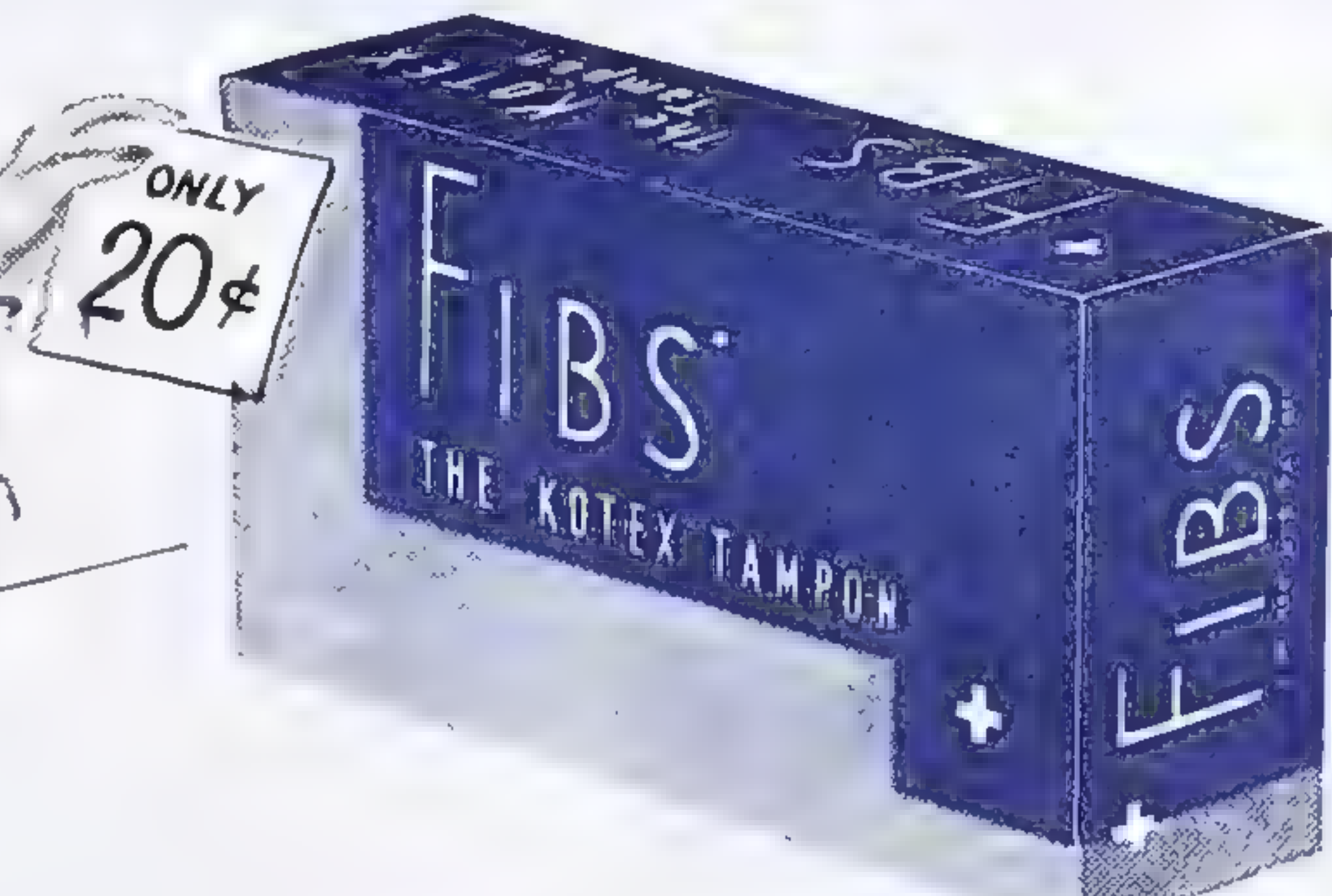
## 2. FIBS HAVE ROUNDED ENDS



...smooth, gently tapered ends... for *easy insertion!* Unlike any leading tampon you've ever tried. Your own eyes tell you that Fibs *must* be easier to use! You'll like the just-right size of Fibs...they're not too large, not too tiny.



## 3. FIBS—THE KOTEX\* TAMPON



... a name you know, a tampon you can trust. No other brand is made of Cellucotton, the soft, *super* absorbent used in Kotex and demanded by many of America's foremost hospitals! In Fibs, as in Kotex, there's no compromise with quality...you get protection as safe as science can make it.

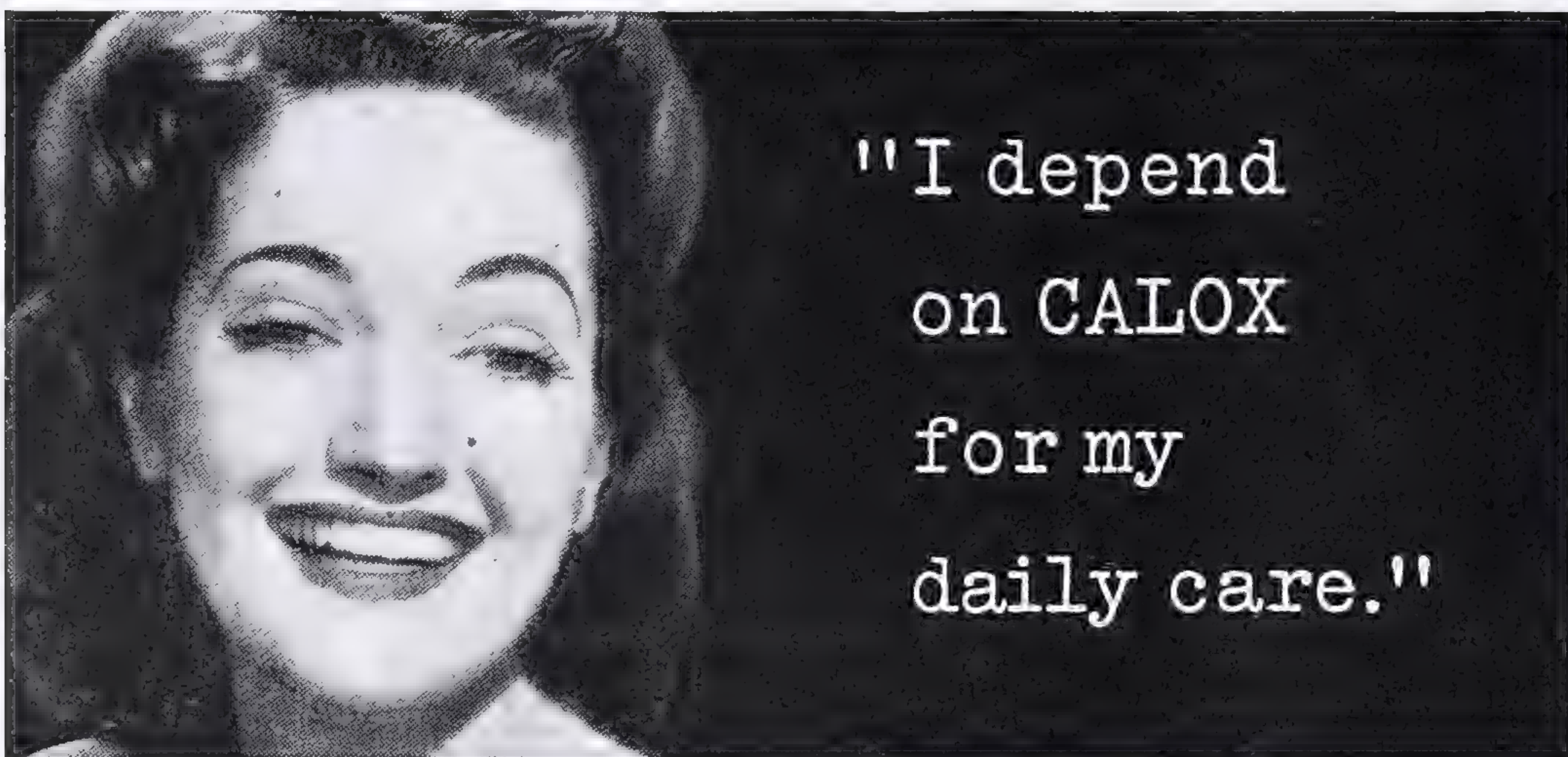
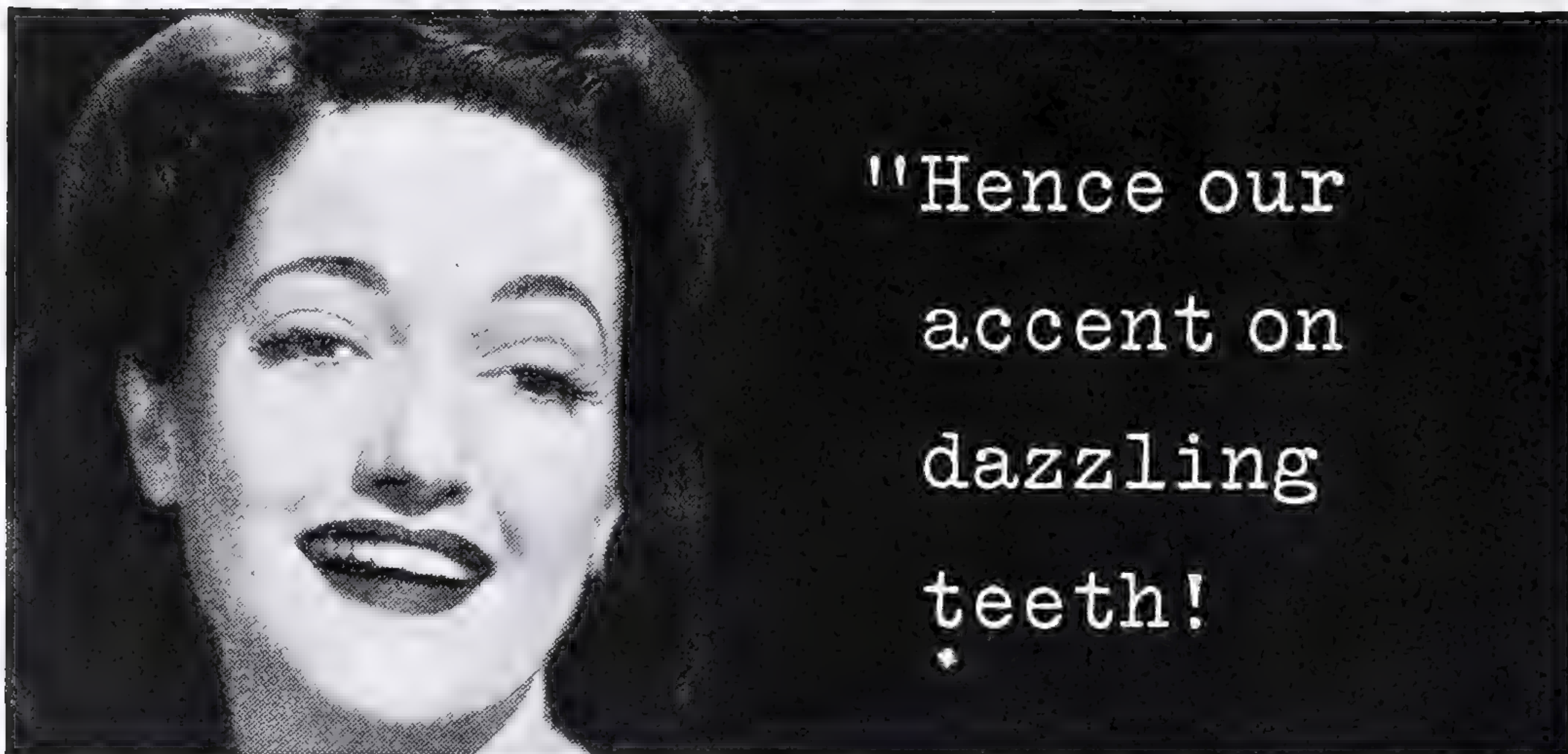
(\*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protection



# DOROTHY LAMOUR speaking:

Star of "RIDING HIGH," a Paramount Production.



## A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want *utmost brilliance* consistent with utmost gentleness. Look for these *professional* features:

1. Scrupulous cleansing. Your teeth have a notably clean *feel* after using Calox.
2. Unexcelled efficiency. Calox gently cleans away surface stains, loosens mucin plaque.
3. Especially lustrous polishing.
4. No mouth-puckering, medicine taste. Contains no strong ingredients. Even children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. Made by McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.—a laboratory with over 100 years experience in making fine drugs.

## CALYORK'S Inside Stuff



Betty Jane Greer, who is now the bride of Coast Guard Lt. . . .

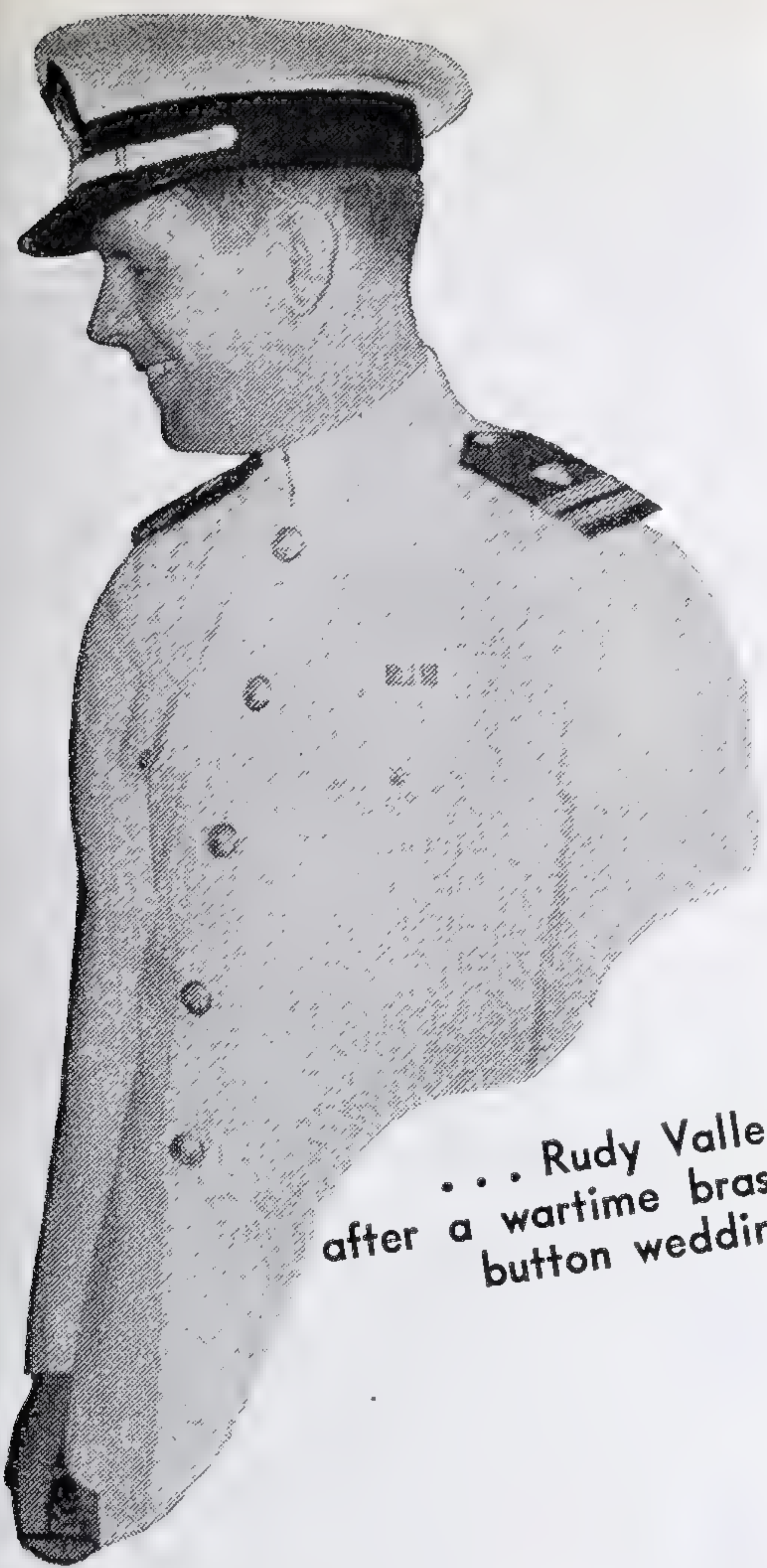
(Continued from page 17) episode was unfortunate in that Anne's friends were shocked at the announced engagement and forthcoming marriage in the first place. But Hollywood holds her in no way to blame.

**The Show Goes On:** The words coming over the air shocked every listener. Bud Abbott was telling the world of the dreadful thing that had just befallen his pal Lou Costello. Lou had just that minute finished his first comedy radio skit in over a year. Lou's baby boy, the year-old "Butch" that he had adored, had drowned two hours before the broadcast.

It was Lou's doctor who insisted the actor go on and do the show. The physician feared, after Lou's long bout with rheumatic fever, he would suffer a serious relapse unless he had something to bring him out of the shock quickly. So, while Mickey Rooney and Bob Hope stood by to take over in case the comic collapsed, he went on the air and was never funnier. But the throaty catch in the voice of the guest star, Lana Turner, was discernible even though not understood by the vast audience who little dreamed of the awful tragedy.

All Hollywood expressed its sympathy and love for the man who has done so much for others, the man who from his sick bed saw to it a little boy's life was saved by having rushed to him a precious drug. That little boy lived. Lou's died. And with him went a part of the great heart that is Lou's.





... Rudy Vallee,  
after a wartime brass-  
button wedding

**Last-Minute Flashes:** Victor McLaglen, two-fisted hero of movies, married Suzanne Brueggemann, his secretary for the past six years. Miss Brueggemann is a granddaughter of Mrs. Susan T. Rockefeller of Boston, and an accomplished horsewoman.

Lynn Bari made a beautiful bride. We hear tell husband Sid Luft, who suffered many an accident as a test pilot, may become an actor on the Hollywood roster.

Martha O'Driscoll borrowed Marjorie Reynolds' long underwear for that Alaskan tour she's scheduled to make sometime in the near future with Errol Flynn.

Cal hears tell the stork may be hovering over Martha's menage, which should please husband Lieutenant Commander Richard Adams, so perhaps Mr. Flynn may take along another partner.

Lou Costello faced his draft board with the expressed hope Uncle Sam would take him. Considering Lou's recent bout with rheumatic fever, the comedian seems doomed to disappointment. Anyway, Costello will be thirty-eight in March.

Laird Cregar hopes his overseas jaunt will take off those last thirty pounds that must come off. It probably will, too.

Two Hollywood gals, Ginger Rogers and Marlene Dietrich, are feeling blue since their men went away. Ginger's husband, Jackie Briggs of the Marines, went overseas with his unit and Jean Gabin, Dietrich's boy friend, is preparing to join forces with the Free French.

Add Maria Montez, who misses her husband, Jean Pierre Aumont, to the list and you've really got a sorrowful threesome.



Even in a closed box, baby wouldn't be safe from harmful germs. These germs are everywhere, often cause common baby skin troubles such as prickly heat, diaper rash. To protect baby, best powder is Mennen. More *antiseptic!* Round photos above prove it. Centers of plates contain 3 leading baby powders. In gray areas, *germs thrive*; but in dark band around Mennen powder (far right), germ growth has been prevented!

## Startling differences in baby powders!



Baby wiggles even when he eats, shown by speed camera. And each wiggle rubs baby's skin. That's why it's important to use the *smoothest* baby powder—Mennen. Round photos above show 3 leading baby powders seen thru microscope. Mennen (far right) is smoother, finer in texture. That's due to special "hammerizing" process which makes Mennen Baby Powder the *best* protection against chafing. Delicate new scent keeps baby *lovelier*.

Want the best  
for your baby?



3 out of 4 doctors said in survey—baby powder should be antiseptic. It is if it's Mennen.





*For your Crown  
of Glamour* ★

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**DUART**

**PERMANENT WAVE  
LIQUID RINSE**

MARTHA SCOTT, starring with John Wayne in, "In Old Oklahoma"

JEWELLS BY TOBIAS, BEVERLY HILLS

**Oh Susanna!**

(Continued from page 51) yet it wasn't personal with Susie, any more than had been the case in her brush with the sergeant. For this is really fact, remarkable as it may be: This grand-looking nineteen-year-old, earning good money, with a bright future and the attractive quality that every girl values highly, *has no dates*. That's right!

In solving that mystery you can throw out complexes, inhibitions and all the other fancy explanations that people (mostly men) use to explain why any given girl doesn't fall at some fellow's feet. Susie is normal, warm-hearted, full of health, vitally exuberant.

What, then, is the no-date reason?

Let Susie, who is sometimes delightfully naïve, talk. "I have been thinking about this problem for two years," she says gravely, "and about two weeks ago I figured out the answer." At nineteen! "I guess I work off my sorrows, excitements and any tendency to loneliness by singing. Flirting is simply out of my line. When I fall in love it's going to be all the way. I think I'll wait till the real thing comes along."

Susie, understand, goes out with parties of young people. But she ducks one-couple dates because she doesn't feel she is prepared to make one boy the biggest thing in her life, just yet.

Don't forget, too, that the real interest that dominates Susie and puts almost every other interest in the shade is music. She now knows "La Traviata" and "La Boheme" and expects to add four more complete operas to her store of knowledge this year.

**N**OT so long ago, but long enough to be B. P. (Before "Phantom") Susie was living in quite a small house when she decided to have her father and two sisters come to live with her again. "Girls," she announced firmly, "need a woman's hand." To which Kathleen, aged seventeen, and Vicki, aged fifteen, said fervently, "She certainly doesn't hesitate to apply it!"

Mr. Foster, who has been separated from his wife for several years, is an amiable man, with health not too good and a couple of inexpensive hobbies that keep him busy—along with the time he spends gazing in admiration or bewilderment at his three lively daughters.

In their small place Susie's hours kept the family in an uproar. She would frequently wake at three in the morning, brew herself a pot of tea and, of course, get the singing urge. This was hard on other members of the household, but the pay-off came one night when Susie, at that same favorite three o'clock hour, made a discovery. If she piled furniture high enough, with a bureau flat on the bed and then a chair on the bureau, she could look out over all Los Angeles and Hollywood. After several collapses of the pile, Mr. Foster and the girls came in—to save the pieces. "Do you suppose, Susie, we're a little too much for you?" they inquired mildly.

Just at that time, in the midst of Hollywood's worst housing shortage, one of the Universal publicity men met a woman who said, "I want to go to Mexico for six months. Do you think I could rent my house?" Susie and her tribe moved in on December sixth, her nineteenth birthday, and no kid with a new doll has ever been happier. The establishment is large enough for Susie to have her own bedroom—and-

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**MINIT-RUB**

**FAST 3-WAY RELIEF FROM COLD DISTRESS**





living-room-suite, sound-proof from the rest of the house. The other family members have ample room, too. The place is completely furnished and the rent is modest in a year when most rents are extravagantly immodest. As Susie says, "Whenever luck hits me it hits me in bunches."

MUCH of the fun that Susie, her sisters and their girl friends have is likely to begin with Susie's persistent but jinxed attempts to cook. One night she finally told a group, "Oh, I'm just ruining food. As a punishment, I'm going down to Main Street and eat at one of those really cheap restaurants by the Union Station."

Typically inconsistent, she put on her most Mrs. Astorbilt outfit—furs, black hat, black chiffon dress. One of the girls ordered milk, which came in the bottle and seemed difficult to open. Susie, in her best "Oh, let me show you!" manner said, "Gimme." Then she picked up a fork and jabbed. That worked only too well; the entire bottle spilled and splashed over the black chiffon. Sister Kathleen comments, "Well, there's one thing about Susie. She knew it was all her own fault so she just sat there and laughed at herself!"

Cooking started another night's trouble, too. The girls were getting ready for their weekly outing at the opera. Susie was busy in the kitchen and kept getting busier. But all to no avail—there was no meal appearing in the nice orderly way it should.

Susie gave up and the group set out pronto for a drive-in.

Susie ordered a hamburger-and-onion sandwich. Meat being rare as it has been, the sandwich contained a great deal more onion than hamburger. Susie became vaguely conscious of that—her sisters and friend were definite about it.

"Susie," they told her, "you simply can't go and sit through an opera smelling like that!"

Quick-cure Susie marched into a drug-store, bought a bottle of perfume. Then she tasted it. It seemed fine and it did help the onion. So she drank a little more.

No one had told Susie that alcohol is perfume's base, so she didn't reach the opera that night; she went home with a headache and tummyache. "I'll never be able to stand even the odor of that perfume again," she says, "but I'm still mad about onions!"

That's the kid in Susie. There's still a lot of it—the kid who has used all the younger-generation clichés like "I'm sent," and "It's out of this world!"

There's a very serious Susie, too. She took to heart what the sailor said about "unpatriotic," and argued this way to herself: "I don't like to dance. I'm too busy thinking music and stuff to be good company on a date. So—I ought to do something I'm fitted to do and be sure I'm accomplishing my share." As a result, she signed for the full Red Cross Nurse's Aide Training, which means forty hours of class work, thirty hours of preliminary work in a hospital and a pledge to do a minimum of 150 hours a year of actual hospital work for the duration.

As for the single-date issue, on which Susie receives advice every day of her life, she maintains, "I only thought the thing out so I could answer my friends' questions. It really seems to be their problem, not mine—yet."

"Yet" is a hefty word. Susie says she hopes at least three years will pass before she falls in love.

One bet is safe. Unless our specs are bad, there'll be nothing halfway about it!

THE END

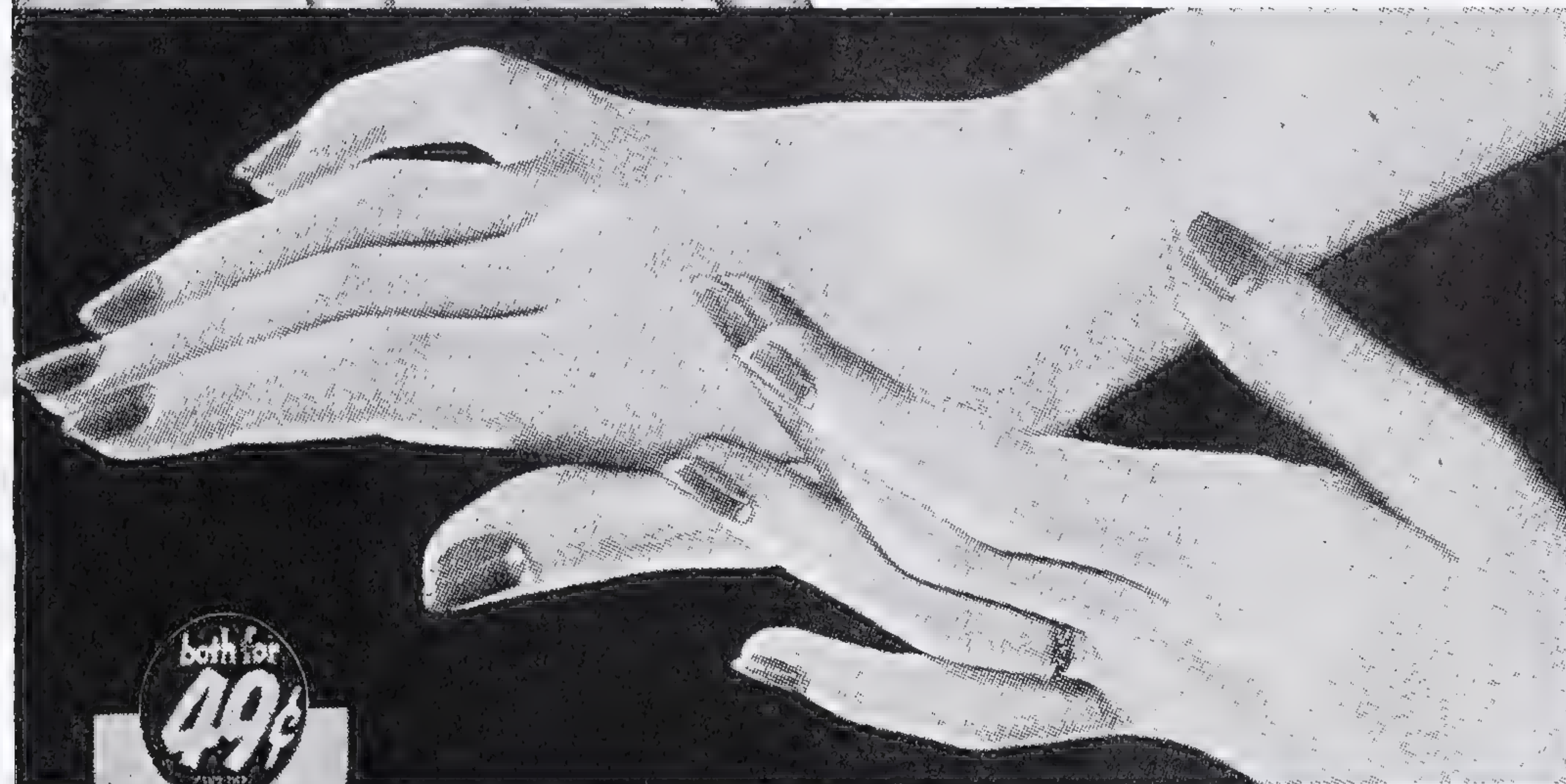
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Other aristocrats of the animal kingdom at Aliso Largo are a pair of goats which Pidge and Maxine brought home in a station wagon from their honeymoon, an Angora cat and an Indian dog. Then, of course, there's the little Chihuahua dog,



Happy family—really! Maxine, Muffet, Noah Beery Jr.—and that old gallant, Charlie, special escort of Beery Jr.

who has fun frisking after the pigeons and Bantam hens. He stays far enough away from "Panchito," the startling crimson-and-white fighting cock who lords it fiercely over the chicken yard, keeping a stern eye on the foolish ducks and occasionally hurling a battle cry at a quartette of smug debutante turkeys, fat and safe in a near-by coop.

Of all feathered members of the motley collection, Pidge says turkeys are the most difficult to raise.

"They look husky now," he grins, "but they sure are delicate when they're little."

A hole cut in the bottom of one of their garden gates is the last word on just how Pidge feels about animals. Old age had made it difficult for a pet cat, in the family for fifteen years, to climb the fence, as in younger, more adventurous years. So Pidge sawed a special little archway at the bottom of the gate for "Old Tom" to go through.

In the adobe workshop back of the house, Pidge's studio, are evidences of



Beery the sculptor. And no surprise—he specializes in miniatures of horses.

For proof of Beery the good craftsman—the seesaw he made for Muffet; the candle reflectors he cut from the lids of coffee cans in the design of sunflowers to decorate the little open bar at one side of the patio. On the wall, behind the bar, is a rather scary-looking hand-lacquered Indian mask, a sombre, deep blue-green. Before Pidge was married, the mask hung over his bed, much to his mother's dismay.

**THOUGH** Maxine is as yummy to look at as many a Hollywood glamour gal, she has no designs on an acting career. Only once did she appear in a film with her famous dad, and that was on a dare. She's more than pleased to let Pidge do the acting for the family. Her own idea of a real "day out" is when the three little Beerys mount their trusty steeds and gallop off down the road to visit her mother.

Pidge, in his lifetime, has been in enough pictures for any two people. His career, however, has been completely separate from those of the celebrated Noah Senior and dynamic Uncle Wally.

He started out playing mostly in Westerns and serials. "For two years," he laughs, "I played practically nothing but the heroine's brother. You know, I didn't think I'd ever 'git the gal.'"

Pidge liked Westerns because they quite often took him on location, from whence he could bring home four-footed "friends" such as a wildcat he once got in the Painted Desert and a couple of bear cubs from around Sonora.

One of his favorite roles was the part of lazy, likeable *Skeeter* in "Tailspin

Tommy." But when he wasn't cast as the heroine's brother, or at best her "platonic pal," he was frequently an Indian or Mexican, which he thought lots more fun.

**I**N REAL life, Pidge wasn't quite so luckless with the fair sex. He first saw Maxine when she was only fifteen and "kinda thought" she might be the girl for him, though he didn't get around to doing much about it till some years later.

The story of his proposal to her is funny—and no one appreciates its humor more than Pidge. She was visiting him, on location at a place called Lone Pine. They were seated on a sloping rock, surrounded by fragrant evergreens. Just then Victor Jory, who had received a wire saying he was to leave right away, dashed up, calling: "I'm leaving for Hawaii."

"Go 'way," snapped Pidge, as a rib, "can't you see I'm proposing?"

As a matter of fact, he *had* thought of it a number of times, but had never gotten up quite enough courage. Now, however, having said it in jest, he repeated it in earnest, and the gal said "yes."

One of his biggest professional dreams is to play *Villa*—just like Uncle Wally in the first "Viva Villa." *Villa* has always challenged Pidge's imagination.

He has one of the most complete collections of books, outside a library, not only on *Villa*, but about Mexico generally, for both he and Maxine have a genuine love for the country and its people. Ironically, his dad once played the role of *Villa*, too, and brilliantly, in an early film hit called "Patria."

Pidge has seldom appeared in the same picture with his father and not much

oftener with Wally, though he did work with the latter in "Twenty Mule Team" and "Death Valley."

At the Carl Curtis school in Los Angeles, where he took a special course in physical education, and at North Hollywood High, Pidge gained himself a first bit of fame as an athlete. He played football with his close friend, Jimmy Rogers, one of Will Rogers' boys, and one of his big moments in recalling athletic prowess is the time he "almost" beat Will Rogers Jr. in the Southern California finals of a swimming competition. He remembers swimming in meets with Alan Ladd, too, and recalls him as an expert diver.

**I**T WAS the part he played in Universal's "We've Never Been Licked" which gave movie-goers a chance to really "sit up and take particular notice."

The studio went into action. As soon as his role in the Marine epic of *Makin Island*, "Gung Ho," was completed, he was cast, at long last, in "Week-End Pass," where—huzzah!—he gets the gal—and a very tasty dish, too, the gal being Martha O'Driscoll.

But no matter how much his roles change, his own personal life, with his own personal—and plenty personable—heroine, Maxine, will remain simple and unchanged.

Caviar and squab may be the order of the evening for the glamour set who wine and dine at Mocambo and Mike Romanoff's, but you ain't heard nothin' till you've heard Pidge and Maxine smacking their lips over the moose meat they had for dinner the night before, sent down from Uncle Wally's lodge in Wyoming.

A hardy breed, the Beerys!

THE END

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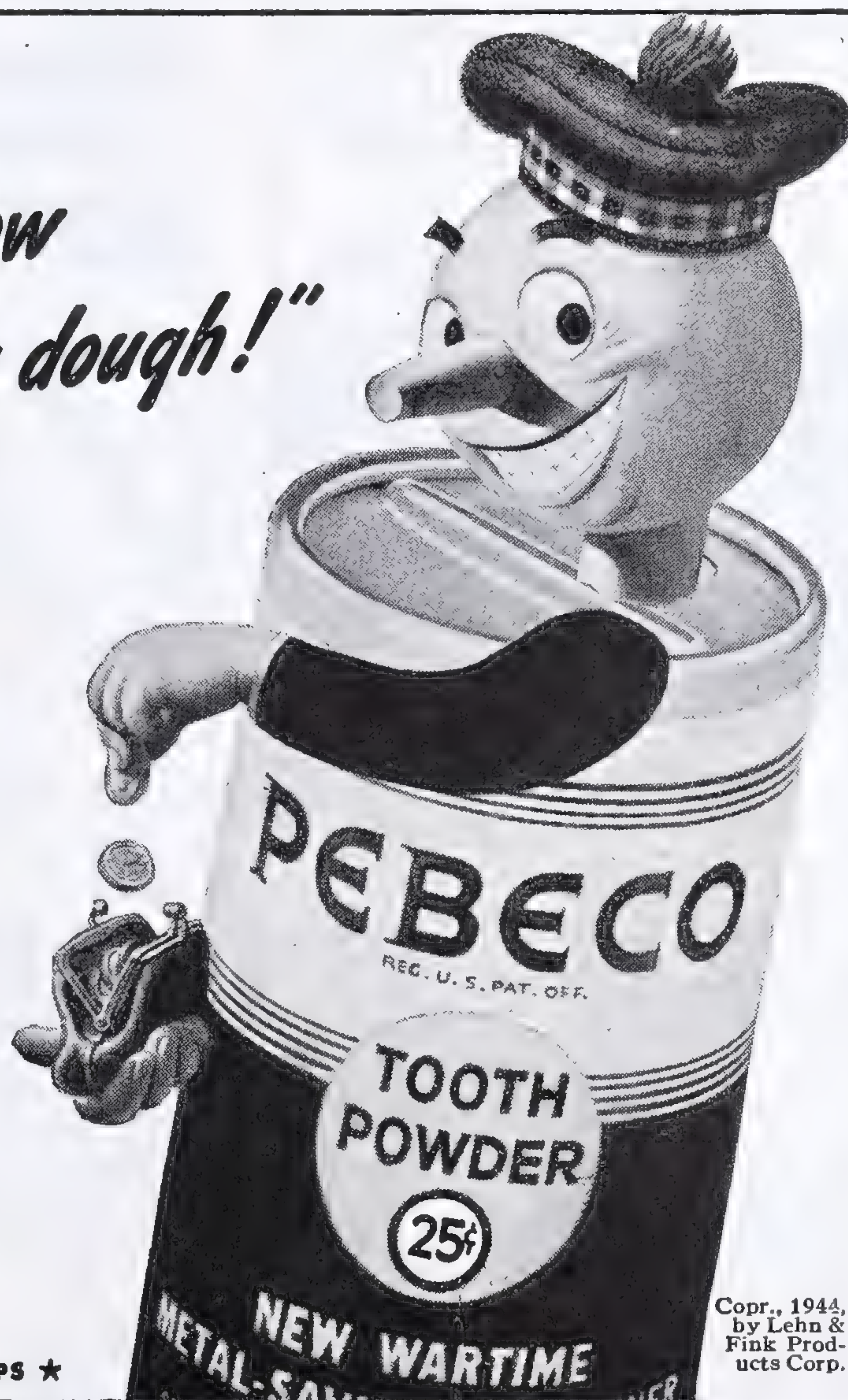
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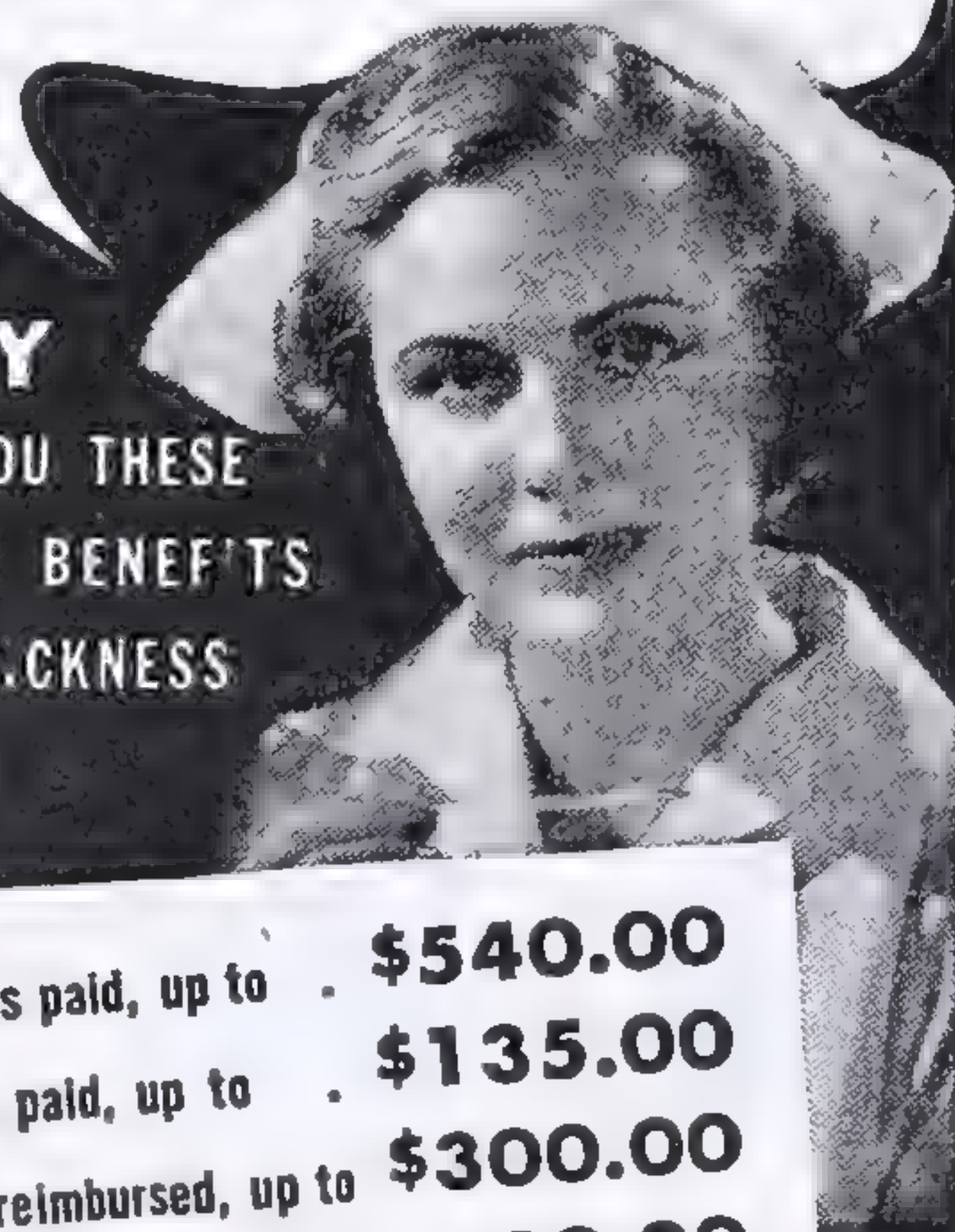
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## Crazy in Love

(Continued from page 47) night before. He hadn't phoned, said Lisl. He hadn't written. He just hadn't shown up—after pleading to see her again. Managing to loosen his tied tongue, the smitten man again explained, Lisl relented and they had a party of their own, à deux, feasting on the leftovers from the night before. Lisl has never been sure that her Paul did not mistake the date on purpose so that they could be alone and Paul, being a diplomat, a gentleman and a knowledgeable wooer, has never denied it.

WHEN John Loder first dated Hedy Lamarr, he was living at Peyton Hall, in Hollywood, a good fifteen miles from Hedy's hilltop home in Benedict Canyon. John didn't mind driving the miles and miles to reach his journey's-end-and-lovers'-meeting, but the OPA minded for him. So, when it became clear to John that he would be driving into the hills seven evenings a week, he decided to move and checked in at the Beverly Hills Hotel, a scant two miles from his Mecca.

After his next date, John left Hedy's house late in the evening, drove through the Canyon on the wheels of love. Then, bemused, past the Beverly Hills Hotel he went down Sunset Boulevard, parked in front of Peyton Hall, put a key that didn't fit into the lock of an apartment that no longer belonged to him! With a start, and just in time, he came to and silently slunk away. Then all the way back to the Beverly Hills Hotel he drove, grateful that no one could see the foolish grin upon his normally dignified countenance.

He'd been in love before, John told Fearless and had always remembered things. "But it was never this kind of love," the head-over-heels-in-love Loder diagnosed his own case. "It was this kind of love that made me do the completely crazy thing of forgetting where I lived!"

DOLORES HOPE was singing in a night club in New York when Bob asked her for the first date. Making sure there would be no misunderstanding the time or the place, Beau Hope arranged with Dolores to come by the Club at eleven o'clock and they would go on from there. Dolores was, she admits, in such a fever of anticipation and excitement that she dressed herself up in her prettiest and went through the show with her eyes on the clock. At eleven o'clock, on the split second, Bob strolled in—with a beautiful blonde on his arm.

Dolores saw all shades of red. There was no explanation made; Robert merely introduced the girls. The three sat down to some very forced conversation. Dolores burned through the floor show while Bob noted the degree of the burn with sly satisfaction. It was not until closing time that a pal of Bob's walked in, was introduced as the blonde's husband, thus saving Dolores from succumbing to homicidal mania with that Innocent, Robert, as the victim thereof.

Loretta Young, when in the throes, the first fine and frenzied ones, of her romance with husband Tom Lewis, likewise suffered aberrations of her normally plentiful wits. One dreaming day she parked her car in the space back of a neighborhood grocery store, did her shopping and walked home with her packages. The next morning when she went to the garage to get her car, it wasn't, of course, there. Outraged, Loretta reported "Car Stolen" to the

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Auto Club and to the police and had all the authorities on a hot hunt. Two days later, she walked into the grocery store again, found her car, dusty but undisturbed, in the lot where she had left it and, redder than the rose, reported "Car Found" to the bewildered authorities.

... And there was a New Year's Eve during their courting days when, believing her Tom to be in New York, Loretta joined a party of friends at Lake Arrowhead for the holiday. At nine p.m., or thereabouts, came a call from Hollywood. Tom had flown out to see the New Year in with his beloved. Whereupon Loretta threw on a coat, wrapped a scarf around her head and drove through the night, dark as death, cold as the polar regions, snow on those precipitous roads, no skid chains on the car, to make that midnight rendezvous. "That New Year's Eve," Loretta said, "I knew I was in love, and how I was in love, or I would never have done so reckless, so crazy, so dangerous a thing!"

It was love at first sight when Frances Neal and Van Heflin met at a party where Frances was hostess. In the kitchen, away from the rest of the world, Frances volunteered to make Van some hot coffee. While it brewed, the two young people remained in the kitchen and, er, talked. Recollecting herself eventually, Frances decided the coffee must be finished, started to pour, found she had forgotten to put coffee in the pot and was pouring plain hot water!

AN extraordinary sensible young woman when not "hexed" is young star Susan Peters. But during the period of her engagement to Richard Quine, M-G-M's Sue threw judgment out the casement window, defied dimensional space by gifting her Richard with objects, animate and inanimate, which could not possibly be coaxed, wedged or forced into his two-by-four apartment. Dick is very fond of animals. Accordingly, Susan presented him with a full-grown great Dane. Dick spent the night of the Dane's arrival in the foyer. Next day the animal listened to another master's voice.

Again, Susan presented her love with a honey bear which instantly revealed such a ferocious disposition that it, too, was promptly returned from whence it came.

Common sense is scrapped, caution goes overboard when, in Hollywood, Cupid takes the controls... as when, after proposing to his dark Eloise, Pat O'Brien followed up with a wire every half-hour, begging for an affirmative answer. "Will you?" he telegraphed. "Please say yes, ma'am!" "I can't live without you!" and the like. Said Eloise, reminiscently, "That's what I call being plenty crazy. Because when we did get married, we had exactly forty bucks between us, Pat having spent ten dollars of our original nest egg selling me something I'd already decided the moment he asked me!"

Ah, well, love strikes them with moon-madness, one and all. Take the dear girls who go in for a spot of cradle-snatching. Most of them have been in pictures for years. They are sophisticated and, let's face it, adult women, yet once they are wed to their young Dan Cupids they go awfully pixie-pie, wear playsuits and dirndls and caper. Of the rather large group which recently broke out with the cradle-snatching rash, one big-name star who formerly kept her private life in purdah, is known these days in Hollywood as "Caprice," for she now dances, clings and kisses in public with the unabashed abandon of a high-school miss on her first heavy date.

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When Alan Marshal was courting Mary Borel, he once, in a skittish mood, sent a huge corsage of vegetables, onions predominating. It was properly done up, ribbons, lace ruff, etc., and Alan was properly done in when Mary stepped out with him, wearing her corsage.

Wherever they went, people passed, sniffed, sneezed, made faces, hurried by, while Mary laughed and Alan burned.

BETTY GRABLE'S "seizure" took a slightly different form. After her trip East when she and Harry James decided on the all-important step of marriage, Betty agreed upon the desert town of Las Vegas, Nevada, for her nuptials, provided she could be married in a church saturated with gardenias. Nothing else would do.

So every petal was shipped from Los Angeles—and the simple little desert church became a strange and wonderful sight. But it was never ordained to witness the marriage of Betty and Harry. For when Harry's train was delayed the sleepy minister went to bed and Betty had to become Mrs. James in the reception room of a Las Vegas hotel—but not before she had snatched a few of her precious posies from the dark and empty church—just enough to say she was married with gardenias!

Shortly after Joan Blondell and Dick Powell began dating, Dick was bedded with the flu and there arrived, one day, the world's strangest posy consisting of "stems" of coke bottles, with blooming red flowers made of ribbon, a spray of cigarettes and sticks and sticks of chewing gum, all wired together to emulate a huge bouquet. The doctor having told Dick that his beverages must be fruit juices, that he must not smoke and that everything but aspirin gum was out, Love's little gift was forthwith distributed to the neighborhood kids by its feverish recipient.

Recently, when Peggy Ryan's Sergeant Ray Hirsch couldn't get up from San Diego to keep a Saturday-night date with the Peg of his heart, he sent, in his place, four tired-looking Marines to serenade her with "I'm Dreaming Tonight Of My Blue Eyes" and a box of what appeared to be extravagantly long-stemmed roses for, at both ends, yards and yards of stems protruded. When opened the box revealed thirteen wilted sweet peas!

Slightly mad, Hollywood. Slightly delirious. Especially when in love. But then—let's hope—aren't we all?

The End.

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what you want to know about

Clark Gable

See the story

by one of his closest friends

Adela Rogers St. Johns

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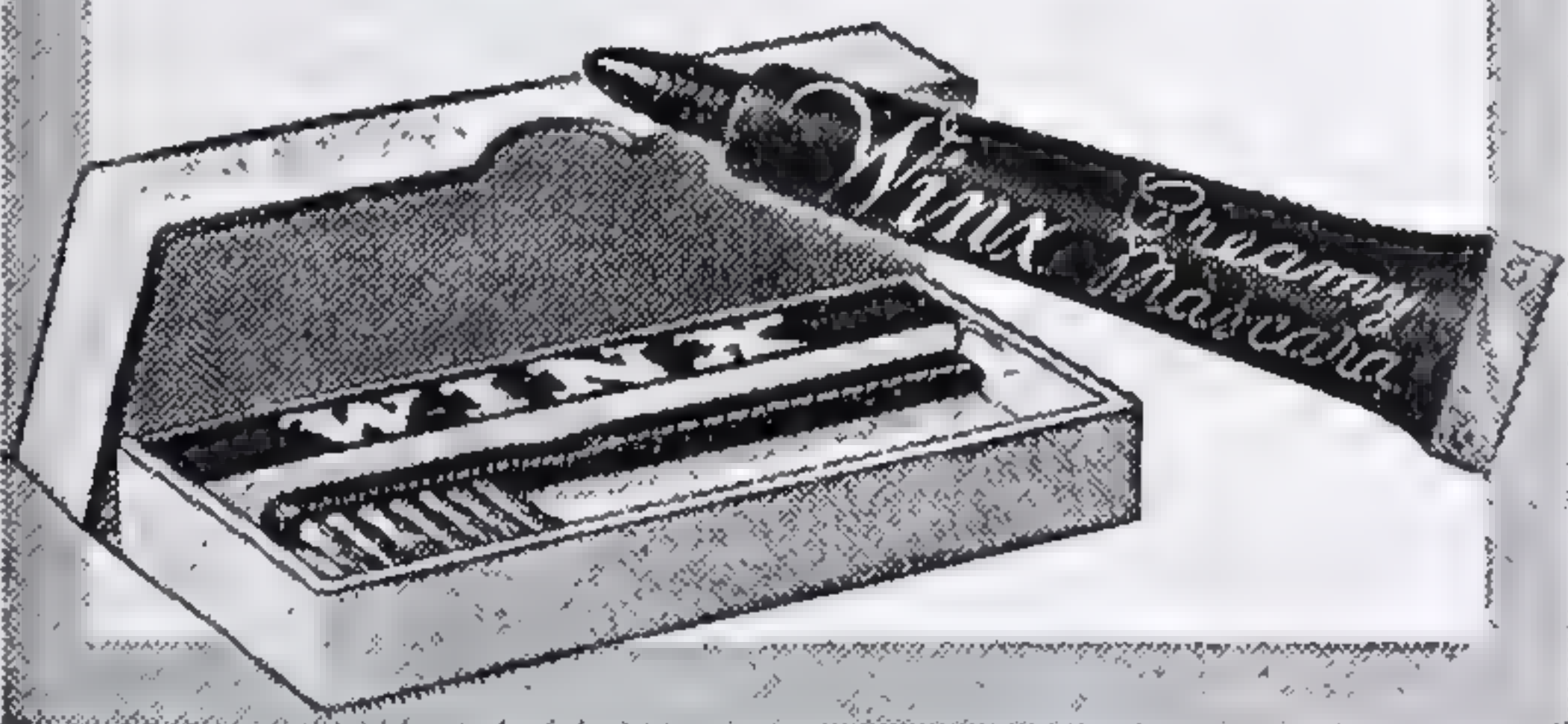
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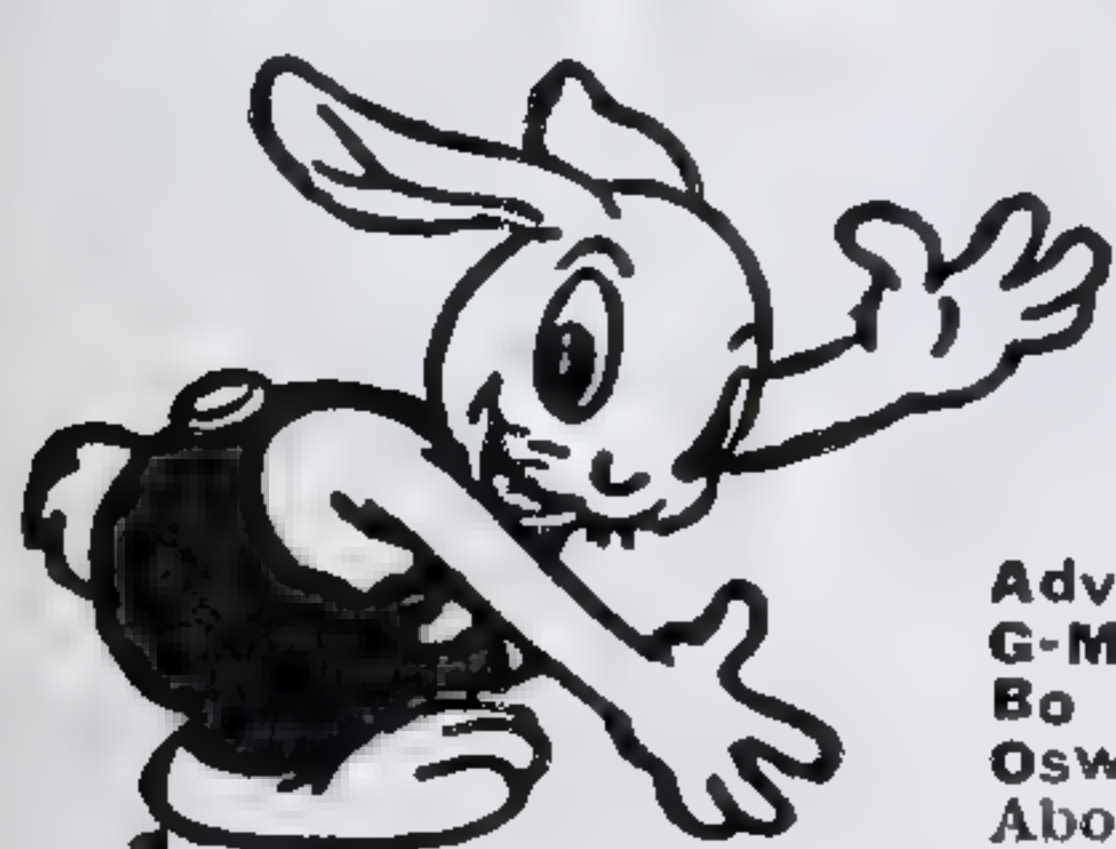


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## Casts of Current Pictures

**AROUND THE WORLD—RKO:** Kay, Kay Kyser; Mischa, Mischa Auer; Joan, Joan Davis; Marcy, Marcy McGuire; Georgia, Georgia Carroll; Ish, Ish Kibbible; Harry, Harry Babbitt; Sully, Sully Mason; Diana, Diana Pendleton; Judy, Judy Conway; Turner, Buford Turner; Mary Jane, Mary Jane Halsey; Barclay, Joan Barclay; Margie, Margie Stewart; Barbara, Barbara Hale; Rosemary, Rosemary La Planche; Coleman, Barbara Coleman; Shirley, Shirley O'Hara; Sidney, Sidney Logan; Clipper-Pilot, Wally Brown; The General, Robert Armstrong; The Countess, Joan Valerie; The Waiter, Chester Conklin; Nazi Duelist, Ivan Lebedeff.

**CROSS OF LORRAINE, THE—M-G-M:** Paul, Jean Pierre Aumont; Victor, Gene Kelly; Father Sebastian, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Francois, Richard Whorf; Rodriguez, Joseph Calleia; Sergeant Berger, Peter Lorre; Duval, Hume Cronyn; Louis, Billy Roy; Major Bruhl, Tonio Selwart; Jacques, Jack Lambert; Pierre, Wallace Ford; Marcel, Donald Curtis; Rene, Jack Edwards Jr.; Lieutenant Schmidt, Richard Ryen; Corporal Daxer, Frederick Giermann.

**CRY HAVOC—M-G-M:** Lieutenant Smith, Margaret Sullivan; Pat, Ann Sothorn; Grace, Joan Blondell; Captain Marsh, Fay Bainter; Flo Norris, Marsha Hunt; Connie, Ella Raines; Helen, Frances Gifford; Nydia, Diane Lewis; Andra, Heather Angel; Sue, Dorothy Morris; Sadie, Connie Gilchrist; Steve, Gloria Grafton; Luisa, Fely Franquelli.

**FALCON AND THE COEDS, THE—RKO:** Tom Lawrence, Tom Conway; Vicky Gaines, Jean Brooks; Dr. Graulich, George Givot; Mary, Isabel Jewell; Margarita, Rita Corday; Harriet Keyes, Barbara Brown; Jane, Amelita Ward; Beanie, Patti Brill; Sarey Ann, Margaret Landry; Donovan, Cliff Clark; Bates, Ed. Gargan; Harley, Ian Wolf; Goodwillie, Olin Howlin; Pam, Dorothy Kelly; Mildred, Barbara Lynn; Ellen, Elaine Riley.

**FALSE COLORS—U. A.-Sherman:** Hopalong Cassidy, William Boyd; California Carlson, Andy Clyde; Jimmy Rogers, Jimmy Rogers; Bud and Kit, Tom Seidel; Faith, Claudia Drake; Foster, Douglas Dumbrille; Rip, Bob Mitchum; Sonora, Glenn Strange; Lefty, Pierce Lyden; Sheriff Martin, Roy Barcroft; Judge Stevens, Sam Flint; Lawyer Griffen, Earle Hodgins; Stevers, Elmer Jerome.

**GANG'S ALL HERE, THE—20th Century-Fox:** Eadie Allen, Alice Faye; Dorita, Carmen Miranda; Phil Baker, Himself; Benny Goodman and his orchestra, Themselves; Andrew Mason Sr., Eugene Pallette; Mrs. Peyton Potter, Charlotte Greenwood; Peyton Potter, Edward Everett Horton; Tony De Marco, Himself; Serg. Andrew Mason Jr., James Ellison; Vivian Potter, Sheila Ryan; Serg. Pat Casey, Dave Willock; Specialty dancers, Miriam Lavelle, Charles Saggan; Venson, George Dobbs; Waiter, Leon Belasco.

**GANGWAY FOR TOMORROW—RKO:** Lisette, Margo; Wellington, John Carradine; Joe, Robert Ryan; Mary, Amelita Ward; Bob Nolan, William Terry; Fred Taylor, Harry Davenport; Burke, James Bell; Jim Benson, Charles Arnt; Swallow, Alan Carney; Sam, Wally Brown; Dan Barton, Erford Gage; Colonel Mueller, Richard Ryen; Pete, Warren Hymer; Driver, Michael St. Angel; Driver, Don Dillaway; Hank, Sam McDaniels; Radio Announcer, John Wald.

**HENRY ALDRICH HAUNTS A HOUSE—Paramount:** Henry Aldrich, Jimmy Lydon; Dizzy Stevens, Charlie Smith; Elise Towers, Joan Mortimer; Mr. Aldrich, John Litel; Mrs. Aldrich, Olive Blakeney; Mr. Bradley, Vaughn Glaser; Whit Bidecker, Jackie Moran.

**HIS BUTLER'S SISTER—Universal:** Ann Carter, Deanna Durbin; Charles Gerard, Franchot Tone; Martin Carter, Pat O'Brien; Liz Campbell, Evelyn Ankers; Severina, Elsa Janssen; Mortimer Kolb, Walter Catlett; Popoff, Akim Tamiroff; Buzz, Alan Mowbray; Emmet, Frank Jenks; Morena, Sig Arno; Brophy, Andrew Tombes; Reeves, Hans Conried.

**JACK LONDON—U. A.:** Jack London, Michael O'Shea; Charmian, Susan Hayward; Freda Moloof, Osa Massen; Prof. Hilliard, Harry Davenport; Old Tom, Frank Craven; Mamie, Virginia Mayo; George Brett, Ralph Morgan; Mammy Jenny, Louise Beavers; Kerwin Maxwell, Jonathan Hale; Capt. Tanaka, Leonard Strong; "Lucky Luke" Lannigan, Paul Hurst; Scratch Nelson, Regis Toomey; Mike, Hobart Cavanaugh; French Frank, Albert Van Antwerp; Whiskey Bob, Ernie Adams; Red John, John Kelly; Capt. Allen, Robert Homans; Richard Harding Davis, Morgan Conway; James Hare, Edward Earle; Fred Palmer, Arthur Loft; English Correspondent, Lumsden Hare; American Correspondent, Brooks Benedict; Geisha Dancer, Mei Lee Foo; Hiroshi, Robert Katcher; American Consul, Pierre Watkin; Japanese General, Paul Fung; Interpreter, Charlie Lung; Theodore Roosevelt, Wallis Clark.

**JIVE JUNCTION—PRC:** Peter, Dickie Moore; Claire, Tina Thayer; Gerra, Gerra Young; Jimmy, Johnny Michaels; Grant, Jack Wagner; Miss Forbes,



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**MINESWEEPER**—Paramount: Jim Smith, Richard Arlen; Mary Smith, Jean Parker; Elliot, Russell Hayden; Mrs. Smith, Emma Dunn; "Fritz", Guinn "Big Boy" Williams; Commander Lane, Charles D. Brown; Lt. Gilpin, Frank Fenton; Corney Welch, Chick Chandler; Lt. Wells, Douglas Fowley; Cox, Ralph Sanford.

**OLD ACQUAINTANCE**—Warners: Katherine Marlowe, Bette Davis; Millie Drake, Miriam Hopkins; Rudd Kendall, Gig Young; Preston Drake, John Loder; Deirdre, Dolores Moran; Lucian Grant, Philip Reed; Charlie Archer, Roscoe Karns; Belle Carter, Anne Revere; Harriet, Esther Dale; Margaret Kemp, Marjorie Hoshelle; Deirdre, as a Child, Francine Rufo.

**SO'S YOUR UNCLE**—Universal: Minerva, Billie Burke; Steve Curtis, Donald Woods; Pat Williams, Elyse Knox; Joe Elliott, Frank Jenks; Roger Bright, Robert Lowrey; Dempster, Irving Bacon; Dinwiddie, Chester Clute; John L. Curtis, Paul Stanton; and Mary O'Brien, The Tailor Maids, The Delta Rhythm Boys, Jan Garber and His Orchestra.

**SWING FEVER**—M-G-M: Lowell Blackford, Kay Kyser; Ginger Gray, Marilyn Maxwell; "Waltzy" Malone, William Gargan; "Killer" Kennedy, Nat Pendleton; Lena Horne, herself; Nick Sirocco, Curt Bois; Dan Conlon, Morris Ankrum; Dr. Clyde L. Star, Andrew Tombes; "Rags", Maxie Rosenbloom; Mr. Nagen, Clyde Fillmore; Lois, Pamela Blake; Kid Mandell, Lou Nova; "Sledgehammer", Jack Ropers; The Merriel Abbott Dancers and Kay Kyser and his Orchestra.

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## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 22)

### ✓✓ Old Acquaintance (Warner Brothers)

It's About: A friendship that endured many trials.

WOMEN will love every minute of this three-way, no, four-way love story that involves much self-renunciation and self-sacrifice on the part of Bette Davis. On such things do women squander their hearts' emotions! But men may find it tedious and overly long. Or be so inspired with John Loder's courage they'll walk right off and leave their wives.

At any rate, it's beautifully set, acted and directed, with Bette giving understanding and strength to her role of the writer who throughout the years remains loyal to her weaker friend.

Miriam Hopkins gives an amazingly fine performance as the nagging friend. The nervous hysteria, the jealousy and pettiness that fill her mind and life, all seem an integral and inseparable part of her character, so cleverly does she manipulate the role.

The story, too talky by far, opens with Bette, a novelist, coming to visit and renew her friendship with Miriam. Prompted by jealousy, Miriam also takes up writing, proves a success, and eventually loses her husband, John Loder, with her self-centered selfishness. Bette renounces Loder's love for her out of friendship for Miriam and as the years pass she also loses her younger lover, Gig Young, to Loder's daughter.

Loder seems to have been miscast as the average American husband, but he does a good job with the material provided. Dolores Moran as the daughter shows promise for a newcomer.

Your Reviewer Says: For auld lang syne.

### ✓ Women In Bondage (Monogram)

It's About: The degeneration of women under Hitlerism.

HERE is a surprisingly good little film, one that holds attention and commands respect. Formerly titled "Hitler's Women" (a better choice, if you ask us), the story deals with Gail Patrick, wife of a German aviator, who is made a Section Leader, under supervision of Gertrude Michael, of a group of teen-age girls forced to submit to Nazi soldiers for breeding purposes, torn from their own sweethearts because of minor physical disabilities and treated in general as cattle.

Gradually Miss Patrick rebels and aids Nancy Kelly, one of the victims, in having her baby baptized in the church and later helps her escape retribution.

It is then that Gertrude Michael orders Miss Patrick to have a child by her brother-in-law, Alan Baxter, her own husband being stationed at the Russian front. Rather than agree to this degrading edict Miss Patrick exposes lights during an air raid by American fliers, causing the town and her home to be bombed.

A great deal of the picture's punch has been lost in the underplaying by certain characters and the lack of climactic build-up. Also, the theme is familiar to audiences, having been told before in "Hitler's Children."

Alan Baxter, Anne Nagel, Tala Birell,

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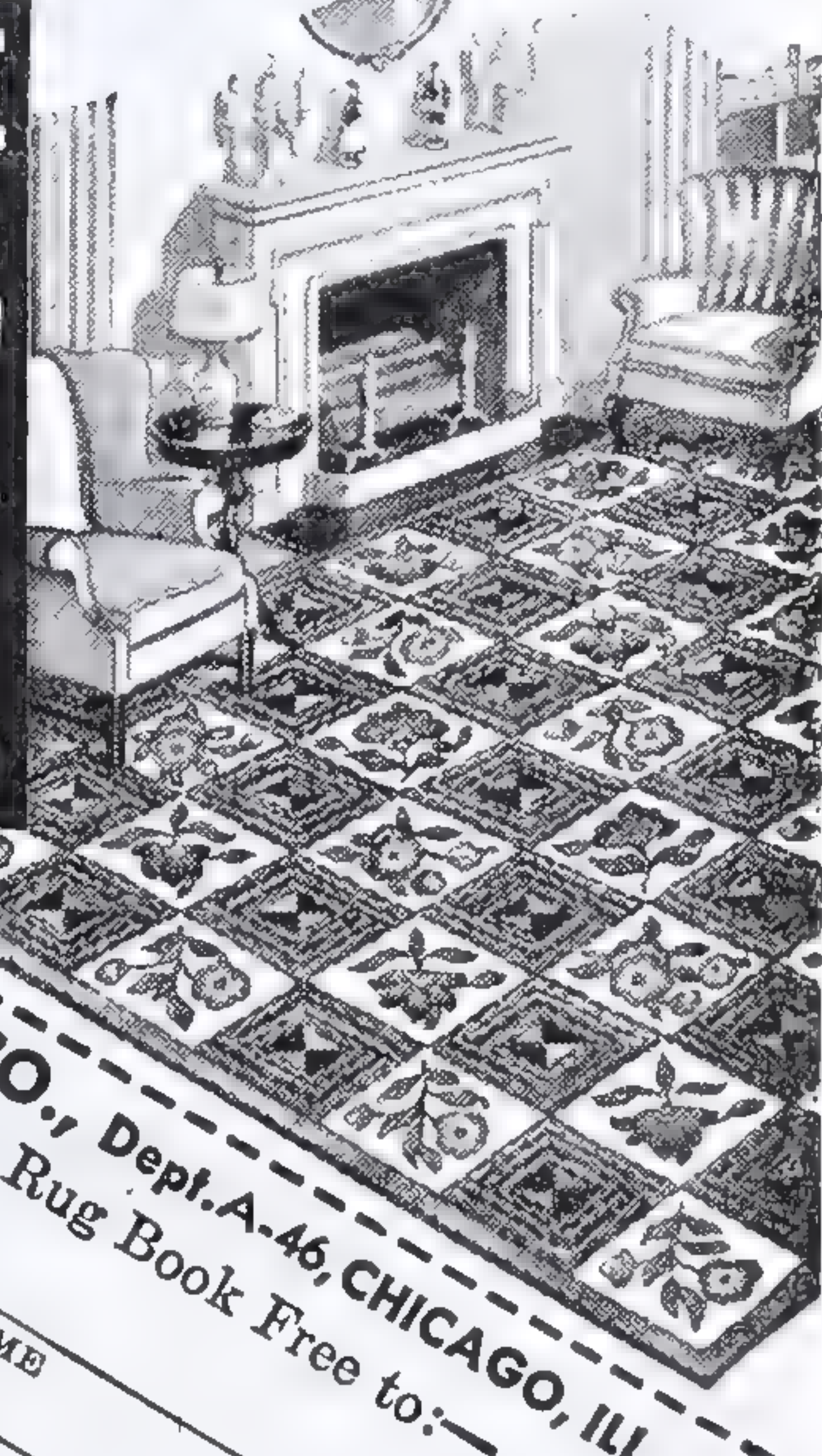
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Mary Forbes and Bill Henry complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Gripping and gruesome.

## Minesweeper (Paramount)

It's About: A black sheep who proves himself a hero.

NOW it's the mine sweepers that come in for glorification and a good job they do of it, too. Richard Arlen, an Annapolis graduate who has run out on duty when gambling debts catch up with him, enlists on the mine sweeper and gives up his life dismantling a new type of Jap mine.

Guinn "Big Boy" Williams, who also proves himself a hero when he sacrifices his life for Arlen, is so good. Jean Parker, Frank Fenton and Russell Hayden aid in the telling of the story.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair enough.

## Swing Fever (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

It's About: An orchestra leader with an evil eye.

PICTURE Kay Kyser as an unsuspecting hick who ventures into New York to sell a tone poem and remains to put the evil eye on a prize fighter. Then picture a crooked fight manager, William Gargan, who discovers Kay's hypnotic eye and uses him to put the "eye" on a fighter in order that his own contestant may win. (In order to keep Kay handy they give him an orchestra to direct which proves a hit.) Then picture cute little Marilyn Maxwell as the gal who lures Kay on, Maxie Rosenbloom and Nat Pendleton as the fighters, Curt Bois as a comic, and Lena Horne tossed in for a number; picture all this, we urge, and then stay home and listen to the radio, for none of it adds up to anything worth while.

Your Reviewer Says: Students—class dismissed!

## ✓ Jive Junction (P. R. C.)

It's About: High-school bands who want to make a camp tour.

NEATLY written, directed and acted is this young-as-a-flower-in-May story of a high-school band leader who conceives the idea of launching a junior canteen for the entertainment of service men. This leads to a contest among school bands to decide which will be chosen to make a camp tour. After many disappointments our own boy and his band wins.

Dickie Moore is very good as the musician, but Gerra Young, a fifteen-year-old youngster who makes her singing debut, is the hit of the show.

The story has a lot of get-up-and-go, the kind young audiences love.

Your Reviewer Says: Nice going.

## ✓ His Butler's Sister (Universal)

It's About: The love story of a housemaid and her employer.

CHARM is the keynote, laughter the motive, entertainment the result. It's not often one finds all three in one film, but the quaintly original story, the entrancing loveliness of Miss Durbin, the

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flavor lent by cast and director just about round it out to perfection.  
It's been a long time since Durbin has had the opportunity to display her talent for comedy and how she makes it sit up, roll over and play dead. In fact, Deanna injects a sort of magic into the fairy-tale story of a maid who falls so deeply in love with her employer.  
For the first time we can honestly say we more than enjoyed Franchot Tone on the screen. As the boss who falls just as deeply in love with Deanna, Tone has charm and appeal. They make a delightful twosome.  
Pat O'Brien as the butler, Deanna's brother, is a dead-pan riot. The tenth wonder of the world is this O'Brien, who can convincingly play everything from priests to butlers.  
Akim Tamiroff, Alan Mowbray, Walter Catlett, Elsa Janssen and Evelyn Ankers make up the competent cast. Deanna, by the way, has never been in better voice. Her singing is delightful.  
Here's a story that everyone will love for its chuckly good humor, its freshness and downright loveliness.  
Your Reviewer Says: You'll want to see this one twice.

**Henry Aldrich Haunts A House (Paramount)**  
It's About: America's boy blunderer imagines himself a murderer.

TELL me one thing. Just one little thing.—Who thinks up these things? Take Henry Aldrich, for instance, an average American boy. A bit on the balmy side, maybe, but as likeable a kid as you'd meet up with. And what do movies do with him but have him drink some strange elixir supposed to

\*\*\*\*\*  
**Best Pictures of the Month**  
\*\*\*\*\*  
Madame Curie  
Old Acquaintance  
His Butler's Sister  
The Gang's All Here  
**Best Performances**  
\*\*\*\*\*  
Hume Cronyn in  
"The Cross Of Lorraine"  
Jean Pierre Aumont in  
"The Cross Of Lorraine"  
Greer Garson in  
"Madame Curie"  
Walter Pidgeon in  
"Madame Curie"  
Bette Davis in  
"Old Acquaintance"  
Miriam Hopkins in  
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Deanna Durbin in  
"His Butler's Sister"  
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give one super strength, cooked up by a local scientist, and under its influence poor Henry imagines he murdered the high-school principal. You see how the subconscious reveals itself.

Anyway, the affair is supposed to have happened in a haunted house in which Henry was seeking shelter from the rain and so, of course, the subsequent action goes on in the same spook joint.

Jimmy Lydon is a pretty good Henry and Charlie Smith a pretty good Dizzy. John Litel and Olive Blakeney are Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich, who should be screaming maniacs by this time but, somehow, seem to keep rational enough.

Your Reviewer Says: "Henry Aldrich Haunts An Audience" is a better title.

## The Falcon And The Coeds (RKO)

It's About: *The renowned detective solves another mystery.*

A PROFESSOR in a co-ed school has been murdered, so the Falcon, played as usual by Tom Conway, sallies forth to determine (a) why, (b) by whom? He does both to his own satisfaction but not the audience's, who are given neither reasons nor clues for his solution. The Falcon literally says "so and so done it" and one can take it or leave it. We left it.

Rita Corday, a sort of student prophetess, is a weird character to have around. Thank heavens for Patti Brill who sort of livens up things with a song and a smile. Isabel Jewell and George Givot are teachers and Cliff Clark and Ed Gargan play a police detective and a dim-witted cop respectively. Why are movie cops so dumb, for heavens sake? We've never been able to out-talk or out-smart one yet.

Your Reviewer Says: Everybody should have been killed off, for our money.

## ✓ Cry "Havoc" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

It's About: *Volunteer nurses on Bataan.*

THE thunder of this movie was definitely stolen by the previous and better told story "So Proudly We Hail." The same idea prevails but the drama and the dramatic crescendo of "So Proudly" is strangely lacking in "Cry 'Havoc,'" a story that unfolds itself in a monotone of emotion.

The all-feminine cast is an impressive one, with such names as Margaret Sullavan, Ann Sothorn, Joan Blondell, Fay Bainter, Marsha Hunt, Ella Raines, Frances Gifford, Diana Lewis, Heather Angel and Dorothy Morris to give it strength and character. And each girl does her very best, we might add.

The story, again, pictures the horror that was Bataan under siege. To the hospital, managed by Misses Bainter and Sullavan, come the volunteer nurses to work, slave, suffer and in the end meet some unspeakable fate at the hands of the conquering Japs.

Little Diana Lewis is especially outstanding. Commendable, too, is the work of Miss Sullavan, Joan Blondell, Ann Sothorn and Frances Gifford.

Your Reviewer Says: Horror retold.

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## ✓✓ The Gang's All Here (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: A soldier and the sweethearts he leaves behind.

"YOU'VE Never Been So Beautiful Before" could well be the theme song of this overlavish, plush-cushioned production, so beautiful to look at, so lovely to listen to, but so fragile in story it floats like a feather. However, you're sure to enjoy the picture—it's done-up-brown entertainment.

It tells about a soldier, played by James Ellison, who leaves behind two sweethearts, Alice Faye and Sheila Ryan. When the girls eventually get together and compare notes on their respective romances, Alice seems to be the loser until ambitions elsewhere places Sheila out of the race.

Alice looks lovely and sings so hauntingly "No Love, No Nothing" and "A Journey To A Star." Bombastic Carmen Miranda and her fruit-salad chapeau wiggle delightfully.

Benny Goodman's orchestra is an earful



Dickie Moore grows up—right into the hero role opposite Tina Thayer in PRC's musical, "Jive Junction"

that matches the eyeful of Bus Berkeley's tremendous sets.

Phil Baker hasn't enough to do. If the choice were given him "To take it or leave it" he certainly left it. Tony De Marco's dancing is, of course, a dream and Charlotte Greenwood's a delicious nightmare. Your Reviewer Says: Beauty overbalances the story.

## So's Your Uncle (Universal)

It's About: An actor who resorts to impersonation for financial backing.

DONALD Woods, an actor, leaves the theater wearing his stage whiskers in order to elude a creditor.

Knocked down outside the theater by the limousine of lovely Elyse Knox, who believes she has injured an old man, he is taken to her home. There he meets the financial angel he needs—Elyse's aunt, Billie Burke. So, in order to obtain the backing, he keeps on pretending to be an old man and allows himself to be fluttered over by Miss Burke. But when she becomes too matrimonially inclined, Mr. Woods grows panicky, having lost his heart to the fair Elyse.

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2 pints Mapleine Syrup

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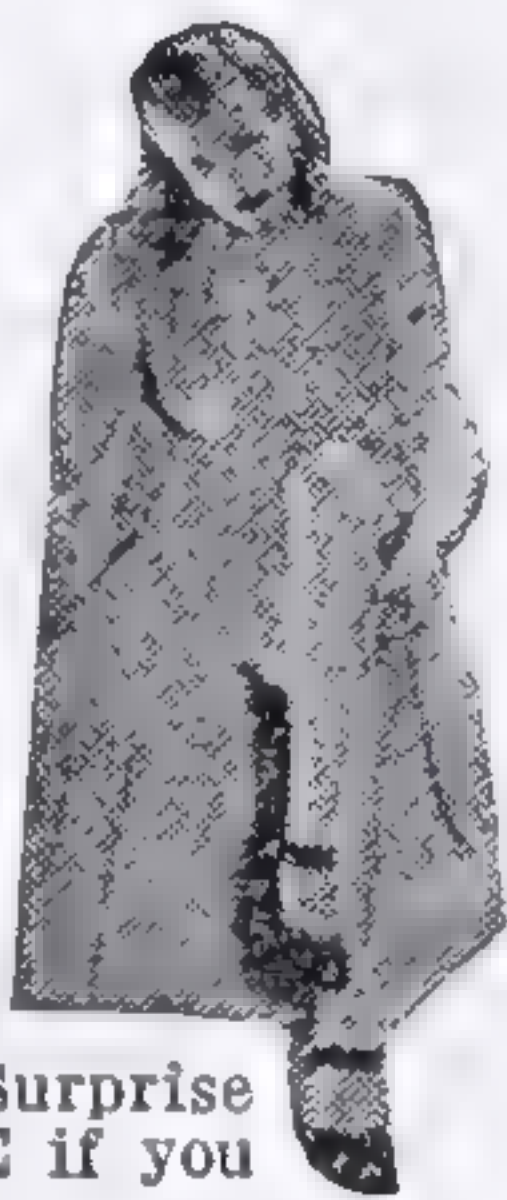


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So there you are, and there he is and there we are all together in a cozy little band behind a pair of whiskers. And darned if it isn't fun, too.

Your Reviewer Says: And so's your aunt.

## ✓ Gangway For Tomorrow (RKO)

It's About: The background stories of the members of a car pool.

NOVEL and unique is this story of a car-pool driver who weaves imaginary tales of his defense plant passengers for the entertainment of his wife. ("Scheherazade" in reverse.) But in reality the facts are quite different as told in flashbacks.

Margo, for instance, is a French secret agent who was caught by the Nazis in Paris and narrowly escaped death. Her escape was miraculous.

John Carradine was a loafer and a tramp who knew nothing of the war and cared less until a small-town judge, Harry Davenport, penetrates his indifference with a patriotic lecture. James Bell is an ex-prison warden who executed his own brother (who was responsible for his mother's death); Robert Ryan is an ex-race driver whose careless disregard of life has placed him on the 4-F list, preventing him from fighting with his buddies, and Amelita Ward is a former Miss America winner who sacrificed love for career only to lose both.

The events in each life are stirringly told and keep the suspense high.

William Terry, Charles Arnt, Alan Carney and Wally Brown are the characters that play a part in these peoples' past lives.

Your Reviewer Says: Different, at least.

## ✓ Around The World (RKO)

It's About: A camp tour of Hollywood personalities.

KAY Kyser, his orchestra, and a group of Hollywoodites, including Mischa Auer, Joan Davis, Marcy McGuire, Wally Brown, Ivan Lebedeff and Georgia Carroll, set off on a camp tour and if real tours provide this much fun we want to be a soldier.

Kyser hasn't had a better vehicle in a dog's age and the lad goes to town. Personally, we howled when he tossed a ring map, coveted by Axis agents, out the window lest some semblance of plot get mixed up in the picture. Which gives you some idea.

Joan Davis is a born clown, if ever we saw one, her routines proving varied and funny. Mischa Auer, Kay's rival, grows cornier by the Auer (we can do it, too). Marcy McGuire sings her little head off and proves herself a fine little actress, too, in a dramatic scene with Robert Armstrong.

Kyser and his orchestra and singers provide some swell music. "Don't Believe Everything You Dream" and "Candlelight And Wine" being the best of the tunes.

Your Reviewer Says: O Kay, Kyser!

## False Colors (U. A.-Sherman)

It's About: Hopalong investigates a murder.

SAD news, if true, that our old friend Bill Boyd gives up the Hopalong Cas-

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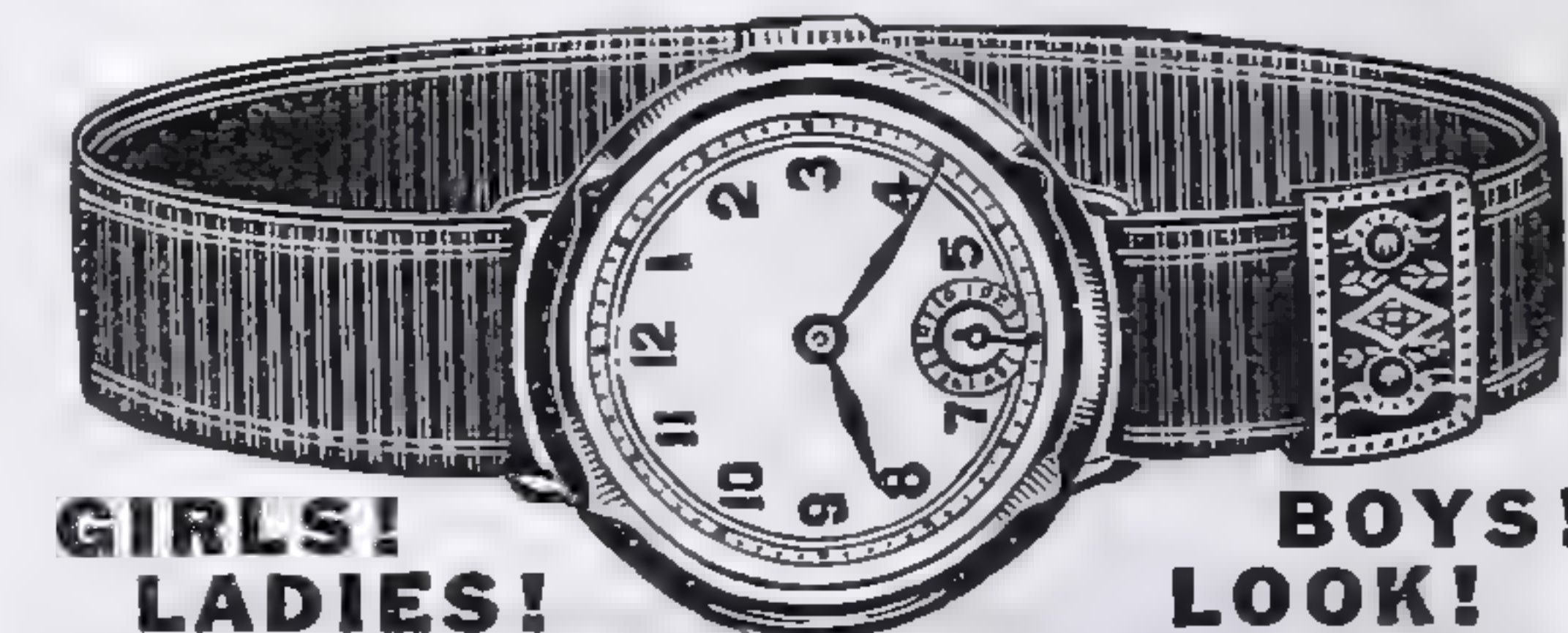
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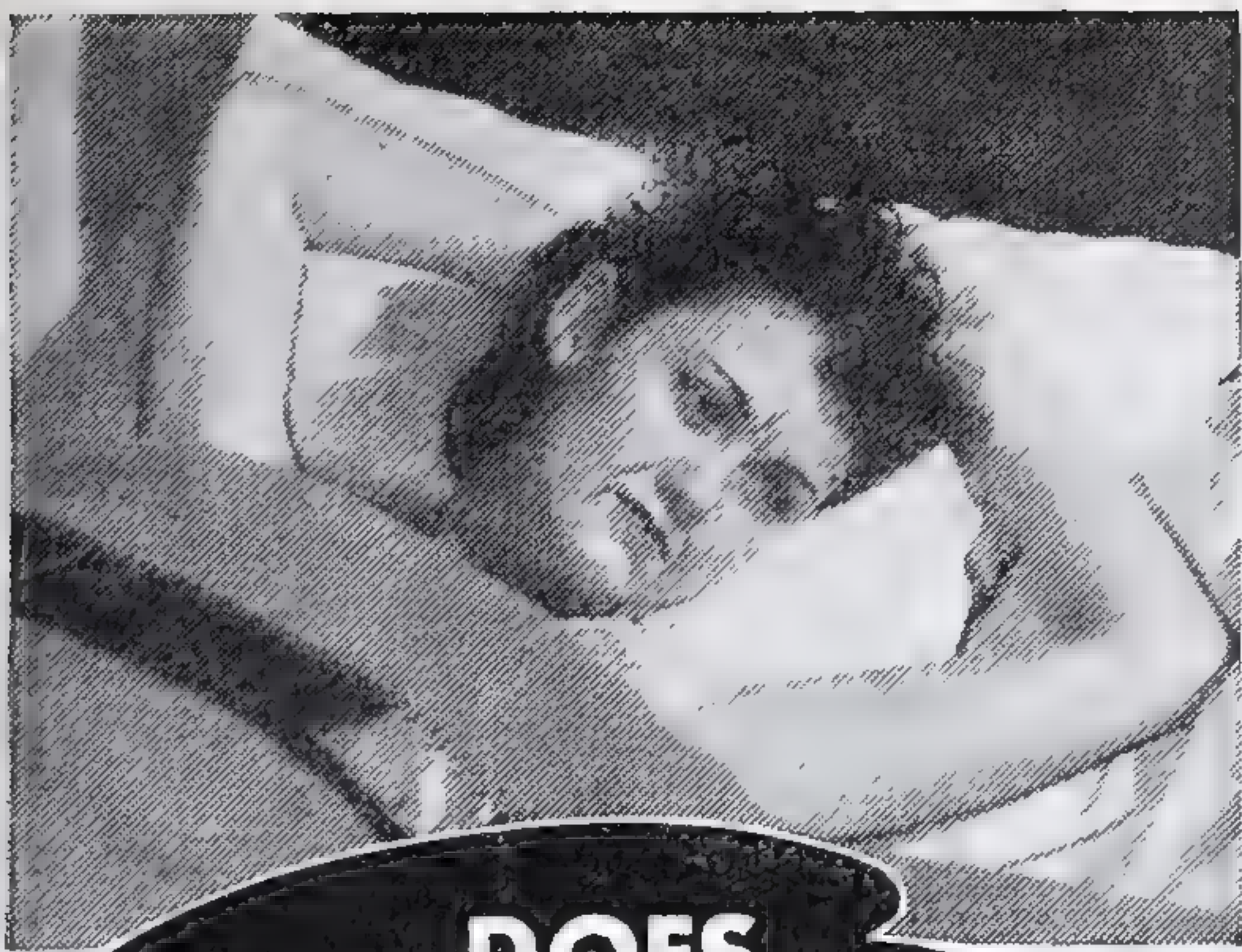
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sidy character, with which he has been so closely associated, for straight roles. His many fans will miss him and his faithful pal Andy Clyde.

We're happy this is one of the better *Cassidy* pictures, too, and one that plunges Hopalong and his partner into plenty of action when the murder of a young friend of Cassidy's sends him out to investigate. The lad, it seems, had been heir to a ranch which stands as a key property in the water-rights district. At this ranch Cassidy finds a man impersonating the real heir; one who has been placed there by the local banker, Douglas Dumbrille, a crookeroo if ever we saw one.

Hopalong lands in jail before he cleans up the mess but clean it up he does.

Jimmy Rogers, Tom Seidel and Claudia Drake are part of the story.

Your Reviewer Says: Pistol packin' papa, don't put that pistol down.

## ✓✓ Task Force (U. S. Coast Guard)

It's About: *The part our Coast Guard plays in large-scale invasions.*

**E**VERY woman who has a sweetheart, son, brother or husband fighting overseas will be spellbound by this story of one of our great invasion fleets.

The picture, shot entirely by Coast Guard personnel during actual combat, shows the great convoy getting under way surrounded by Coast Guard cutters. You see every detail of the life of the men aboard the big transports; you watch, too, the tense life of the sailors manning the watch-dog cutters.

When the convoy approaches enemy shores, the landing barges, manned by Coast Guard men, go into action. Through hot lead dropped by enemy planes they shove their fighting cargoes up on the beaches.

The factuality of the film is high-lighted by stirring Technicolor; at unexpected moments you will come upon scenes of stark beauty. The picture is being released in connection with the recruiting drive for SPARS. For each woman who joins, a man can be released for vital sea duty.

Capt. Roger Heimer, skipper of one of the convoy ships you see, has had his ship cited for best performance in transport combat in both the Navy and the Coast Guard.

Your Reviewer Says: See it!

## Where Are Your Children? (Monogram)

It's About: *The ease with which youngsters become involved in crime.*

**I**T HARDLY seems possible that so much outright whoopee as pictured in this story could be taking place in public spots every night among teen-age kids. But whoop it up they do in this story that reveals the plight of a young waitress, Gale Storm, who innocently becomes tipsy while on a dinner date with Jackie Cooper, local rich lad. So abusive does her sister-in-law become over the occurrence that she runs away. She ends up in court after becoming involved in a holdup.

John Litel plays the judge and Patricia Morison the probation officer.

Your Reviewer Says: Hope this doesn't give your kids any wild ideas.

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## Brief Reviews (Continued from page 70)

**HI 'YA SAILOR**—Universal: Packed with specialty acts and songs and dances, the story revolves around Merchant Marine sailor Donald Woods' efforts to get one of his songs published. Elyse Knox is a girl cab driver who tries to help him get his song introduced by an entertainer. It's almost a vaudeville show. (Jan.)

**HOLY MATRIMONY**—20th Century-Fox: An original, charming, delightful comedy with Monty Woolley, a noted painter, taking the identity of his dead valet, Eric Blore, and marrying Gracie Fields. When Gracie secretly sells his new paintings and they're recognized as the work of the supposedly dead artist, a court trial ensues between Woolley and Laird Cregar that is wonderful. (Nov.)

**HOSTAGES**—Paramount: When a Nazi officer kills himself in Czechoslovakia, the Nazis seize upon the incident to vent their cruelty on certain Czechs. Bill Bendix, supposedly a stupid washroom attendant but actually the leader of the underground, gives a terrific performance. Louise Rainer has a thankless sort of role, and Paul Lukas and Oscar Homolka are excellent. (Nov.)

**IN OLD OKLAHOMA**—Republic: A hum-dinger of a Western, with John Wayne as the sergeant who served under Teddy Roosevelt and is given the right to drill oil in Oklahoma territory. With Albert Dekker, oil baron, pitted against Wayne, the story boils up to several exciting climaxes. Wayne is swell and Martha Scott, the schoolteacher he loves, is just right. (Jan.)

**IRON MAJOR, THE**—RKO: Pat O'Brien plays Major Frank Cavanaugh, football coach who later enlists as a private in World War I. From the ranks he is gradually promoted to Major and returns home broken in health but not in spirit. The love story between O'Brien and Ruth Warrick is tenderly moving and Robert Ryan and Russell Wade are outstanding; but it's O'Brien's picture. (Jan.)

**JANE EYRE**—20th Century-Fox: The best "Love Affair" has Orson Welles as the headstrong, impetuous Rochester. Welles is wonderful. Joan Fontaine as the timid, retiring governess to his child, Margaret O'Brien, is the perfect foil for him. Peggy Ann Garner as the child Jane, Edith Barrett as the housekeeper and Henry Daniell as head of the school are all excellent. (Dec.)

**JOHNNY COME LATELY**—U. A.: James Cagney is a tramp newspaperman charged with vagrancy in a small Midwestern town. Grace George, who runs a local paper, bails him out and gives him a job, and in gratitude Jimmy helps in her campaign to run the local grafting politician out of town. It's a quaint and entertaining story with Hattie McDaniel, Marjorie Main, William Henry and Marjorie Lord. (Nov.)

**LADY TAKES A CHANCE, A**—RKO: That champion comedienne, Jean Arthur, outdoes herself in the matter of grabbing the laughs as a New York working girl who takes a bus trip out West. At a rodeo she meets cowboy John Wayne and becomes so entranced she misses her bus. What goes on while she's waiting for the vehicle to gather her up on its return trip is the basis for some very funny business. (Nov.)

**LARCENY WITH MUSIC**—Universal: Allan Jones is a supposed heir to a fortune who is grabbed up on a fifty-fifty basis by Leo Carrillo, owner of a night club. Kitty Carlisle, as the singer who was let out when Jones came in, sings delightfully, the King Sisters are vocal honeys and the Alvino Rey orchestra provides swell music. (Dec.)

**LASSIE COME HOME**—M-G-M: When Donald Crisp and Elsa Lanchester sell the dog Lassie to Nigel Bruce it almost breaks the heart of their son Roddy McDowall, but Lassie refuses the separation and begins the perilous trek from Scotland back to England and Roddy. The tale of Lassie is a story to fill the heart with warmth and courage. (Nov.)

**LOST ANGEL**—M-G-M: Charming, delightful, and droll is this story of a child prodigy, Margaret O'Brien, who has been raised scientifically by a group of professors. When she meets irresponsible James Craig, she seeks him out again; and her jealousy of Marsha Hunt and the advent of gangster Keenan Wynn into her life make for a hurrah of a story. You'll love it. (Jan.)

**MAD GHOUL, THE**—Universal: George Zucco is a mad scientist who has discovered a lethal gas that turns people into Zombies. So he tries it on his young assistant, David Bruce, and the two of them go after Bruce's fiancée, Evelyn Ankers, who is on a concert tour. Turhan Bey is Evelyn's accompanist. (Jan.)

**MAN FROM MUSIC MOUNTAIN**—Republic: Roy Rogers and the Sons of the Pioneers arrive in town to put on a radio show and there he learns of

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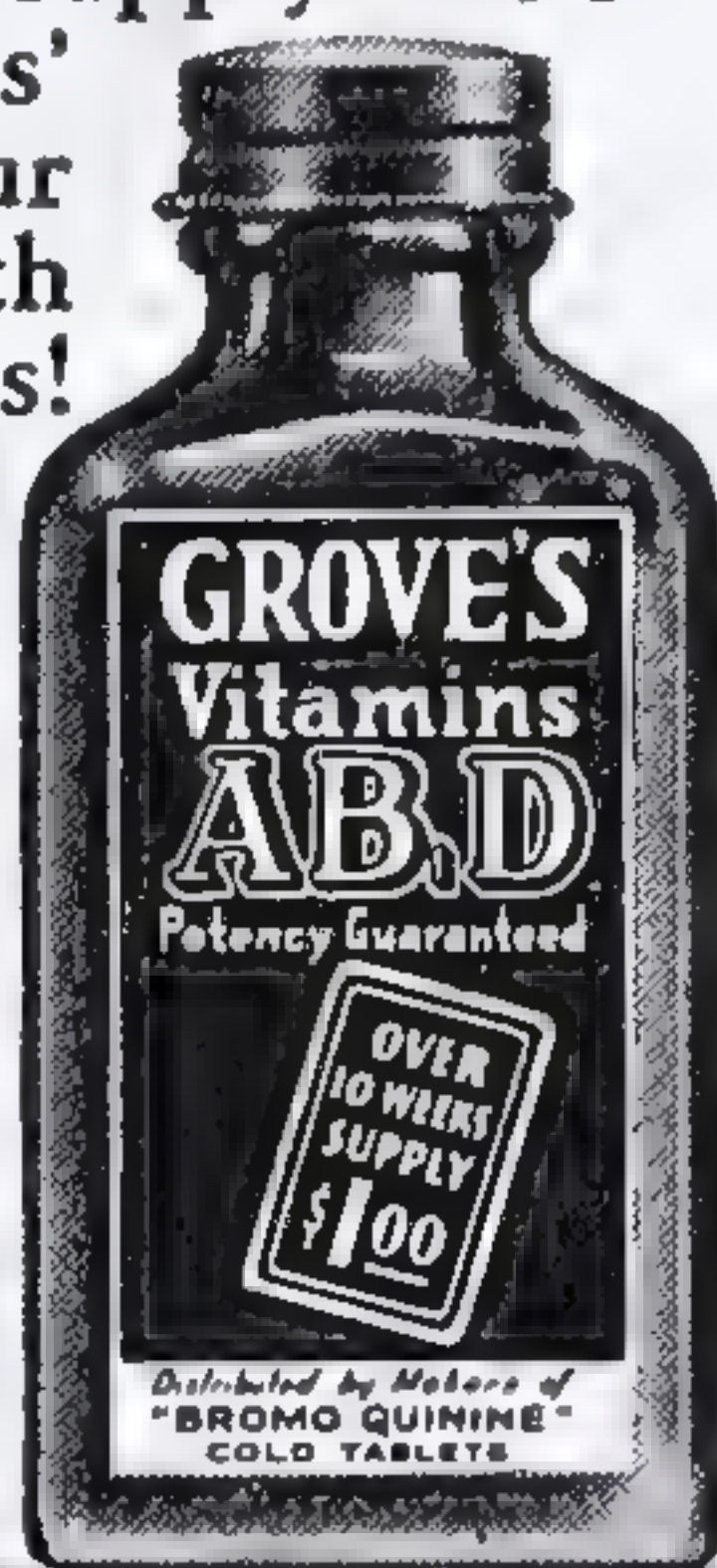


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a fracas between the sheep and cattle men, with Ruth Terry's sheep the victims. Ruth is convinced that Roy's the villain, but before he can deliver the real culprit Roy almost loses his own life. The ridin' and shootin' and feudin' are sure fun. (Jan.)

✓**MAN FROM DOWN UNDER, THE**—M-G-M: Australian soldier Charles Laughton adopts two orphans at the end of World War I and takes them home with him. One grows up to be Richard Carlson, a prize fighter, and the other is Donna Reed. The two fall in love though they've always believed they were brother and sister. Binnie Barnes is the girl Laughton jilted. (Nov.)

✓**MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK, THE**—Paramount: William Demarest forbids his daughter, Betty Hutton, to go to a dance for soldiers, but she goes anyway, gets intoxicated and remembers vaguely getting married under an assumed name. When she discovers a baby's on the way, her old beau, Eddie Bracken, attempts to help her through another marriage, which ends in a complete holocaust of confusion. (Jan.)

**MYSTERY BROADCAST**—Republic: Ruth Terry has a crime radio show that's slipping. Her sponsor wants more excitement, so Ruth, goaded by radio rival Frank Albertson, actually attempts to solve an old murder, and does she wish she hadn't! Nils Asther and Wynne Gibson are both excellent. (Jan.)

**MYSTERY OF THE THIRTEENTH GUEST**—Monogram: Helen Parrish and various relations return to a long-closed mansion to hear the reading of a will. Someone among those assembled almost succeeds in annihilating Helen, the heiress, and finally does succeed in murdering several others before clever sleuth Dick Purcell spots the killer. (Jan.)

**NEVER A DULL MOMENT**—Universal: The three Ritz Brothers are a trio of half-baked vaudevillians who take a job in a New York night club, believing themselves hired as entertainers, whereas the job was meant for three crooks. The realization, once they're in the club, of their real purpose there, brings on some unusual consequences. (Jan.)

**NOBODY'S DARLING**—Republic: Mary Lee is the unpretty daughter of movie actor Louis Calhern and actress Gladys George who wants to sing in the school play. The efforts of the parents to help their offspring bring about a new understanding between them. Mary sings well. (Nov.)

✓**NORTHERN PURSUIT**—Warners: Helmut Dantine is the Nazi colonel secretly landed in Canada by a German sub, and Errol Flynn, brave as ever, is the Northwest Mountie pitted against Dantine in a game of wits and subterfuge. Julie Bishop is Flynn's sweetheart who is taken along by Dantine on a hazardous journey to a secret Nazi fortification. Flynn, pretending to be pro-Nazi, is the guide. (Jan.)

✓✓**NORTH STAR, THE**—Goldwyn Productions: The very breath of life and hate and hope and horror has been breathed into this magnificent story of a magnificent people, and it reaches the heart of the human soul. With outstanding performances by Anne Baxter, Jane Withers, Dana Andrews, Farley Granger and the entire cast, it tells of the Nazi invasion of a Russian village, the consequences, and its recapture. (Jan.)

✓**PARIS AFTER DARK**—20th Century-Fox: Stirring drama, sincere and believable, about the French resistance to the Nazis. George Sanders plays a doctor who is head of the Paris Underground and Brenda Marshall is his assistant. Then Brenda's husband, Philip Dorn, is released from a Nazi prison and returns home, his spirit broken. Madeleine LeBeau, Raymond Roe and Marcel Dalio round out the cast. (Dec.)

✓✓**PRINCESS O'ROURKE**—Warners: A gay, charming comedy about an American pilot, Robert Cummings, who, unaware of her identity, falls in love with a royal princess, Olivia de Havilland. Much of the action takes place in the White House after Olivia's uncle, Charles Coburn, has given his approval to the match. Jack Carson and Jane Wyman are so good, and you'll enjoy the sparkling gags. (Dec.)

✓**RIDING HIGH**—Paramount: Purely escapist entertainment, laid against the colorful background of an Arizona dude ranch, this musical mix-up deals with the on-again, off-again love affair of Dorothy Lamour and Dick Powell under the guiding counterfeiting hands of Victor Moore. (Jan.)

✓✓**SAHARA**—Columbia: Humphrey Bogart does a terrific job as the Sergeant of an American tank crew, whittled through conflict to three men, who in their retreat across the Sahara gather up a contingent of British soldiers, an Italian prisoner and a German fier and eventually stave off a Nazi attack. Rex Ingram, Kurt Krueger and Bruce Bennett are also very good. (Dec.)

**SHERLOCK HOLMES FACES DEATH**—Universal: *Sherlock* (Basil Rathbone) is right in his element of castles on the moor where murder stalks. The castle has been turned into a nursing home with *Dr. Watson* (Nigel Bruce) at the helm, and when his assistant is murdered, *Sherlock* unravels the mystery, but only after murder strikes again. (Dec.)

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✓**SOMEONE TO REMEMBER**—Republic: This story of an old lady, Mabel Paige, who refuses to move from a residential hotel that has been sold as a boys' college dormitory, has originality and quaint charm. She takes an interest in John Craven, helps him make his grades, and also promotes his marriage to cute Dorothy Morris. (Nov.)

✓**SON OF DRACULA**—Universal: Lon Chaney is Dracula Jr., who proves a chip of the old block, to the regret of Louise Allbritton, who marries him. Robert Paige, her former suitor, gets mixed up in the fracas, as does Evelyn Ankers, her sister. (Jan.)

✓**SO THIS IS WASHINGTON**—RKO: Chester Lauck and Norris Goff are in top form as the country storekeepers, Lum and Abner, who invent what they think is synthetic rubber and go to Washington to submit it to Alan Mowbray. The gags involving their finding a room and trying to cut the red tape around Mowbray are timely and hilarious. (Dec.)

✓**STRANGE DEATH OF ADOLF HITLER, THE**—Universal: A fantastic tale of a man who becomes Hitler's double. His wife, Gale Sondergaard, is falsely informed her husband has been shot by the Nazis, so she vows vengeance and is finally brought before the man she believes is Hitler. Unfortunately she unknowingly murders her husband instead of the real Hitler. (Nov.)

✓✓**SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY**—20th Century-Fox: A typical 20th Century-Fox Technicolor musical with several good songs and a fine cast. Robert Young is a reporter who exposes Betty Grable as a former Brooklyn burlesque queen so she gets back at him by giving out goosy but untrue stories of their engagement. Adolphe Menjou, Reginald Gardiner and Virginia Grey trim up the story. (Dec.)

✓✓**THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS**—Warners: The slim story thread in this giant revue has S. Z. Sakall and Edward Everett Horton attempting to put on a benefit which is taken over by bossy Eddie Cantor. Dennis Morgan and Joan Leslie attempt to crash the benefit, in which such stars as Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Jack Carson and Olivia de Havilland shine brightly. (Nov.)

✓✓**THOUSANDS CHEER**—M-G-M: A tiptop musical, with Kathryn Grayson, daughter of Colonel John Boles, falling in love with Private Gene Kelly. Then guest stars, including Jose Iturbi, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Red Skelton and Eleanor Powell, are brought to the camp to put on a show—and what a show! You'll cheer it all, too. (Dec.)

✓**TOP MAN**—Universal: A light comedy with a message, this tells of Donald O'Connor's infatuation for Susanna Foster, a newcomer to the town, and how he eventually leads the town's hep cats away from their frivolity and into a defense plant. Susanna sings divinely and Donald and his pal Peggy Ryan clown and caper all over the place. It's good fun.

✓**TORNADO**—Paramount: All about the unhappiness caused a man by his socially ambitious wife, with Chester Morris as the coal miner who marries show-girl Nancy Kelly, who goads him on to success only to prove unfaithful. Nancy does a swell job and Morris has never been more likeable. Gwen Kenyon and Bill Henry lend able support. (Nov.)

✓**TRUE TO LIFE**—Paramount: Dick Powell and Franchot Tone are a team of radio writers who are slipping fast. When Dick discovers Mary Martin singing in a little cafe and she takes him home to her erratic family, he decides to put their antics on the air. His radio serial is a success until the family catches on, and then the trouble really starts. Vic Moore, the father, is a scream. (Nov.)

✓✓**WATCH ON THE RHINE**—Warners: Paul Lukas is the active German anti-Nazi who returns with his three children and wife, Bette Davis, to her home in Virginia, and the soul-searing events following their arrival are almost unbelievable. Lucille Watson as Bette's mother is superb, George Coulouris is splendid as the would-be Nazi, and Lukas gives a wonderful performance. It's a must-see. (Nov.)

✓✓**WHISTLING IN BROOKLYN**—M-G-M: Red Skelton, amateur radio detective, is accused by the police of being a notorious murderer, all of which he thinks very funny until he finds himself trapped in a warehouse with Ann Rutherford, Rags Ragland and Jean Rogers. The fracas finally ends on the ball field of the Brooklyn Dodgers with "dem bums" all mixed up in it. There's a lot of laughs. (Dec.)

✓**WINTERTIME**—20th Century-Fox: The ice routines are the best thing in this weak little story, with Jack Oakie and Cornel Wilde owners of a defunct resort hotel whence come S. Z. Sakall and Sonja Henie, thinking it's a swanky resort. Carole Landis chases Cesar Romero who chases Helene Reynolds, but outside of Sonja's routines nothing matters much. (Dec.)

✓**YOU'RE A LUCKY FELLOW, MR. SMITH**—Universal: This is the old story of a girl who must marry by midnight in order to inherit money under terms of a will, but it's brought up to date by having everyone caught in a troop train quarantined with measles. Evelyn Ankers and soldier Allan Jones are the romantic couple, and Patsy O'Connor, Billie Burke and David Bruce add to the complications. (Jan.)

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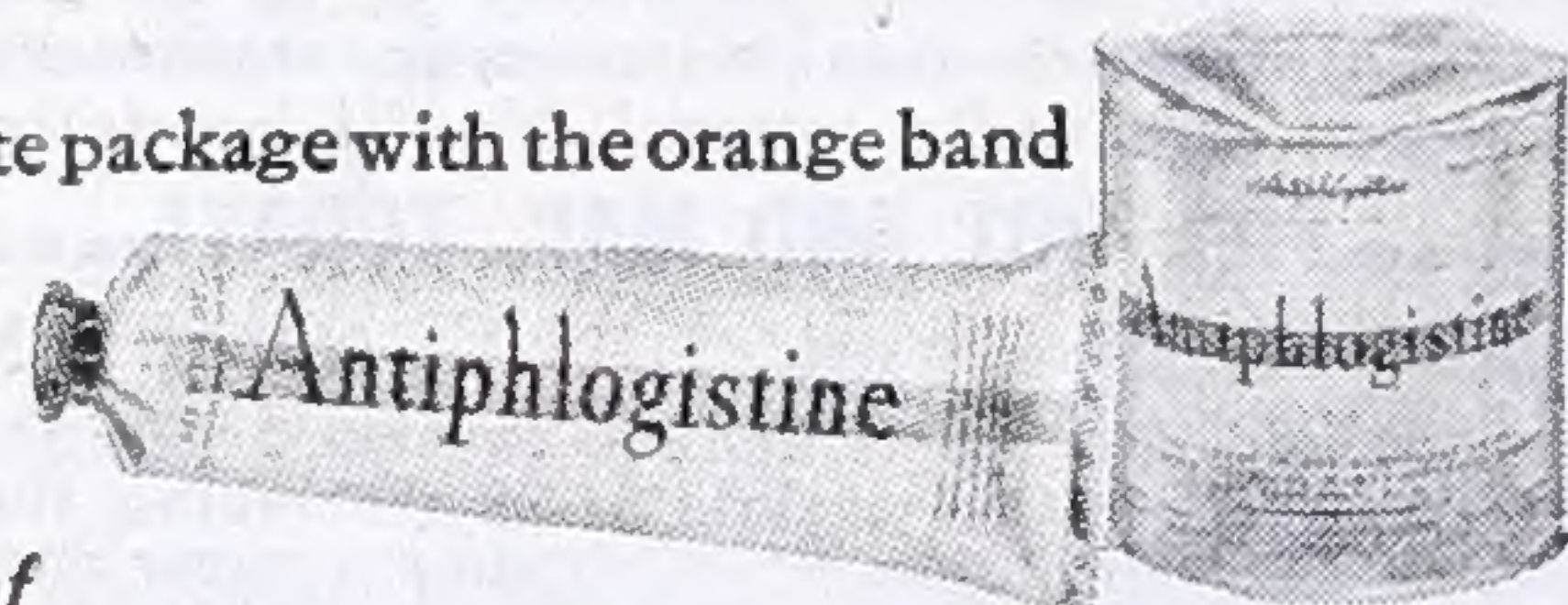
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## This Is Our Job

(Continued from page 64) into the first ward. The children all had on their best clothes and they looked so very nice. They lay either on their beds or stood on crutches. I could see their twisted legs and arms. But most of them were smiling. A few were kind of shy when I came near them. Others just stared at me. But not one seemed sad at all.

I'll always remember one little boy I talked to. He said to me, "You know, I'm going to get well. I know it. And I'm going to be well soon! You'll see!"

Of course, all of them were not going to get well. There was one boy who would never leave his wheel chair. Yet he told me, "Maybe someday I can leave this chair and study and be a fine lawyer. That is what I want to be. But I'm not unhappy here. I'm not unhappy because I know that there is so much ahead for me."

Then there was a little girl who had spent a long time with her back propped up on a rack. She had spine trouble. At first nobody thought she could be helped. But when I saw her she was improving.

At the hospital, I also met two of the little girls who had written to me before. They were Mildred Elliott and Mildred Cupo. Mildred Elliott was beautiful. She had had so many operations and was to have more, but she was very brave. She was always thinking of other children in the hospital. She and Mildred Cupo were always helping to give the younger children their baths.

**BECAUSE** of the great care given the children here, there were many who were almost cured. One girl came in while I was visiting a ward. At one time she could only move her head and no other part of her body. Now she was running about and playing. She was very proud to show me how she could walk and use her arms.

I didn't realize how much a little visit from someone meant to those children until I heard about a little five-year-old girl in the hospital. She was having a treatment in the pool when she heard I was coming. By the time she was dressed and back in her ward she thought I had gone. She cried as if she would never stop, the nurse told me afterwards. But when I saw her, she was all smiles. She hadn't cried because I was in pictures. I don't think she had ever heard of me—let alone having seen me in a film. She cried because she, like all the rest, was so anxious for someone to come to see her.

The hospital at Newark impressed me so much. The doctors and nurses were so nice and seemed to like the children so much. The hospital itself, I admit, needed some new paint and other things, but I was amazed when the children showed me all the up-to-date machinery and equipment. They need a lot more equipment. They could do a lot more if they had the money to buy the things they need.

I was so excited to see children having one of the Sister Kenny treatments. These treatments are so wonderful. How much children everywhere owe to Sister Kenny!

I went to lots of hospitals. In Chicago I was at the Spalding Hospital. The Newark hospital just has children with infantile paralysis, but the Spalding Hospital has children with bad hearts, too.

Even the children who are sickest go to school every day. A teacher comes in and gives them their lessons. One boy at Spalding, who had to stay in bed all the while, was making planes because he was very good at that. Another girl was always drawing—and she was very good, too. She at one time had not been able to use her arms. I think it would be terrible not to be able to use your arms. I guess it's because I like to write and draw so much myself.

There is one thing I learned as the result of my visits. That is: The children do not want people to come in with a long face and say, "Poor child." The boys and girls do not even think they will not get well soon, and if someone pities them it makes them sad.

I have heard from lots of the children I met. Their letters are so nice. Whenever they ask for anything as small as an autographed picture, for example, they beat about the bush first. They are shy about coming right out and asking.

I only wish everyone in America could go to those nice hospitals. If everybody could see what I saw, they would know how wonderful it is to give just a few pennies. Maybe our pennies would even be what decides whether a child will be crippled or can walk again. I would like to start a fund toward building a hospital—and have all the children here in America help, too. I guess this may sound like a dream now, but somehow I'll make it come true. I do want to say to other children, though: Please send in your pennies so that all we big brothers and sisters all over the United States can help those poor sick children to get well.

THE END



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